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THEOLOG

HYMNS

FOR THE

CHRISTIAN CHURCH AND HOME.

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

JAMES MARTINEAU.

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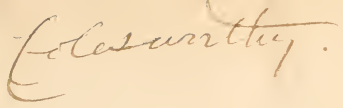

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PREFACE.

Worship is an attitude which our nature assumes, not *for a purpose*, but *from an emotion*. Whenever it is genuine, it is the natural and spontaneous utterance of a mind possessed by the conception of the infinite relations in which we stand, and aspiring towards a point of view worthy of their solemnity. And though it breathes forth the deepest and greatest of desires, it is essentially an end, and not a means; and, like the embrace of friendship, or the kiss of domestic affection, loses all its meaning, when adopted from conviction of its reasonableness, or with a view to personal advantage. Those who ask, or who would explain, *what it is for*,—whether disposed to regard it as serviceable for persuading God or for benefiting man,—have as absolutely lost its true spirit, as the mother would forget her nature, if she were to regulate her caresses by expediency. The plaints of a sacred sorrow, the cry of penitence, the vow of duty, the brilliancy of praise, shed forth, like the laughter and the tears of infancy, from a heart conscious of nothing else, are examples of the true and primitive devotion.

In opposition to this *Natural* idea of worship stands the *Utilitarian*, which considers it an "Instrumental act;" whether, according to the *sacerdotal* view, its instrumentality is thought to be mystically efficacious with God; or, according to the *rationalistic*, intelligibly beneficial to man. The statements which this last-mentioned theory makes, respecting the value of worship to the conscience and the

heart, are all quite true. But the churches which begin to justify their outward devotion by appeal to this consideration have already lost their inward devoutness; and the individual who, with this notion of self-operation, speaks a prayer, performs an act of disciplinary prudence, not of Christian piety, and takes the air of heaven for the sake of exercise, rather than in love of the light and quest of the immensity of God.

It is evident that the natural sentiments of worship have been the parents of all that is great in sacred art; and that architecture, music, painting, and poetry, first allied themselves with religion,—not condescendingly, in order to improve it,—but reverently, to receive from it their noblest consecration. They put themselves submissively into its hands, willing to take whatever forms its plastic power might impress, if they might only serve as its outward voice and manifestation. The cathedral aisle sprung up and closed over the place of prayer, like an effort to grasp the infinitude of God. Christendom, feeling that the mere articulate speech of men was harsh when it took up the Holy Name, adopted melody as its natural language, and prayed upon the organ. But the first encroachment of the rationalistic spirit checked these creations of piety, and dragged genius from the altar. Religion could not look in the glass without discovering the secret of her beauty; and too infirm to retain her simplicity, assumed the weeds of self-mortification. The Puritans pressed the fatal question what was the use of all these glorious symbols; in as much as He who is a spirit can take no pleasure in material forms, and the Being whose presence swells the midnight heavens could see nothing fair in any temple made with hands. Art instantly took flight at the suggestion; and the grandeur and harmony of religion showed themselves no longer in the forms of worship, but rather in the actual life, of this class of men. The minster beheld the rise of the conven-

ticle; and the solemn anthem was exchanged for the rude and shouting psalm. In these days, the rugged features of our forefathers' religion have been softened; art is invited back, not to plead with God, but to delight and benefit man, through whose senses it is thought well to act upon his soul. But neither is this kind of expediency productive of any thing great. It is critical, not creative; it has no new ideas indeed to express; merely the old methods to follow for fostering the piety of men; and reaches therefore only tasteful imitation.

And as religious art in general, so sacred poetry in particular, has its origin in the natural, and its decline in the Utilitarian view of worship. Every simple utterance of a deep affection, not poured out with an aim, but merely overflowing, is poetry in its essence, whatever be its form: and on the other hand, no expression of thought or feeling which has an ulterior purpose, of instruction, exposition, persuasion, impression, can have the spirit of poetry, though it may receive the usual diction and rhythm of verse. There may be truth, beauty, eloquence, but not poetry. And if this be so, it is evident that all natural devotion is but a mode of poetry; while no rationalistic devotion can ever reach it. The spontaneous effusion of the former has only to fall into regular and musical shape, and it becomes a hymn. The deliberate productions of the other, in subordination to a purpose beyond themselves, must always miss the true lyrical character; and must furnish us only with rhymed theology, versified precepts, or biblical descriptions capable of being sung, with more or less of skill in concealing the didactic spirit, and imitating the poetical style. By those who have overlooked this principle, it seems to have been supposed, that there are certain ideas which, considered as the subject-matter of composition, are in themselves religious and poetical, and constitute a stock of materials capable, when constructed into verse, of passing into a devotional ode:

whereas it is neither the matter, nor the form, of thought, that makes religion or poetry; but the state of mind and affection in the author producing them, which may impress a sacred and an ideal character on an indefinite variety of materials and modes of sentiment and language.

It is easy to perceive on what principle of selection a compiler of hymns must proceed, who is impressed with this idea of the relation between poetry and worship. His rule will be, simply to take those poems which appear to shed forth, with the greatest genuineness and force, the emotions of a mind possessed with the religious or mysterious conception of God, of life and death, of duty, of futurity. His aim will not be to secure a metaphysical accuracy in the representations of the Supreme object of worship;—an aim which indeed would be only presumptuous and absurd, inasmuch as it would be an application of our mensurative or scientific perceptions to a subject whose infinitude renders it approachable only by the ideal faculty: and at all events, since a *hymn*, and not an *exposition* is needed, general *truth of impression*—often reached through the boldest departure from precise *truth of detail*,—ought alone to be regarded. Nor will he think it necessary to graduate the fervour, the imaginativeness, the grandeur of the compositions admitted into his volume, by the cold, level, and prosaic condition of mind which may possibly prevail among some who use it. Thus to damp the fire down to the temperature of the fuel, seems to offer but a small prospect of kindling any thing. We must not thus forego the glorious power which art exercises in worship. Its peculiar function, in connection with religion is, to substitute, for the poor and low thoughts of ordinary men, the solemn and vivid images of things invisible that have revealed themselves to loftier souls; and to present the objects of faith before the general mind in something of that aspect, under which they rise up before the great artists of poetry and of

sound. These gifted men are to lift us; we are not to depress them. In sacred *music* we acknowledge this principle at once: we confess that it is a noble thing, when we think of the origin of things, and call God the *Creator*, to have within us the mighty transitions of Haydn's genius instead of our own puny dreams; to have the incidents of sacred story glow and live before us at the touch of a power, like that of Handel or of Spohr; to find ourselves, at such bidding, with the "Shepherds abiding in the field," not far from the holy chaunt falling on the midnight air; or to hear in a voice, melting as Christ's, "Come unto me ye weary;" or, as we pass from bereavement to bereavement of this world, to be haunted, as with a sudden peace, by the echo of that unearthly strain, "Blest are the departed." Not less elevating is the *poetry* than the melody of faith, when it is equally left alone with its first fresh power, and not reduced half-way to prose as a condition of its entrance into worship.

The hymns in the present volume, selected on the principles just explained, are for the most part the productions of periods or of churches, least affected by the intrusion of the rationalistic spirit into their devotion. This circumstance has imposed upon the editor the necessity of acquiescing in a certain class of alterations upon the originals, to an extent which he has very reluctantly allowed. The dogmatic theology of the best Christian poetry happens to be (he holds it to be an accident, not an essential of its excellence) different from that which prevails in the churches among which he labours. He is prepared to plead this as a justifying reason for such alterations as he has admitted. Nor can any one refuse the plea, without condemning the whole system of psalmody prevalent since the Reformation. For, every adaptation of a Jewish psalm to Christian worship affords an instance of theological adaptation; and the same rule which is applied to Dr. Watts's hymns when their Trinitarianism is expelled, Watts him-

self has systematically applied to David's writings, in reforming and spiritualizing their Judaism. How little fastidiousness Watts felt upon this point is evident from his own words; "In all places I have kept my grand design in view, and that is, '*to teach my Author to speak like a Christian.*'"* Referring to the Jews he observes; "We and our churches have our own special affairs as well as they; now if by a little turn of their words, or by the change of a short sentence, we may express our own meditations, joys and desires, in the verse of these ancient psalmists, why should we be forbid this sweet privilege?"† And he accordingly says; "I have not been so curious and exact in striving every where to express the ancient meaning of David; but have rather expressed myself as I suppose David would have done, had he lived in the days of Christianity."‡ If, in obedience to the same principle, Dr. Watts himself is made to speak as his editors suppose he would have done, had he lived in the days of Unitarian Christianity, not even can any historical improbability be urged against them; since his sentiments at the close of life are well known to have been such as must have led, could his term of years have been renewed, to such a recasting of the form of his productions. In truth, the dogmatic phraseology and conceptions of every church constitute the mere dialect in which its religious spirit is expressed; and to change the technical modes of thought peculiar to any portion of Christendom into a different or more comprehensive language, is but to translate the intellectual idioms of one religious province into those of another. It is simply to remove an obstruction, which the author himself cannot remove, to his influence and appreciation in spiritual regions foreign to his own; and to introduce him to the veneration of thousands, to whom otherwise he must appear as a repulsive stranger. Nor is the slightest

* Preface to Watts's Psalms, p. xviii. † Ibid. p. ix.
‡ Ibid. p. xviii.

practical injustice occasioned by the assumption of this right, so long as the originals are universally accessible, the opinions of the authors universally known, and the interest in their writings stimulated, rather than obstructed, by the examples which successive compilers recommend to the favour of some new order of readers. The present volume aims to give theologically a translation, but in respect of their piety and poetry, the precise originals, of the several authors whose works have been consulted.*

Metrical necessity has also been recognised as a justifying reason for alteration; much religious poetry having been produced either without view to musical accompaniment, or by writers deficient in the feeling for musical accent and rhythm. The changes of this kind, however, being for the most part those of mere mechanical structure, are little likely to challenge objection, or require apology.

If there are any deviations from the originals which appear not to receive defence from either of these pleas, of theological or of metrical necessity, they will be found referable to the change which time gradually makes in the meaning of words, and the force of imagery. In a very few instances, phrases once dignified or affecting, and now confessedly mean, or even ludicrous, have been exchanged for others more truly expressive of the author's real feelings. But in every case, the standard to which the editor has endeavoured to conform has been, not the sentiment which he would have liked the poet to express, but that which he conceives the poet actually wished to express, and which, till the religious dialect of his day began to play him false, he succeeded in expressing. It is hoped that a profound respect for the prerogatives of genius, and a hearty recognition of its right to be exempt from the emendations of a petty criticism, will be manifest throughout this volume. The editor has endeavoured never to forget,

* With less than ten exceptions, all the hymns in the volume have been traced back to the several works in which they originally appeared.

that his task is not that of the artist; but the humble and mechanical duty of setting in a suitable frame, and showing forth advantageously within his little compartment of the Church, the designs of men inspired with sacred and creative power.

It is perhaps to be regretted that modern practice confines the hymn within such narrow limits of length, that no sentiment can well be forcibly opened, developed and closed, without transgressing them. The custom of leaving out verses for the mere sake of abridgement, frequently destroys the true lyrical character of a composition. In the present selection, the compiler has thought it his duty to abandon the task of omission, in a great degree, to the minister who may use his volume; and often to print the whole of a long hymn, that the eye and mind of the worshipper may be permitted to advert to the portions which, though dropped in singing, may yet give a more vivid meaning, and a completed beauty, to those which are retained. In such cases, the stanzas which may be left out with least injury to the connection, have their marginal numbers inclosed in brackets. At the end of the volume will be found several poems, some of them well known, which the editor could not prevail upon himself either to mutilate or to withhold; he has therefore given them entire, for the private delight of his readers, without any attempt to force them into a public service, for which they are neither designed nor adapted.

The volume is now reverently sent forth to perform in its day its unambitious portion of service; dedicated to the honour of devout genius, the purity of Christian worship, the affections of Christian homes; commended to the spirit of that Messiah who has disclosed the sanctity of life; and to the blessing of that God whose presence and whose promise make the sanctity eternal.

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INDEX OF ALTERED FIRST LINES.

The object of this Index is to enable a person to find any remembered Hymn, the usual clue to which has been lost, in the present volume, by the absence or alteration of the First Line.

The Original First Lines are arranged in alphabetical order; and under each is found that which is substituted in the present collection.

Afflicted saint! to Christ draw near
Afflicted saint! to God draw near

And are our joys so quickly fled
Oft, when the waves of passion rise

And let our bodies part
And what though now we part

As new-born babes desire the breast
Lord! I address thy heavenly throne

Away with death, away
Hail the heavenly scenes of peace

Behold the morning sun
Behold the lofty sky

Beyond, beyond that boundless sea
O God! beyond that boundless sea

Christ, from whom all blessings flow
Lord, from whom all blessings flow

Christians! brethren! ere we part
Come, christians! brethren! ere we part

Christ is our corner-stone
Here, gracious God, do thou

Cleft are the rocks, the earth doth quake
Despised is the Man of grief

Come, thou high and mighty Lord
In the midst do thou appear

Come, we that love the Lord
Come, ye that love the Lord

Creator Spirit, by whose aid
Creator Spirit, by whose light

Farewell, thou once a sinner
Farewell, thou once a mortal

Father of eternal grace
Father of eternal love

Father! to thee I lift mine eyes
O wouldst thou, Lord, thy servant guard

Father! to thy sinful child
Lord! forgive me, day by day

For ever with the Lord
In darkness as in light

For ever with the Lord
My Father's house on high

Great God, whose sceptre rules the earth
Fountain of light and living breath

Great God, whose sceptre rules the earth
O thou that sitt'st in heaven, and see'st

Hail to the Lord's annointed
Receive Messiah gladly

Happiness! thou lovely name
Lord! it is not life to live

Help, Lord! the busy foe
The praying spirit breathe

Hosanna to the living Lord
Hosanna, Lord, thine angels cry

How blest am I, most gracious Saviour
What comforts, Lord, to those are given

How lovely are thy dwellings fair
How lovely are thy dwellings, Lord

How shall the young secure their hearts
The heavens, O Lord, thy rule obey

How welcome to the saints, when pressed
How welcome to the soul, when pressed

Incarnate Word, who wont to dwell
Messiah Lord, who wont to dwell

In thy name, O Lord, assembling
In thy courts, O Lord, assembling

I sought thee round about, O thou, my God
O make us apt to seek, and quick to find

Jesu, my strength, my hope
O God, my strength, my hope

Jesus, accept the praise
Now, Lord, we part awhile

Jesu, shall I never be
God of Jesus! hear me now

Jesu! soft, harmonious name
Lord! subdue our selfish will

Jesus! refuge of my soul
Father! refuge of my soul

Jesus, thou source of calm repose
Messiah Lord, rejoicing still

Jesus! we look up to thee
Father! We look up to thee

Jesus! where'er thy people meet
O Lord! where'er thy people meet

Joy to the followers of the Lord
Joy to those that love the Lord

Let us, with a joyful mind
O let us, with a joyful mind

Lord! bless what thou provided hast
Thy name be hallowed evermore

Lord! come away
Descend to thy Jerusalem, O Lord

Lord! have mercy, when we strive
Lord! have mercy, when we pray

Lord! I have made thy word my choice
The heavens, O Lord, thy rule obey

Lord! I would be a child of thine
Great God! thy peerless excellence

Lord! what a feeble piece
Lord! what a fleeting breath

Monarch of all! with humble fear
To thee, O Lord, with humble fear

My all in all! my faithful friend
O Lord! thou art my rock, my guide

My soul! thy great Creator's praise
Vast are thy works, almighty Lord

No cloud obscures the summer sky
Child of the earth! O lift thy glance

Now I have found the ground wherein
O Lord! thy everlasting grace

O blest Religion, heavenly fair
When gloomy thoughts and boding fears

O God of Abraham, by whose hand
O God of ages, by whose hand

O God, thou bottomless abyss
O God, thou fathomless abyss

O Jesu, who art gone before
Messiah now is gone before

On the dark wave of Galilee
O'er the dark wave of Galilee

O Saviour, whom this holy morn
O God, whose holy child this morn

O thou that dwell'st enthroned on high
Almighty God! in prayer to thee

O thou who camest from above
O thou who deignest from above

Our God, our help in ages past
O God, our help in ages past

Out of the depths of woe
When from the depths of woe

Peace, doubting heart! my God's I am
For ever nigh me, Father, stand

Praise ye the Lord with joyful tongue
Praise ye the Lord in joyful choir

Saviour! breathe an evening blessing
Holiest! breathe an evening blessing

Saviour of sinful men
Guardian of sinful men

Saviour of sinful men
Lord of the souls above

Since life in sorrow must be spent
If life in sorrow must be spent

Sing to the Lord with joyful voice
Before Jehovah's awful throne

Sleep, downy sleep! come, close mine eyes
Sweet slumbers! come, and chase away

Son of thy Sire's eternal love
Spirit of grace, and health, and power

Talk with us, Lord! thyself reveal
Speak with us, Lord! thyself reveal

Thee Sion's praise, O Lord, attends
The morn and eve thy praise resound

The God of our salvation hears
At God's command the morning ray

The solemn season calls us now
O sinner! bring not tears alone

The wintry west extends his blast
Thou Power supreme! whose mighty scheme

Through all the changing scenes of life
The hosts of God encamp around

Thy land to favour graciously
The Lord will come, and not be slow

'Tis folly all; let me no more be told
Almighty Former of creation's plan

'Tis folly all; let me no more be told
Infinite God! thou great unrivalled One

Unto the Lamb of God
Lord! bring me to resign

What sounds of war are heard around
While sounds of war are heard around

Ye saints and servants of the Lord
Ye that delight to serve the Lord

Yes, Lord! my joyful thanks to thee
Great God! my joyful thanks to thee

Yes, Lord! thy children may depend
O God! on thee we all depend

NOTE ON THE METRE-MARKS IN THIS VOLUME.

It is usual to designate all metres that are neither 'Long,' 'Common,' nor 'Short,' by the general title 'Proper' or 'Peculiar;' which thus becomes the name of so miscellaneous a class of verses, that the appearance of the letters P. M. at the commencement of a hymn gives no real information, and affords no guidance in the selection of a tune. An attempt is sometimes made to remedy this inconvenience, by counting and stating the *number of syllables* in each line of a stanza. Thus the hymn beginning,

Father of our feeble race,

is described, in regard to its structure, as 7s, because it has 7 syllables in a line. It is evident, however, that this description does not adequately define the metre: since it equally applies to such lines as the following, the rhythmical movement of which is of a kind altogether different and even opposite;

Receive Messiah gladly.

How little precision can be attained by this mode of *syllabic* classification, will appear from the consideration, that it would arrange under the same head of 8s the two following hymns (89. 281.), which could not possibly be sung to the same tune,

Blessed be thy name for ever;

and

When Israel of the Lord beloved.

The difference between these is obviously not in the *number* of syllables, but in the *accentuation* of them: in the former line, the stress of enunciation being thrown upon the *odd* syllables; in the other, on the *even* ones. By taking the syllables *in pairs*, instead of singly, and distinguishing between a pair which has its *first*, and one which has its *second*, syllable accented, an easy method of describing the principal Peculiar Metres presents itself. Borrowing the terms already in common use for this

purpose, we may call the former of these pairs (or *feet*) a *Trochee;* the latter, an *Iamb.* Thus the line

Blésséd | bé thy | náme for | éver |

consists of 4 trochees; and the line

When I's|rael óf | the Lórd | belóved |

consists of 4 iambs. In like manner, the line

Fáther | óf our | feéble | ráce

consists of $3\frac{1}{2}$ trochees; while the line

Recéive | Messí|ah glád|ly

consists of $3\frac{1}{2}$ iambs.

Though occasionally the same piece of poetry contains both these kinds of feet (as hymns 5. 469.), it is much more usual to adhere to one of them throughout. Should the lines in such case be all of the same length, the metre is at once defined by stating the *kind of foot*, and the *number of feet*, in the line. Thus, using the initial I. for Iamb. and T. for Trochee, we describe the metre of Addison's hymn

The Lord my pasture shall prepare

as being 4 I., i. e. composed in each line of four iambs; and that of the hymn

Come, said Jesus' sacred voice

as being $3\frac{1}{2}$ T., i. e. composed in each line of three trochees and a half.

Frequently, however, a different length is chosen for the alternate lines. In this case, the number of feet in the *odd* lines may be registered on the *left* hand of the metrical letter (T. or I.); that in the *even* lines on the *right;* thus the hymn (No. 43.)

Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and fond desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires:
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes;
Mercy from above proclaiming,
Peace and pardon from the skies

has its metre described by the form 4 T. $3\frac{1}{2}$; denoting that the *first, third, fifth,* &c. lines have 4 Trochees; the *second, fourth, sixth,* &c. have $3\frac{1}{2}$. And the hymn (No. 113.)

The heavens declare his glory,
Their Maker's skill, the skies:
Each day repeats the story,
And night to night replies.
Their silent proclamation
Throughout the earth is heard;
The record of creation,
The page of nature's word

is headed $3\frac{1}{2}$ I. 3.; to indicate that all the lines are composed of Iambs, the *first, third,* &c. having $3\frac{1}{2}$; the *second, fourth,* &c. only 3.

Sometimes a whole groupe of similarly constituted and equal lines is followed by another differing in length from the former; as in the stanza (hymn 258.)

Mark the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain;
To heaven from whence they fall
They turn not back again,
But water earth through every pore,
And call forth all her secret store:

in which the *first four* lines consist each of *three* Iambs, and the *last two* of *four*. This may be expressed by the form 4. 3 I. 2. 4; that is *four* lines of *three* Iambs, followed by *two* of *four*.

Occasionally a rhythmical series is finished, and returns again, within the limits of the same stanza; thus the latter half of the following verse is merely a repetition of the metre which closes with the *third* line; (No. 128.)

The mighty God who rolls the spheres,
And storm and fire and hail prepares,
And guides this vast machine;—
His powerful hand our life sustains,
And scatters all those joys and pains
That fill this chequered scene.

In this case, the metre of the three first lines having been defined as 2. 4 I. 1. 3, the addition of the letter D. (double) is sufficient to complete the description of the stanza.

This system of notation is applied in the present volume to all hymns of simple and regular structure; and the letters P. M. are resorted to only in the case of metres, which either contain both kinds of feet, or are of too complicated a kind to admit of compendious description.

HYMNS.

HYMNS.

BOOK I.

GOD, THE OBJECT OF DEVOTION.

1. L. M. BARBAULD.

The sacrifice of the heart.

1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his maker God,
What rites, what honours, shall he pay?
How spread his sovereign's praise abroad?

2 From marble domes, and gilded spires,
Shall curling clouds of incense rise?
And gems, and gold, and garlands, deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man! creation's lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

14. 19. 215. 226.

2. C. M. WATTS.

The Lord's day morning.

1 LORD! in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

3 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

4 O may thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

5 The men that love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfilled;
The mighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield.

42. 43. 97. 181.

3. C. M. BARBAULD.

The Lord's day.

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eye-lids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

21. 28. 44. 207.

4. L. M. HANCOX.

The Lord's day.

1 How welcome thy returning beams,
Thou fairest morn of all the seven!
Those wake to toil, and earthly schemes;
Thou to repose, and thoughts of heaven!

2 The six days' noise and rage are o'er,
Appeased the tumult and the strife;
Now may the spirit freely soar,
No longer chained to cares of life.

3 Come, let us join the goodly throng,
And pay to God our early vow,
Repeat his praise in cheerful song,
And at his footstool humbly bow.

4 He hath revealed a blest abode,
In gospel-lines divinely fair;
Come, let us seek the heavenly road,
That we may not be strangers there.

5 Nor with the sabbath's parting ray
Let us our pious zeal conclude;
But strive to know, each passing day,
Some strengthened grace, or sin subdued.

6 Then we may trust our Father's love,
That when we've passed these days of care,
Trained for his blissful courts above,
An endless sabbath we shall share.

5. 88. 115. 217.

5. P. M. J. Taylor.

Return of the Lord's day.

Blessed sabbath of the Lord,
Sweet return of public praise!
Still we live to hear his word,
Grateful for his solemn days.
Let the world in darkness frown,
And our mortal comforts fail;
From the glories of his throne
Light shall cheer the gloomy vale.
Great object of our faith! to thee we bow,
And in thy church record the solemn vow.

264. 265.

6. S. M. Montgomery.

The delight of worship.

1 Glad was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
Come, in the house of God appear,
For 'tis a holy day.

2 Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple-door;
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.

3 Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God:
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode!

4 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found:
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound!

5 For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease:
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace!

30. 33. 121. 156.

7. L. M. STENNETT.

The Lord's day morning.

1 ANOTHER six-days' work is done ;
Another sabbath is begun :
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day which God hath blest.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense, to the skies !
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows !

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away :
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

88. 157. 217.

8. C. M. EDMESTON.

The Lord's day.

1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek ;
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week !

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Beams its new rays of light !

3 Sweet day ! thine hours too soon will cease ;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, Heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A sabbath o'er my soul !

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er;
That sabbath dawn, which needs no sun,
That day, which fades no more?

42. 94. 116. 159.

9. L. M. E. Taylor.

The Lord's day.

1 O Father! though the anxious fear
May cloud tomorrow's doubtful way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here;
All shall be thine at least today.

2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy sacred shrine;
But each unholy thought departs,
And leaves the temple wholly thine.

3 O Father! God below, above!
Man's noblest work is praising thee;
Thy spirit o'er our hearts shall move,
And tune them all to harmony.

29. 117. 157. 217.

10. L. M. Watts.

The Lord's day.

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning-light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

4 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart;
And raised to holier courts above,
I praise thee with a purer love.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

3. 157. 217. 226.

11. L. M. NEWTON.

The Lord's day.

1 How welcome to the soul, when pressed
With six days' noise, and care, and toil,
Is the returning day of rest,
Which hides us from the world awhile!

2 Now from the throng withdrawn away,
We seem to breathe a different air;
Composed and softened by the day,
All things another aspect wear.

3 How happy they, whose lot is cast
Where Christ invites the 'weary' yet;
They find their sorrows quickly past,
And all their burdens soon forget.

4 Though pinched with poverty at home,
With sharp afflictions daily fed,
It makes amends, if they can come
To God's own house for heavenly bread.

5 We thank thee for thy day, O Lord!
And here thy promised presence seek;
Open thy hand, with blessings stored,
And give us manna for the week.

5. 88. 117. 217.

12. C. M. BARBAULD.

The sabbath of the soul.

1 SLEEP, sleep today, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born!
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

2 Tomorrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate, this day,
The sabbath of my soul.

3 Sleep, sleep for ever, guilty thoughts!
Let fires of vengeance die;
And purged from sin may I behold
A God of purity.

20. 31. 43. 49.

13. S. M. BULFINCH.

The Lord's day.

1 HAIL to the Sabbath day!
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord! in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend;
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend!

3 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.

4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

Lord! may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight!
And grant us in those courts to pray,
Of pure, unclouded light.

33. 182. 206.

14. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The eternal rest.

1 LORD of the sabbath! hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy temple rise.

2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there 's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;
Content we 'd leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

38. 88.

15. P. M. KELLY.

"Speak; for thy servant heareth."

1 IN thy courts, O Lord, assembling,
We thy people now draw near:
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear;
Hear with meekness;—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be;
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

161. 183.

16. L. M. WATTS.

The delight of social worship.

1 How pleasant how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2 Blest are the saints who dwell on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength; and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.

5 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

38. 47. 184. 212.

17. L. M. J. TAYLOR.

The delight of social worship.

1 O HOW delightful is the road
That guides us to thy temple, Lord!
With joy we visit thine abode,
And seek the treasures of thy word.

2 O heavenly treasures! glorious light!
From ancient sages long concealed;
Till Christ restored the feeble sight,
And God's unchanging word revealed.

14. 64. 219. 237.

18. C. M. MILTON.

The blessedness of the devout.

1 How lovely are thy dwellings, Lord,
From noise and trouble free!
How beautiful the sweet accord
Of souls that pray to thee!

2 Lord God of hosts, that reign'st on high!
They are the truly blest,
Who only will on thee rely,
In thee alone will rest.

3 They pass refreshed the thirsty vale,
The dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful, watery dale,
Where springs and showers abound.

4 They journey on from strength to strength,
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear.

5 For God the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory bright:
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.

63. 98. 116. 214.

19. C. M. Watts.

Public and private devotion.

1 Ye that obey the immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his power,
And bless his wondrous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts,
With rays of quickening grace;
The God who spread the heavens abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

4. 24. 42. 87.

20. S. M. E. Taylor.

Invitation to the house of God.

1 Come to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come!
The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
Your knees together bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young, before his throne
Your cheerful anthems raise;
Nor let your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.

5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call;

6 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

27. 33. 35. 210.

21. 4.3. I. 4.2. WATTS.

The delight of social worship.

1 LORD of the worlds above!
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

12. 80. 107. 154.

22. L. M. LAMPORT.

"I will go to the altar of God."

1 IF, in a temple made with hands,
God speaketh still his high commands;
Let me to that blest place repair,
That I may learn my duty there.

2 If, in the ailments of the soul,
There be a power that makes it whole;
Let me to that pure fount apply,
Lest the neglected spirit die.

3 If there be still a sacrifice,
That may to God with favour rise;
Let me present a contrite heart,
Ere from this temple I depart.

4 If, in the dread of death's dark hour,
The word of life hath soothing power;
To hear that word, my spirit, haste,
Ere yet the pains of death I taste.

5 Where God would have the oblation made,
There be the willing tribute paid,
Till to his name I consecrate
The worship of an endless state.

19. 47. 66. 79.

23. 4 I. HEBER.

Rest in the peace of God.

1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly:
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father, we seek thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray:
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought our rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed:
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!

118. 250. 260.

24. L. M. BUTCHER.

Christian worship.

1 FATHER of all! where shall we find
A temple suited to thy praise?
To thee, the uncreated Mind,
What earthly altar shall we raise?

2 We 'll call a multitude around,
And gladly seek the house of prayer;
There thy salvation we have found,
And still, O God, we 'll seek it there.

3 From breast to breast the holy flame
Shall kindle round the sacred place:
At once we 'll hymn our Father's name,
At once we 'll seek our Father's face.

4 There, heavenly Father, condescend
To meet us with peculiar love;
And when the hymns of earth shall end,
We 'll give thee nobler hymns above.

14. 19. 219. 239.

25. 3½ T. J. Taylor.

Invitation to pure worship.

1 At the portals of thy house,
Lord, we leave our mortal cares:
Nobler thoughts our souls engage,
Songs of praise, and fervent prayers.
Pure and contrite hearts alone
Find acceptance at thy throne.

2 Hapless men, whose footsteps stray
From the temple of the Lord!
Teach them Zion's heavenly way;
To their feet thy light afford.
Let the world unite to raise
Solemn harmonies of praise.

162. 235.

26. S. M. Watts.

Heavenly joy on earth.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround his throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 The awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He shall send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

4 There shall we see his face,
And never; never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

5 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joy create.

[6] The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

7 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

30. 33. 59. 218.

27. L. M. J. Taylor.

Reverential worship.

1 Supreme o'er all Jehovah reigns,
All space his temple and his throne:
Yet where his people meet to pray,
He calls that humble church his own.

2 O let us, with each power we boast,
Bend at his feet with awe profound;
Put off whate'er deforms and stains,
And think we tread on holy ground.

55. 57. 217. 230.

28. L. M. Montgomery.

Social worship.

1 God in his temple let us meet,
Low on our knees before him bend:
Here he hath fixed his mercy-seat,
Here on his sabbath we attend.

2 Arise into thy resting-place,
Thou, and thine ark of strength, O Lord!
Shine through the veil, we seek thy face:
Speak, for we hearken to thy word.

3 With righteousness thy priests array:
Joyful thy favoured people be:
Let those who teach, and those who pray,
Let all—be holiness to thee!

38. 57. 160. 252.

29. L. M. Sir J. E. Smith.

Public worship of God.

1 Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee,
Thy saints adore thy holy name:
Thy creatures bend the obedient knee,
And humbly thy protection claim.

2 Thy hand has raised us from the dust;
The breath of life thy spirit gave:
Where but in thee, can mortals trust?
Who but our God has power to save?

3 Eternal source of truth and light!
To thee we look, on thee we call:
Lord! we are nothing in thy sight,
But thou, to us, art all in all.

4 Still may thy children in thy word
Their common trust and refuge see:
O bind us to each other, Lord,
By one great tie, the love of thee!

5 Here, at the portal of thy house,
We leave our mortal hopes and fears:
Accept our prayer, and bless our vows,
And dry our penitential tears.

6 So shall our suns of hope arise,
With brighter still and brighter ray;
Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes,
With beams of everlasting day.

3. 57. 85. 92.

30. L. M. Wesley's Collection.

Adoration of the Omnipresent God.

1 Lo, God is here! let us adore,
And own how awful is this place:
Let all within us feel his power;
And silent bow before his face.

2 Lo, God is here! him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.

3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

19. 23. 47. 186.

31. 4 I. Wesley's Collection.

Worship in spirit and in truth.

1 Father of omnipresent grace!
We seem agreed to seek thy face:
But every soul assembled here
Doth naked in thy sight appear;
Thou know'st who only bows the knee,
And who in heart approaches thee.

2 Today, while it is called today,
Awake and stir us up to pray;
The spirit of thy word impart,
And breathe the life into our heart;
Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
And guide us by the light of grace.

76. 118. 250.

32. C. M. Newton.

A blessing asked on worship.

1 O Lord! our languid souls inspire,
For here we feel thou art!
Send down a beam of heavenly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.

2 Great shepherd of thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind, bestow;
And shine upon us from on high
To make our graces grow.

5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

4. 24. 94. 231.

33. L. M. Doddridge.

Subjection to the Father of spirits.

1 Eternal source of light and thought!
Be all beneath thyself forgot,
Whilst thee, great parent-mind, we own,
In prostrate homage round thy throne.

2 Whilst in themselves our souls survey
Of thee some faint reflected ray,
They wondering to their Father rise:
His power how vast! his thoughts how wise!

3 O may we live before thy face,
The willing subjects of thy grace;
And through each path of duty move,
With filial awe, and filial love.

23. 113. 219.

34. P. M. BREVIARY.

Joy in heaven and hope on earth.

1 HALLELUJAH! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above!
Hallelujah! thou repeatest,
Angel-host, these notes of love:
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.

2 Hallelujah! church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky!
Hallelujah! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high!
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.

3 Hallelujah! strains of gladness
Comfort not the faint and worn:
Hallelujah! sounds of sadness
Best become the heart forlorn:
Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.

4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God! we raise to thee:
Visit us with thy salvation,
Make us all thy peace to see!
Hallelujah!
Ours at length this strain shall be.

163. 183.

35. L. M. HEBER.

Pure worship on earth and in heaven.

1 HOSANNA! Lord, thine angels cry;
Hosanna! Lord, we here reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

2 O Father! with protecting care
Meet us in this thy house of prayer;
Assembled in Messiah's name
Thy promised blessing here we claim.

3 But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! let thy spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee.

4 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

55. 60. 61. 212.

36. C. M. CAPPE'S SELECTION.

Prayer for divine guidance.

1 ETERNAL Source of life and light!
Supremely good and wise!
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee we lift our eyes.

2 Our dark and erring minds illume,
With truth's celestial rays;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.

3 Conduct us safely by thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road;
And place us, when that journey's o'er,
In heaven thy blest abode.

17. 49. 90. 223.

37. S. M. C. Wesley.

The meeting of fellow-worshippers.

1 Guardian of sinful men!
Thy goodness we proclaim,
Which brings us here to meet again,
And triumph in thy name.

2 O Lord! be ever near,
While still on earth we stay;
And bid us watch, till thou appear
Along the desert way.

3 Many before thy face
Have laid their burden down,
Who bore with us the fight, the race,
And then received the crown.

4 Swept from the earth away,
They joined the heavenly throng,
And eager now for us they stay,
And ever cry, how long!

5 O what a mighty change,
Shall Christ's true sufferers know;
While o'er the happy plains they range,
Incapable of woe.

6 No ill-requited love
Shall there our spirits wound;
No base ingratitude above,
No sin in Heaven is found.

33. 35. 53. 210.

38. C. M. Jervis.

Homage and devotion.

1 With sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.

2 Before the awful throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 O Lord! while in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 With fervour teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

20. 21. 42. 87.

39. 4.3. I. 4.2. BREVIARY.

A blessing sought on worship.

1 HERE, gracious God! do thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful prayer,
And mark each suppliant sigh:
In copious shower,
On all who pray
This holy day,
Thy blessings pour.

2 Here may we find from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore:
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away.

12. 80. 107.

40. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Sincerity in worship.

1 LORD! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to thee in praise.

4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosoms share,
Which is not wholly thine.

5 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

17. 34. 223. 231.

41. C. M. WATTS.

Sincerity and Hypocrisy in worship.

1 GOD is a spirit, just and wise;
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

20. 42. 43. 223.

42. L. M. BOYSE.

Acceptable worship.

1 COME, pay the worship God requires,
Inflamed with chaste and holy fires;
When love celestial warms the breast,
Our homage, and our vows, are blest.

2 When piety, and truth refined,
Possess the temple of the mind,
With grateful flames the altars glow,
And God will visit man below.

14. 23. 113. 219.

43. 4 T. 3½. J. TAYLOR.

Acceptable worship.

1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes, and fond desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes;
Mercy from above proclaiming,
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind,
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined:

Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to thy laws,
Lord, with favour still attend us,
Bless us with thy wondrous love;
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us:
All our hope is from above.

104.

44. L. M. Sir J. E. Smith.

God's temple in the heart.

1 Who shall a temple build for him,
Who fills the heaven of heavens alone?
Who shall exalt his glorious name,
Fixt in his everlasting throne?

2 Yet many a lowly fane shall rise,
Which God himself will not disdain:
He will accept the sacrifice;
Nor shall the offering e'er be vain.

3 No gorgeous dome, nor boastful vow,
Can e'er find favour in his sight:
The humble votary, meek and low,—
The holy soul, are his delight.

4 On these his grace and mercy rest,
Nor from their shrines will he depart:
His temple is the righteous breast;
His altar is the pious heart.

1. 3. 57. 85.

45. C. M. DRENNAN.

"He is not far from any one of us."

1 THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.

2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The heaven of God is there.

3 His presence there is spread abroad
Through realms, through worlds unknown;
Who seeks the mercies of his God
Is ever near his throne.

4. 42. 43. 223.

46. L. M. COWPER.

Worship in spirit.

1 O LORD! where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going take thee to their home.

3 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

1. 6. 52. 157.

47. 41. DRYDEN.

The Divine Spirit implored.

1 CREATOR Spirit, by whose light
The sleeping worlds were called from night!
Come, visit every pious mind,
Come, pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.

2 O Source of uncreated light,
By whom our souls emerge from night,
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow.

3 Plenteous in grace descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy;
Our frailty help, our vice control,
Thou ruler of our secret soul!
And, lest our feet should haply stray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

76. 118. 160. 250.

48. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Life dedicated to God.

1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God!
With rays of beauty shine;
O let thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be thine.

2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

3 With thee let every week begin;
With thee each day be spent;
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.

4 Thus cheer us through the desert road,
Till all our labours cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

20. 42. 43. 49.

49. L. M. J. Wesley.

"The healthful spirit of God's grace."

1 Spirit of grace, and health, and power!
Fountain of light and love below!
Abroad thy healing influence shower;
On all thy servants let it flow.

2 Inflame our hearts with perfect love;
In us the work of faith fulfil:
So not heaven's host shall swifter move,
Than we on earth to do thy will.

3 Father! 'tis thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry:

4 On thee we cast our care; we live
Through thee who know'st our every need:
O feed us with thy grace, and give
Our souls this day the living bread!

1. 164. 212. 252.

50. C. M. Montgomery.

"Ask and ye shall receive."

1 What shall we ask of God in prayer?
Whatever good we want;
Whatever man may seek to share,
Or God in wisdom grant.

2 Father of all our mercies,—Thou,
In whom we move and live!
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling now,
And answer, and forgive.

3 When harass'd by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel;
O give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.

5 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, and hope, and love;
And walk in holiness below,
To holiness above.

6 When earthly joys and cares depart,
Desire and envy cease,
Be thou the portion of our heart,
In thee may we have peace!

86 116. 165.

51. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Praise to God in life and death.

1 My soul shall praise thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 In every smiling happy hour,
Be this my sweet employ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And heightens all my joy.

3 When gloomy care and keen distress
Afflict my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And lull each pain to rest.

4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God;
My life with all its active powers
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

5 And when these lips shall cease to move,
When death shall close these eyes,
Then shall my soul to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.

6 Then shall her powers in endless strains
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

13. 21. 22. 93.

52. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Praise to God through the whole of our existence.

1 GOD of my life! through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the silent hours of night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

5 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live:
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

57. 88. 212. 224.

53. L. M. STEELE.

Humble praise to God.

1 ALMIGHTY author of my frame!
To thee my vital powers belong;
Thy praise, delightful, glorious theme,
Demands my heart, my life, my tongue.

2 My heart, my life, my tongue are thine;
O be thy praise their blest employ!
But may my song with angels' join,
Nor sacred awe forbid the joy?

3 Yes, the great sovereign of the skies
To mortals bends a gracious ear;
Nor the mean tribute will despise,
If offered with a heart sincere.

4 Great God! accept the humble praise,
And guide my heart, and guide my tongue,
While to thy name I trembling raise
The grateful, though unworthy, song.

23. 47. 88. 219.

54. 3½ T. MONTGOMERY.

Glory to God in the highest.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?—
No! the churches, heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice.

5 Borne upon our latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise our powers employ.

166. 187. 232. 261.

55. 3½ T. SANDYS.

Harmony of praise.

1 THOU who art enthroned above!
Thou by whom we live and move!
Thee we bless; thy praise be sung,
While an ear can hear a tongue.

2 O how sweet, how excellent
'Tis with tongue and heart's consent,—
Thankful hearts and joyful tongues,
To renown thy name in songs!

3 When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
Thy high favours to rehearse,
Thy firm faith, in grateful verse.

4 Decks the spring with flowers the field?
Harvest rich doth autumn yield?
Giver of all good below!
Lord! from thee these blessings flow.

5 Who thy wonders can express?
All thy thoughts are fathomless:
Lord, thou art most great, most high!
Such from all eternity!

11. 82. 167. 232.

56. C. M. Watts.

God above all praise.

1 Who dares attempt the Eternal name,
With notes of mortal sound?
Dangers and glories guard the theme,
And spread despair around.

2 Celestial King! our spirits lie,
Trembling beneath thy feet,
And wish, and cast a longing eye,
To reach thy lofty seat.

3 When shall we see the great unknown,
And in thy presence stand?
Reveal the splendours of thy throne,
But shield us with thy hand.

4 In thée what endless wonders meet!
What various glory shines!
The crossing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting minds.

5 Created powers, how weak they be!
How short our praises fall!
So much akin to nothing we,
And thou the Eternal All!

4. 44. 69. 207.

57. L. M. Watts.

God above all praise.

1 Eternal Power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite length beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds:—

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord! what shall dust and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And men have learned to lisp thy name;
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!

5 God is in heaven, and men below!
Be short our tunes; our words be few;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

19. 66. 201. 215.

58. L. M. Doddridge.

God above all praise.

1 Ye weak inhabitants of clay!
Ye trifling insects of a day!
Low in your native dust bow down,
Before the Eternal's awful throne.

2 With trembling heart, with solemn eye,
Behold Jehovah seated high;
And search what worthy sacrifice
Your hands can give, your thoughts devise.

3 Let Lebanon its cedars bring,
To blaze before the sovereign king;
And all the beasts that on it feed,
As victims at his altar bleed;

4 Loud let ten thousand trumpets sound,
And call remotest nations round;
And while his praise unites their tongues,
Let angels echo back the songs:

5 The drop that from the bucket falls,
The dust that hangs upon the scales,
Is more to sky, and earth, and sea,
Than all this pomp, O God, to thee.

19. 38. 66. 215.

59. L. M. Butcher.

Doxology.

Immortal praise to God be given,
By all in earth and all in heaven;
The First, the Last, who reigns alone,
And fills an undivided throne.

19. 23. 113. 219.

60. C. M. Estlin.

Doxology.

1 Thou art the first, and thou the last;
Time centres all in thee,
The almighty God who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

2 To thee let every tongue be praise
And every heart be love,
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

21. 49. 89. 223.

61. 4 T. 3½. FAWCETT.

Universal praise to God.

1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise be thine from every tongue!
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
Father, source of all compassion!
Free unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise him for his love divine.

2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

104. 105.

62. L. M. PIERPONT.

Universal worship.

1 O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue!

2 Not now on Zion's height alone
The favoured worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 To thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty, bend the knee,
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

5 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung!
To thee, at last, in every clime
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

47. 77. 226.

63. L. M. Watts.

All nations shall serve him.

1 Ye nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign king;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

23. 77. 92. 219.

64. 4.3. I. 4.2. Sandys.

Praise from all men.

1 All from the sun's uprise,
Unto his setting rays,
Resound in jubilees
The great Jehovah's praise.

Him serve alone;
In triumph bring
Your gifts, and sing
Before his throne.

2 Man drew from man his birth;
But God his noble frame,—
Built of the ruddy earth,—
Filled with celestial flame.
His sons we are;
Sheep by him led,
Preserved and fed
With tender care.

3 O to his portals press
In your divine resorts:
With thanks his power profess,
And praise him in his courts.
How good! how pure!
His mercies last:
His promise past
For ever sure.

12. 80. 107.

65. L. M. Watts.

Praise from all mankind.

1 From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

6. 19. 57. 88.

66. L. M. Watts.

A general hymn of praise.

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours can we rear,
Almighty maker, to thy name?

4 We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

2. 23. 64. 92.

67. C. M. Tate and Brady.

Praise to God from all the earth.

1 With cheerful notes let all the earth
To heaven their voices raise;
Let all, inspired with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

2 God's tender mercy knows no bound;
His truth shall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

17. 20. 89. 90.

68. 3½ T. CONDER.

Happy praise.

1 O BE joyful in the Lord,
Every land beneath the sun:
In his praise, with glad accord,
Let all tongues and hearts be one:
For our God is God alone,
Whose we are, and not our own;
We his people are,—the sheep
He vouchsafes to rule and keep.

2 Come and join the joyous throng
Who Jehovah's praise proclaim:
In his courts, with grateful song,
Speak the honours of his name.
Rich his bounty to our race;
Inexhaustible his grace;
Ready to forgive and bless;
Ever sure his faithfulness.

11. 167. 168.

69. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

All nations shall serve him.

1 FALL down, ye nations, and adore
Jehovah on the mercy-seat;
Like prostrate seas on every shore,
That cast their billows at your feet.

[2]Let hallelujahs to the skies,
With ocean's everlasting sound,—
The voice of many waters,—rise
Day without night, as time goes round.

3 Come from the East,—with gifts, ye kings,
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh;
Where'er the morning spreads her wings,
Let man to God his vows prefer.

4 Come from the West,—the bond, the free,
His easy service make your choice;
Ye isles of the Pacific sea
Like halcyon-nests; in God rejoice.

5 Come from the South;—through desert-sands
A highway for the Lord prepare;
Let Ethiopia stretch her hands,
And Lybia pour her soul in prayer.

6 Come from the North;—let Europe raise
In all her languages one song;
Give God the glory, power, and praise,
That to his holy name belong.

7 For he hath bowed the heavens above,
And at his feet the mountains flowed;
He came; but not in wrath,—in love,
To make with men his pure abode.

19. 164. 212. 250.

70. S. M. Watts.

Praise from all mankind.

1 Thy name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thy honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

25. 37. 59. 206.

71. L. M. Doddridge.

Universal praise.

1 Ye sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes the earth around.

2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.

3 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns;
That hand remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.

4 But O! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns eternal love;—
Thither, my soul, with rapture soar;
There, in the land of praise, adore.

1. 5. 119. 217.

72. S. M. Watts.

Exhortation to praise.

1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal king.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

4 Today attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

30. 53. 59. 99.

73. L. M. Watts.

Exhortation to praise.

1 Praise ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works unite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom 's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

3 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his cloud all round the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beast with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 Tell of the Lord, how great his might;
But say, his love is infinite:
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

6 The meek are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

5. 55. 64.

74. L. M. Steele.

An exhortation to praise God.

1 Praise ye the Lord; let praise employ,
In his own courts, your songs of joy;
The spacious firmament around
Shall echo back the joyful sound.

2 Recount his works in strains divine;
His wondrous works, how bright they shine!
Praise him for his almighty deeds,
Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.

3 Let all whom life and breath inspire
Attend, and join the blissful choir;
But chiefly you who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praise the Lord.

23. 38. 88. 217.

75. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Exhortation to grateful praise.

1 STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify?

3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 There with benign regard
Our hymns he deigns to hear;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels him near.

5 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

8. 33. 35. 59.

76. 41. Tate and Brady.

Praise to the glorious God.

1 Ye that delight to serve the Lord,
The honours of his name record;
His sacred name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his power confess.

2 God through the world extends his sway:
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are:
To him, whose majesty excels,
Who made the heavens in which he dwells,
Let no created power compare.

18. 169. 204.

77. L. M. Montgomery.

Exhortation to praise.

1 Servants of God! in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious name let all adore
From age to age, for evermore.

2 Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to his rest:
Above the heavens his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shown.

3 Who is like God? so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky;
Yet ever with paternal grace
Looks down upon the human race.

4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust,
And saves the poor in him that trust.

5 Servants of God! in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore
From age to age, for evermore.

38. 79. 157. 201.

78. C. M. WATTS.

Reverential worship.

1 WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands attentive hear,
And tremble at his word.

2 Thy words, O God, the wind control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

3 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace;
While truth and mercy, joined in one,
Go forth before thy face.

44. 62. 69. 97.

79. C. M. PATRICK.

Te Deum.

1 O GOD! we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord,
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry;

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou the eternal Father art
Of boundless majesty.

44. 71. 207. 220.

80. L. M. From the German.

Te Deum.

1 Both heaven and earth do worship thee,
Thou Father of eternity!
With splendour from thy glory spread,
Are heaven and earth replenished.

2 To thee all angels loudly cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high,
The apostles' glorious company,
The prophets' fellowship praise thee.

3 The noble and victorious host
Of martyrs make of thee their boast:
The holy church, in every place,
Throughout the earth exalts thy praise.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honour thee:
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end for evermore.

5 Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day:
O Lord, have mercy on us all;—
Have mercy on us when we call!

3. 79. 212.

81. S. M. Watts.

Universal praise to God.

1 Let every creature join
To praise the eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers, or snow,
Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

4 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

5 By all his works above
His honours be exprest;
But they who know his heavenly love
Should sing his praises best.

37. 59. 96. 222.

82. C. M. Hemans.

"All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord."

1 Praise ye the Lord! on every height
Songs to his glory raise!
Ye angel-hosts, ye stars of night,
Join in immortal praise!

2 O heaven of heavens! let praise far-swelling
From all thine orbs be sent!
Join in the strain, ye waters, dwelling
Above the firmament!

3 For his the word which gave you birth,
And majesty, and might;
Praise to the Highest from the earth,
And let the deeps unite!

4 O fire and vapour, hail and snow!
Ye servants of his will!
O stormy winds, that only blow
His mandates to fulfil!

5 Mountains and rocks, to heaven that rise;
Fair cedars of the wood!
Creatures of life that wing the skies,
Or track the plains for food!

6 Judges of nations! kings, whose hand
Waves the proud sceptre high!
O youths and virgins of the land,
O age and infancy!

7 Praise ye his name, to whom alone
All homage should be given;
Whose glory, from the eternal throne,
Spreads wide o'er earth and heaven.

44. 69. 71. 207.

83. 3½ T. MONTGOMERY.

Homage to God from his works.

1 HERALDS of creation! cry;
Praise the Lord, the Lord most high;
Heaven and earth! obey the call;
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.

2 For he spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light;
He commanded;—nature heard,
And stood fast upon his word.

3 Praise him, all ye hosts above,
Spirits perfected in love!
Sun and moon, your voices raise;
Sing, ye stars, your Maker's praise!

4 Earth, from all thy depth below,
Ocean's hallelujahs flow;
Lightning, vapour, wind and storm,
Hail and snow, his will perform.

5 Vales and mountains burst in song;
Rivers roll with praise along!
Birds, on wings of rapture soar,
Warble at his temple-door!

6 High above all height his throne;
Excellent his name alone:
Him let all his works confess;
Him let every being bless.

166. 187. 232.

84. 4 T. 3½. Liverpool Old Coll.

Praise to God from his works.

1 Praise the Lord! ye heavens adore him,
Praise him angels in the height,
Sun and moon, rejoice before him,
Praise him, all ye stars of light!
Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken,
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

2 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious,
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail;
Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high! his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation!
Praise and magnify his name.

104. 105.

85. C. M. Watts.

Praise from all creatures.

1 Praise ye the Lord, in joyful choir,
Spirits of light above!
Sing; for he formed you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

2 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days!
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrowed rays.

3 Blush and refund the honours paid
To your inferior names:
Tell the blind world your orbs are fed
By his o'erflowing flames.

4 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud
Through the ethereal blue;
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

5 But gentler things shall tune his name
To softer notes than these;—
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whispering through the trees.

6 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, take the sound;
Echo the glories of your King,
Through all the nations round.

67. 86. 87. 98.

86. 4 T. 3½. J. Taylor.

Praise to the God of mercy.

1 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Bounteous source of all our joy;
He whose hand upholds all nature;
He whose nod can all destroy:

Saints! with pious zeal attending,
Now the grateful tribute raise;
Solemn songs to heaven ascending,
Join the universal praise.

2 Round his awful footstool kneeling,
Lowly bend with contrite souls;
Here, his milder grace revealing,
Here his wrath no thunder rolls:
Lo! the eternal page before us
Bears the covenant of his love;
Full of mercy to restore us,
Mercy beaming from above.

3 Every secret fault confessing,
Deed unrighteous, thought of sin,
Seize, O seize the proffered blessing,
Grace from God, and peace within:
Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Still the song of glory raise;
On the theme immortal dwelling,
Join the universal praise.

104. 105. 232.

87. L. M. Roscoe.

Praise to God, the good and true.

1 Let one loud song of praise arise
To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows;
Who dwells enthroned beyond the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows.

2 Let all of good this bosom fires
To him, sole good, give praises due;
Let all the truth himself inspires
Unite to sing him only true.

3 In ardent adoration joined,
Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all my faculties combined,
Thy just commands, O God, fulfil.

4 And may my song with solemn sound,
Like incense rise before the throne,
Where thou, whose glory knows no bound,
Great Cause of all things, dwell'st alone.

23. 51. 64. 212.

88. 3½ T. J. Taylor.

The Divine glories celebrated.

1 Glory be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.

2 Favoured mortals! raise the song;
Endless thanks to God belong:
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise.

3 Call the tribes of beings round,
From creation's utmost bound;
Where the Godhead stands confessed,
There be solemn praise addressed.

4 Mark the wonders of his hand!
Power, no empire can withstand;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme;
Goodness, one eternal stream.

5 Awful Being! from thy throne
Send thy promised blessings down:
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease.

11. 82. 187.

89. 4 T. Hogg.

Praise to the guardian God.

1 Blessed be thy name for ever!
Thou of life the guard and giver!
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping:

God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever!

2 Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest:
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight gloom, of dawning day,
That rises from the azure sea,
Like breathings of eternity;—
God of life that fadeth never,
Blessed be thy name for ever!

262.

90. L. M. Watts.

Praise to the guardian God.

1 Give thanks to God; he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 He feeds us on our earthly way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

3 If e'er he bows us to the ground,
And no deliverer can be found;
And sunk in grief we waste our breath
In darkness and the shades of death:

4 When to the Lord we raise our cries,
He makes a dawning light arise;
And scatters all the dismal shade,
That hung so heavy round our head.

5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the happy prisoners through;
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the labouring soul relief.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

5. 29. 92. 101.

91. 3½ T. CONDER.

"Praise the Lord."

1 HALLELUJAH! Raise, O raise
To our God the song of praise:
All his servants, join to sing,
God, our Saviour and our King.

2 Blessed be for evermore
That dread name which we adore!
Round the world his praise be sung,
Through all lands, in every tongue.

3 O'er all nations God alone,—
Higher than the heavens his throne,—
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty?

4 Yet to view the heavens he bends:
Yea, to earth he condescends;
Raising up the poor to stand
With the princes of the land.

5 He the broken spirit cheers;
Turns to joy the mourner's tears:
Such the wonders of his ways!
Praise his name,—for ever praise.

187. 232.

92. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Praise to the God of the lowly.

1 THEE will I praise, O Lord, in light,
Where seraphim surround thy throne;
With heart and soul, with mind and might,
Thee will I worship, thee alone.

2 Thou, Lord, above all height art high,
Yet with the lowly wilt thou dwell;
The proud far off, thy jealous eye
Shall mark, and with a look repel.

3 Though in the depth of trouble thrown,
With grief I shall not always strive;
Thou wilt thy suffering servants own,
And thou the contrite heart revive.

4 Thy purpose then in me fulfil;
Forsake me not, for I am thine;
Perfect in me thine utmost will;
Whate'er it be, that will be mine.

19. 170. 224. 233.

93. S. M. WATTS.

Praise to the merciful God.

1 MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His word subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour:

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

48. 59. 96. 156. 222.

94. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

The soul excited to praise.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim:
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits;
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait:
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
And like the eagle he renews
The vigour of thy youth.

6 Then bless his holy name
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days:
O bless the Lord, my soul.

33. 53. 59. 156.

95. S. M. Watts.

Praise of the Divine mercies.

1 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When rescued from the grave;
He who redeemed my soul from death,
Hath sovereign power to save.

30. 33. 53 59. 156.

96. 4 T. $3\frac{1}{2} + 2.3\frac{1}{2}$. Montgomery.

The Divine love unchangeable.

1 O my soul, with all thy powers
Bless the Lord's most holy name;
O my soul, till life's last hours,
Bless the Lord, his praise proclaim;
As the heaven the earth transcends,
Over us his care extends.

2 He with loving-kindness crowned thee,
Satisfied thy mouth with good;
From the snares of death unbound thee,
Eagle-like thy youth renewed:
Rich in tender mercy he,
Slow to wrath, to favour free.

3 Far as east and west are parted,
He our sins hath severed thus;
As a father loving-hearted
Spares his son, he spareth us;
For he knows our feeble frame,
He remembers whence we came.

4 Mark the field-flower where it groweth,
Frail and beautiful;—anon,
When the south-wind softly bloweth,
Look again,—the flower is gone;
Such is man; his honours pass,
Like the glory of the grass.

5 From eternity, enduring
To eternity,—the Lord,
Still his people's bliss ensuring,
Keeps his covenanted word;
Yea, with truth and righteousness,
Children's children He will bless.

162. 266.

97. C. M. Spirit of the Psalms.

Praise to the good God.

1 Delightful is the task to sing,
On each returning day,
The praises of our heavenly king,
And grateful homage pay.

2 The countless worlds which, bathed in light,
Through fields of azure move,
Proclaim his wisdom and his might,
But O! how great his love!

3 He deigns each broken, contrite heart
With tender care to bind;
And comfort, hope, and grace impart
To heal the wounded mind.

4 All creatures, with instinctive cry,
From God implore their food;
His bounty grants a rich supply,
And fills the earth with good.

5 Delightful is the task, O Lord,
With each returning day,
Thy countless mercies to record,
And grateful homage pay.

4. 97. 158. 208.

98. L. M. BROWNE.

The one living and true God.

1 ETERNAL God! almighty Cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown!
All things are subject to thy laws,
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possessed;
Controlled by none in thy commands;
And in thyself completely blest.

3 On thee we fix our cheerful trust,
To thee with humble hope aspire,
And quit our idols, earth and dust,
Borne up to God with full desire.

4 Lord! spread thy name through heathen lands;
Their idol deities dethrone;
Reduce the world to thy commands,
And reign unrivalled, God alone.

19. 23. 39. 219.

99. 3½ T. MERRICK.

Praise to the merciful Creator.

1 LIFT your voice, and thankful sing
Praises to your heavenly King;
For his blessings far extend,
And his mercy knows no end.

2 Be the Lord your only theme,
Who of gods is God supreme;
He to whom all lords beside
Bow the knee and veil their pride:

3 Who asserts his just command,
By the wonders of his hand;
He whose wisdom, throned on high,
Built the mansions of the sky;

4 He who bade the watery deep
Under earth's foundation sleep;
And the orbs that gild the pole
Through the boundless ether roll.

5 On our sorrows, from on high
He with pity casts an eye:
In each danger, o'er our heads
He the shield of safety spreads.

6 Lift your voice, and thankful sing
Praise to heaven's eternal King;
For his blessings far extend,
And his mercy knows no end.

82. 120. 187.

100. L. M. MILTON.

Thanksgiving to the merciful Creator.

1 O LET us, with a joyful mind,
Give praise to God, for he is kind;
His tender mercies shall endure,
For ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Come, let us sound his name abroad;
Alone of gods he is the God,
Who by his wisdom did create
The painted heavens so full of state;

3 Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain;
Who by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light;

4 And caused the golden-tressed sun
All the day long his course to run,
The horned moon to shine by night,
Among her spangled sisters bright.

5 All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need;
O let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth.

6 The Lord his mansion hath on high,
Above the reach of mortal eye;
His tender mercies shall endure,
For ever faithful, ever sure.

5. 55. 64. 217.

101. 3½ T. CONDER.

Praise to the giver of good.

1 O GIVE thanks to him who made
Morning light and evening shade;
Source and giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food;
Quickener of our wearied powers,
Guard of our unconscious hours.

2 O give thanks to nature's king,
Who made every breathing thing:
His our warm and sentient frame,
His the mind's immortal flame.
O how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the eternal Mind!

3 O give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are his workmanship,
And all creatures are his care:
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed;—but who can
Speak the Father's love to man?

4 O give thanks for him who came,—
In a mortal, suffering frame,
Temple of the Deity;—
Came to bear our souls on high;
In the path himself hath trod,
Leading back his saints to God.

162. 235.

102. 4 1. 3. From the German.

The Creator, God.

Lord, when thou said'st, "So let it be,"
The heavens were spread and shone,
And this whole earth stood gloriously;
Thou spak'st and it was done!
The whole creation still records,
Unto this very day,
That thou art God, the Lord of lords;
Thee all things must obey.

171. 263.

103. C. M. Montgomery.

The glory of God in creation.

1 The God of nature and of grace,
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

2 Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By him in wisdom planned;
'Twas he who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.

3 Lift to the arch of heaven your eye;
Thither his path pursue;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

[4]How excellent, O Lord, thy name,
In all creation's lines!
Spread through eternity, thy fame
With rising lustre shines.

5 These lower works that swell thy praise,
High as man's thought can tower,
Are but a portion of thy ways,
The hiding of thy power.

6 O should'st thou rend aside the veil,
And show thy dwelling-place,
The souls which thou hast made would fail;
'Twere death to see thy face.

7 Can none behold that face and live?
Yea, sinners may draw near:
The Lord is kind, and will forgive;
His love shall cast out fear.

[8]Millions amidst his presence stand,
Who feel, while they adore,
Fulness of joy, at his right hand,
And pleasures evermore.

28. 67. 86. 220.

104. C. M. Watts.

Creative wisdom.

1 Eternal Wisdom! thee we praise;
Thee the creation sings;
With thy loud name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand how wide it spread the sky,
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

3 Below, the winds stand ready there,
Thy orders to obey;
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

4 There, like a trumpet loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast:
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thy host.

5 The rolling mountains of the deep
Observe thy strong command;
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.

6 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

69. 98. 207.

105. C. M. GROVE.

God the creator.

1 O LORD, how excellent thy name!
How glorious to behold!
Engraven fair on all thy works,
In characters of gold.

2 On heaven's immeasurable face,
In lines immensely great,
In small, on every leaf and flower,
Creator God is writ.

3 From land to land, from world to world,
Thy fame is echoed round;
And ages, as they pass, transmit
The never-dying sound.

4 Angels, the eldest sons of light,
Began the lofty song;
They saw the heavens expand abroad,
And earth on nothing hung.

5 Then man, the last and noblest work
Of all this lower frame,
With the first vital breath he drew,
Confessed from whence he came.

6 Let men unite to praise their God,
And magnify his name;
The wonders of his power and love
Let the whole earth proclaim.

28. 41. 110. 223.

106. C. M. Watts.

The wisdom of God in his works.

1 Songs of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand hath wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise the eternal mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
Which his first thoughts designed.

4 Nature, and time, and earth, and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim;
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name?

5 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he 's the wisest of our race
Who best obeys thy will.

40. 44. 71. 220.

107. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

The earth full of the goodness of God.

1 GOD, in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres;
Yet in his providence and grace,
To every eye appears.

2 He bows the heavens; the mountains stand,
A highway for our God;
He walks amid the desert land;
'Tis Eden where he trod.

3 The forests in his strength rejoice;
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.

[4]Here, on the hills, he feeds his herds,
His flocks on yonder plains;
His praise is warbled by the birds;
—O could we catch their strains,—

[5]Mount with the lark, and bear our song
Up to the gates of light,
Or, with the nightingale, prolong
Our numbers through the night!

6 In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his spirit blows,
The breath of life and health.

7 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

8 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will Paradise be found!

28. 67. 86. 220.

108. 61. HEBER.

The tribute of nature and of man to God.

1 WHEN spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil,
When summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil;
When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his Maker good.

2 The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade;
The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the drowsy glade;
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way,
The moon and stars their Maker's name in silent pomp display.

3 Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,—
Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny?
No, let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease to be,
Thee, Father, must we always love,—Creator, honour thee.

4 The flowers of spring may wither, the hope
of summer fade;
The autumn droop in winter, the birds for-
sake the shade;
The winds be lulled,—the sun and moon
forget their old decree;
But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord, will
cling to thee!

172. 259.

109. S. M. WATTS.

Nature's praise to God.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name;
Thy glories how diffused abroad,
Through the creation's frame!

2 Nature in every dress
Her humble worship pays;
And finds a thousand ways to express
Her undissembled praise.

3 In native white and red,
The rose and lily stand,
And free from pride their beauties spread,
To show thy skilful hand.

4 The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song,
And bears his Maker's praise on high,
Upon an artless tongue.

5 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too;
O for a heart inspired to bring
A praise sincere and true!

6 Descend, celestial fire,
And seize me from above;
Melt me in flames of pure desire,
A sacrifice to love.

8. 35. 59. 222.

110. L. M. Watts.

"Sun, moon, and stars, praise ye the Lord."

1 Fairest of all the lights above,
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,
And with unwearied swiftness move,
To form the circles of our years!

2 Praise the Creator of the skies,
Who dressed thine orb in golden rays:
Or may the sun forget to rise,
If he forget his Maker's praise.

3 Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,
Whose gentle beams and borrowed light
Are softer rivals of the noon!

4 Arise, and to that sovereign Power
Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bade thee rule the dusky hour,
And half supply the absent day.

5 Ye twinkling stars, that climb the sky,
In silent watch to pace the night!
Praise him who placed your orbs on high,
And out of darkness called up light.

6 O God of glory! God of love!
Thou art the sun that makes our days;
With all thy shining works above,
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

5. 212. 217. 226.

111. 4 I. Watts.

"The heavens declare the glory of God."

1 Great God! the heavens' well-ordered frame
Declares the glories of thy name;
There thy rich works of wonder shine;
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless power and skill divine.

2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read;
With silent eloquence, they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journey of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice:
The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his maker God;
All nature joins to show thy praise;
Thus God in every creature shines:
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is the book of grace.

18. 204. 225.

112. L. M. Addison.

The heavens declare the glory of God.

1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth.

4 Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

2. 5. 38. 217.

113. $3\frac{1}{2}$ I. 3. CONDER.

Day unto day uttereth speech.

1 THE heavens declare his glory,
Their Maker's skill, the skies:
Each day repeats the story,
And night to night replies.
Their silent proclamation
Throughout the earth is heard;
The record of creation,
The page of nature's word.

2 There, from his bright pavilion,
Like eastern bridegroom clad,
Hailed by earth's thousand million,
The sun sets forth; right glad,
His glorious race commencing,
The mighty giant seems;
Through the vast round dispensing
His all-pervading beams.

3 So pure, so soul-restoring
Is truth's diviner ray;
A brighter radiance pouring
Than all the pomp of day:

The wanderer surely guiding,
It makes the simple wise;
And evermore abiding,
Unfailing joy supplies.

172. 254.

114. 41. MONTGOMERY.

The invisible Creator seen in his works.

1 THY glory, Lord, the heavens declare,
The firmament displays thy skill;
The changing clouds, the viewless air,
Tempest and calm thy word fulfil;
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night thy knowledge teach.

2 Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
Well-known the language of their song,
When one by one the stars appear,
Led by the silent moon along;
Till round the earth, from all the sky,
Thy beauty beams on every eye.

3 Waked by thy touch, the morning sun
Comes, like a bridegroom from his bower,
And, like a giant, glad to run
His bright career with speed and power;
Thy flaming messenger, to dart
Life through the depth of nature's heart.

4 While these transporting visions shine
Along the path of Providence,
Glory eternal, joy divine,
Thy word reveals, transcending sense:
My soul thy goodness longs to see,
Thy love to man, thy love to me.

18. 204. 225.

115. L. M. Merrick.

God's providence in the blessings of the year.

1 The morn and eve thy praise resound,
Lord, as they walk the ethereal round;
Thy visits teach the grateful soil
To recompense the labourer's toil.

2 The clouds, in frequent showers distilled,
Drop fatness on the fruitful field,
Break the tough glebe, the furrows cheer,
And crown with good the gliding year.

3 The pastures of the extended waste
Thy gifts in rich profusion taste:
The hills around exulting stand,
And own the bounty of thy hand.

4 Cherished at length by favouring skies,
Herbage and corn luxuriant rise:
The laughing vale assumes a tongue,
And bursts triumphant into song.

5. 39. 52. 215.

116. C. M. Watts.

The providence of God in the seasons.

1 With songs and honours sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in vallies grow.

3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

5 He sends his word and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

41. 67. 86. 98.

117. L. M. G. Dyer.

Praise from creation to its Lord.

1 Greatest of Beings! Source of life!
Sovereign of air, and earth, and sea!
All nature feels thy power, and all
A silent homage pays to thee.

2 Waked by thy hand, the morning sun
Pours forth to thee its earlier rays,
And spreads thy glories as it climbs,
While raptured worlds look up and praise.

3 The moon to the deep shades of night
Speaks the mild lustre of thy name;
While all the stars that cheer the scene
Thee the great Lord of light proclaim.

4 And groves, and vales, and rocks, and hills,
And every flower, and every tree,
Ten thousand creatures warm with life
Have each a grateful song for thee.

5 But man was formed to rise to heaven;
And, blessed with reason's clearer light,
He views his Maker through his works,
And glows with rapture at the sight.

6 Nor can the thousand songs that rise,
Whether from air, or earth, or sea,
So well repeat Jehovah's praise,
Or raise so sweet a harmony.

1. 39. 55. 212.

118. C. M. WATTS.

The blessings of spring.

1 GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care,
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers raised on high,
Pour out, at his command,
Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The little hills on every side
Rejoice at falling showers;
The meadows, drest in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.

4 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear:
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

36. 43. 56. 95.

119. L. M. ENFIELD.

God, the Ruler of nature.

1 O THOU, through all thy works adored,
Great Power supreme, almighty Lord!
Author of life, whose sovereign sway
Creatures of every tribe obey!

2 To thee, most high, to thee belong
The suppliant prayer, the joyful song;
To thee will we attune our voice,
And in thy wondrous works rejoice.

3 From thee proceed heaven's varied store,—
The changing wind, the fruitful shower,
The flying cloud, the coloured bow,
The moulded hail, the feathered snow.

4 Tempests obey thy mighty will,
Thy awful mandate to fulfil,
The forked lightnings dart around,
And rive the oak, and blast the ground.

5 Yet pleased to bless, kind to supply,
Thy hand supports thy family,
And fosters with a parent's care
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air.

6 Of nature's laws and nature's King
Our tongues shall never cease to sing;
The debt of humble praise we pay;
Father! accept the grateful lay.

39. 52. 85. 215.

120. 4.3. I. 2.4. J. TAYLOR.

Providence acknowledged in the seasons.

1 REJOICE! the Lord is king:
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals! give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

2 His wintry north-winds blow,
Loud tempests rush amain;
Yet his thick showers of snow
Defend the infant grain:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

3 He wakes the genial spring,
Perfumes the balmy air;
The vales their tribute bring,
The promise of the year:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

4 He leads the circling year;
His flocks the hills adorn;
He fills the golden ear,
And loads the field with corn:
O happy mortals! raise your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

5 Lead on your fleeting train,
Ye years, and months, and days!
O bring the eternal reign
Of love, and joy, and praise:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

80. 107. 173. 234.

121. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

The goodness of God in the seasons.

1 GREAT God! at whose all-powerful call
At first arose this beauteous frame,
Thou bidd'st the seasons change, and all
The changing seasons speak thy name.

2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,
From winter storms recovered, rise;
When thousand grateful scenes appear,
Fresh opening to our wondering eyes.

3 The new delight how great, to see
The earth in vernal beauty dressed,
While in each herb, and flower, and tree,
Thy opening bounty shines confessed!

4 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,
And light and genial heat conveys;
And while he leads the seasons on,
From thee derives his quickening rays.

5 Around us from the teeming field,
Springs the rich grain, or purple vine;
At thy command they rise to yield
The strengthening bread or cheering wine.

6 Indulgent God! from every part
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow:
We see; we taste; let every heart
With grateful love and duty glow.

29. 38. 64. 217.

122. L. M. Watts.

The goodness of God in the seasons.

1 At God's command the morning ray
Smiles in the east, and leads the day;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.

2 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, and dressed in flowers.

3 'Tis from his watery stores on high
He gives the thirsty ground supply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.

4 The desert grows a fruitful field;
Abundant food the vallies yield;
The vallies shout with cheerful voice,
And neighbouring hills repeat their joys.

5 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
O'er every field thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear:
Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

1. 2. 5. 217.

123. L. M. Doddridge.

The year crowned with the divine goodness.

1 Eternal Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 While the great wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole;
By thee the sun is taught to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
O'er all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise:
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.

6 O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

2. 5. 29. 51.

124. L. M. GIBBONS.

The universal providence of God.

1 THE earth, and all the heavenly frame,
Their great Creator's love proclaim;
He gives the sun his genial power,
And sends the soft refreshing shower.

2 The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields its various fruits to men;
To men, who from his bounteous hand
Receive the gifts of every land.

3 Nor to the human race alone
Is his paternal goodness shown;
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air,
Enjoy his universal care.

4 Not e'en a sparrow yields its breath
Till God permits the stroke of death:
He hears the ravens when they call;
The Father and the Friend of all.

5. 39. 52. 215.

125. L. M. HEMANS.

"What is man, that thou art mindful of him?"

1 CHILD of the earth! O lift thy glance
To yon bright firmament's expanse;
The glories of its realm explore,
And gaze, and wonder, and adore!

2 Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light,
That sparkle through the shades of night;
Behold them!—can a mortal boast
To number that celestial host?

3 Mark well each little star, whose rays
In distant splendour meet thy gaze:
Each is a world, by him sustain'd
Who from eternity hath reigned.

4 What then art *thou*, O child of clay!
Amid creation's grandeur, say?
E'en as an insect on the breeze,
E'en as a dew-drop, lost in seas!

5 Yet fear thou not!—the sovereign hand
Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hath, e'en for thee, a father's care.

6 Be thou at peace! the all-seeing eye,
Pervading earth, and air, and sky—
The searching glance which none may flee,
Is still, in mercy, turned on thee.

1. 47. 212. 217.

126. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Providence, both vast and particular.

1 O LORD, our King, how excellent,
Thy name on earth is known!
Thy glory in the firmament
How wonderfully shown!

2 Yet are the humble dear to thee;
Thy praises are confessed
By infants lisping at the knee,
And nurselings at the breast.

3 When I behold the heavens on high,
The work of thy right hand;
The moon and stars amid the sky,—
Thy lights in every land:—

4 Lord! what is man, that thou should'st deign
On him to set thy love,
Give him on earth awhile to reign,
Then fill a throne above?

5 O Lord, how excellent thy name!
How manifold thy ways!
Let time thy saving truth proclaim,
Eternity thy praise.

36. 56. 158. 207. 223.

127. L. M. Watts.

Laws of nature, laws of God.

1 Vast are thy works, almighty Lord!
All nature rests upon thy word:
Intent the whole creation stands
To watch the orders of thy hands.

2 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Yet thence conveyed, they fall in rains,
They spring on hills, and drench the plains.

3 God bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheer the vallies as they go:
The grove, the garden, and the field
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

4 The world's foundations by his hand
Are poised, and shall for ever stand:
He taught the moon to change her face,
And set the sun his circling race.

5 Then man to daily labour goes;
The night was made for his repose:
Sleep is thy gift,—that sweet relief
From wearing toil, and wasting grief.

6 How good thy works! how great thy skill!
And every land thy riches fill:
Thy wisdom round the world we see,
This spacious earth is full of thee.

2. 3. 64. 77. 229.

128. 2.4. I. 1.3. D. J. Taylor.

The universal providence of God.

1 The mighty God who rolls the spheres,
And storm, and fire, and hail prepares,
And guides this vast machine;—
His powerful hand our life sustains,
And scatters all those joys and pains
That fill this chequered scene.

2 His piercing eye at once surveys
Where thousand suns and systems blaze,
And where the sparrow falls;
While seraphs tune their harps on high,
His ear attends the softest cry,
When human misery calls.

3 Eternal God! who shall not fear,
And trust, and love with soul sincere,
Thy awful, glorious name?
While man, thy creature, swift decays,
Time has no measure for thy days,
Nor limit for thy fame.

73. 115. 209. 221.

129. L. M. Doddridge.

The bounties of Providence improved.

1 Father of lights! we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day:
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display.

2 Fountain of good! from thee proceed
The copious drops of genial rain,
Which o'er the hill, and through the mead,
Revive the grass, and swell the grain.

3 Through the wide world thy bounties spread;
Yet millions of our guilty race,
Though by thy daily bounty fed,
Affront thy law, and spurn thy grace.

4 Not so may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But what thy liberal hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.

5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, our God, adored in all.

29. 38. 47. 217.

130. L. M. HEBER'S HYMNS.*

God, the ruler of nature and the soul.

1 WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord who o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 The swelling floods in tumult rise;
Aloud the angry tempests roar;
They lift their surges to the skies,
And foam and lash the sounding shore.

3 The Lord, the mighty God on high,
Controls the wild and wintry seas:
He gives the word, their murmurs die,
And down they sink in silent peace.

4 O Father! make thy servants pure,
And calm our souls that proudly swell;
For all thy laws are fixed and sure,
And peace becomes thy temple well.

57. 58. 79. 201.

* This paraphrase of ps. xciii., appears in Heber's hymns; the first stanza being from Tate and Brady's version.

131. C. M. KEBLE.

The outer and the inner world.

1 THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,—
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

3 The glorious sky embracing all
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 The dew of heaven is like thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

[5]The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy spirit's viewless way.

6 Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

7 Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee every where.

20. 67. 174. 223.

132. 41. HEBER.

The gifts of nature, and the bread of life.

1 O HAND of bounty, largely spread,
By whom our every want is fed!
Whate'er we touch, or taste, or see,
We owe them all, O Lord, to thee:
The corn, the oil, the purple wine,
Are all thy gifts, and only thine!

2 The bread Messiah multiplied,
The stream his word to nectar dyed,
The stormy wind, the whelming flood,
That silent at his mandate stood;—
How well they knew thy voice divine,
Whose works they were, and only thine!

3 Though now no more on earth we trace
Such footsteps of celestial grace,
Obedient to thy word and will
We seek thy daily mercy still:
Its blessed beams around us shine,
And thine we are, and only thine!

83. 118. 250.

133. L. M. BRYANT.

The world is full of God.

1 ALL that in this wide world we see,
Almighty Father, speaks of thee;
And in the darkness, or the day,
Thy monitors surround the way.

2 The winds, the lightnings of the sky,
The maladies by which we die,
The pangs that make the guilty groan,
Are angels from thy awful throne.

3 Each mercy sent when sorrows lower,
Each blessing of the winged hour,
All we enjoy, and all we love,
Bring with them blessings from above.

14. 29. 92. 226.

134. 3½ T. BARBAULD.

Praise to God for his bounties.

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days:
Bounteous Source of every joy!
Let thy praise our tongues employ;—

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use:

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse:

4 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:—

5 These to thee, my God, we owe;
Source whence all our blessings flow!
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

11. 82. 112.

135. 3½ T. BARBAULD.

Love to God through all vicissitudes.

1 SHOULD the rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

2 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;

3 Should thy altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;—

4 Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise;
And when every blessing 's flown,
Love thee,—for thyself alone.

11. 82. 112.

136. L. M. BROWNE.

Trust in God's providence.

1 GREAT Lord of earth, and seas, and skies!
Thy wealth the needy world supplies:
On thee alone the whole depends;
Thy care to every part extends.

2 To thee perpetual thanks we owe,
For all our comforts here below:
Our daily bread thy bounty gives;
Our fainting souls thy grace relieves.

3 The wastes of life thy power repairs;
Thy mercy stills tempestuous cares;
And, safely guarded by thine arm,
We live secure from every harm.

4 On thee we 'll evermore depend,
The rich, the sure, the faithful friend:
Thy wisdom shall our portion choose;
Nor will we once thy choice refuse.

5 And should thy measures seem severe,
Thy just rebukes we 'll calmly bear;
Without complaint to thee submit;
Unerring judge of what is fit.

3. 55. 64. 219.

137. C. M. DARWIN.

God, the Disposer of events.

1 THE Lord, how tender is his love!
His justice how august!
Hence all her fears my soul derives;
There anchors all her trust.

2 He showers the manna from above,
To feed the barren waste;
Or points with death the fiery hail,
And famine waits the blast.

3 He bids distress forget to groan,
The sick from anguish cease;
In dungeons spreads his healing wing,
And softly whispers peace.

4 For me, O Lord, whatever lot
The hours commissioned bring;
Should all my withering blessings die,
Or fairer clusters spring;—

5 O grant that still, with grateful heart,
My years resigned may run,
'Tis thine to give, or to resume;
And let thy will be done.

13. 54. 62. 94.

138. L. M. ROSCOE.

The providence of God over the generations of men.

1 GREAT God, beneath whose piercing eye
The earth's extended kingdoms lie,
Whose favouring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall!

2 We bow before thy heavenly throne;
Thy power we see, thy goodness own;
Yet, cherished by thy milder voice,
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.

3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown
Their children's children long shall own;
To thee with grateful hearts shall raise
The tribute of exulting praise.

4 Safe under thy unerring aid,
Secure the paths of life we tread;
And freely as the vital air
Thy first and noblest bounties share.

5 O God, our guardian, and our friend!
O still thy sheltering arm extend!
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kindness last.

2. 92. 113. 226.

139. P. M. J. Taylor.

Trust in Providence through all the changes of life.

1 Father divine! before thy view,
All worlds, all creatures lie;
No distance can elude thy search,
No act escape thine eye:
Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear;
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear!

2 From thee our vital breath we drew;
Our childhood was thy care;
And vigorous youth, and feeble age,
Thy kind protection share:
Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear;
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear!

3 Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
Thy ceaseless bounty flows;
Oppressed with woe, when nature faints,
Thy arm is our repose:
Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear;
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear!

4 To thee we look, thou Power supreme,
O still our wants supply!
Safe in thy presence may we live,
And in thy favour die:
Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear;
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear!

103. 236.

140. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Divine guidance implored.

1 THY influence, mighty God, is felt
Through nature's ample round;
In heaven, on earth, through air and skies,
Thy energy is found.

2 Thy sacred influence, Lord, we need,
To form our hearts anew;
O cleanse our souls from every sin,
And thy salvation show.

3 Father of light! thy aid impart
To guide our doubtful way;
Thy truth shall scatter every cloud,
And make a glorious day.

4 Supported by thy heavenly grace,
We 'll do and bear thy will;
That grace shall make each burthen light,
And every murmur still.

5 Cheered by thy smiles, we'll fearless tread
The gloomy path of death;
And with the hope of endless bliss
To thee resign our breath.

21. 42. 84. 214.

141. C. M. COWPER.

Mysteries and mercies of Providence.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

20. 41. 49. 89.

142. L. M. G. Dyer.

Man the subject of a paternal government.

1 Greatest of beings! Source of life!
Sovereign of air, and earth, and sea!
All nature feels thy power, but man
A grateful tribute pays to thee.

2 Children, whose little minds, unformed,
Ne'er raised a tender thought to heaven;
And men, whom reason lifts to God,
Though oft by passion downward driven;

3 Those too who bend with age and care,
And faint and tremble near the tomb,
Who, sickening at the present scenes,
Sigh for that better state to come;

4 All, great Creator! all are thine;
All feel thy providential care;
And through each varying stage of life,
Alike thy constant pity share.

5 And whether grief oppress the heart,
Or whether joy elate the breast,
Or life still keep its little course,
Or death invite the heart to rest;

6 All are thy messengers; and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord! obey;
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to bliss, and nearer thee.

29. 38. 64. 217.

143. L. M. Watts.

The good and wondrous God.

1 Give to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown;
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light;
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.

5 He sent his son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

3. 57. 79. 212.

144. C. M. Dr. Thomson.

God's energy all-pervading.

1 Jehovah God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.

2 If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy right hand will our footsteps lead,
Thine arm our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see;
And all the blessings we receive
Ceaseless proceed from thee.

5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
In every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

13. 56. 94. 214.

145. L. M. J. Wesley.

The beneficent dominion of God.

1 Parent of good! thy bounteous hand
Incessant blessings down distils;
And all in air, or sea, or land,
With plenteous food and gladness fills.

2 All things in thee live, move, and are;
Thy power infused doth all sustain;
E'en those thy daily favours share,
Who thankless spurn thy easy reign.

3 Thou bidd'st thy sun his genial ray,
Alike on all, impartial pour;
To all who hate or bless thy sway,
Thou bidd'st descend the fruitful shower.

4 All creatures bless the eternal name!
Ye hosts that to his court belong,—
Angelic choirs! his praise proclaim;
And wake the everlasting song:—

5 Thrice holy! thine the kingdom is;
The power, Omnipotent! is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

19. 29. 38. 85.

146. C. M. Watts.

The gracious dominion of God.

1 The Lord,—how fearful is his name!
How wide is his command!
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on his mighty hand.

2 Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe;
While with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

3 A word of his almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas;
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them, if he please.

4 On angels, with unveiled face,
His glory beams above;
On men, he looks with softest grace,
And takes his title, Love.

5 Now let the Lord for ever reign,
And sway us as he will;
Sick or in health, in ease or pain,
We are his children still.

6 No more shall peevish passion rise,
The tongue no more complain;
'Tis sovereign love that lends our joys,
And love resumes again.

49. 69. 90. 207.

147. L. M. Blacklock.

The all-pervading God.

1 Father of all! omniscient Mind!
Thy wisdom who can comprehend?
Its highest point what eye can find,
Or to its lowest depth descend?

2 What cavern deep, what hill sublime,
Beyond thy reach shall I pursue?
What dark recess, what distant clime,
Shall hide me from thy boundless view?

3 Thee, mighty God, my wondering soul,
Thee all her conscious powers adore;
Whose being circumscribes the whole,
Whose eyes the universe explore.

4 Thine essence fills this breathing frame,
It glows in every vital part;
Lights up my soul with livelier flame,
And feeds with life my beating heart.

5 To thee, from whom my being came,
Whose smile is all the heaven I know,—
Inspired with this exalted theme,
To thee my grateful strains shall glow.

47. 88. 92. 215.

148. L. M. Watts.

The perfections and providence of God.

1 High in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large;
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But we can bless thee for thy care.

4 O God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wing.

5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

1. 3. 55. 77.

149. S. M. Mme. Guion.

The Fountain of life.

1 The fountain in its source
No drought of summer fears;
The further it pursues its course
The nobler it appears.

2 But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty short supply:
The morning sees them amply filled;
At evening they are dry.

3 The cisterns I forsake,
O Fount of bliss, for thee;
My thirst with living waters slake,
And drink eternity.

35. 96. 121. 156. 206.

150. L. M. From the German.

The Fountain of life.

1 O Lord! lift up thy countenance
Upon thy church, and own us thine;
Impart to us thy peace divine,
Thy blessing unto all dispense.

2 Thy mercy is our only stay;
Direct us by thy holy word:
Thy spirit's light to us afford;
Preserve us, lest we go astray.

3 O Well of life! we pant for thee;
In copious streams thy thirsty flock
Desires to drink from thee, the Rock,
And thirst no more eternally.

19. 113. 215. 219.

151. L. M. J. Wesley.

The most high God.

1 O God, thou fathomless abyss!
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense! what words suffice
Thy countless attributes to show?

2 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea!
What lives and moves, lives by thy word;
It lives, and moves, and is from thee.

3 Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,
Or shuns, or meets, the wandering thought,
Escapes, or strikes, the searching eye,
By thee was to perfection brought.

4 High is thy power above all height;
Whate'er thy will decrees is done:
Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,
Only to thee, O God, is known!

5 What our dim eye could never see,
Is plain and naked to thy sight;
What thickest darkness veils, to thee
Shines clearly as the morning light.

6 Unfathomable depths thou art!
O plunge me in thy mercy's sea;
With faith divine o'erwhelm my heart;
With love embrace and cover me!

39. 47. 113. 252.

152. C. M. WATTS.

The perfections of God.

1 How shall I praise the eternal God,
That infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?

2 The great Invisible, he dwells
Concealed in dazzling light;
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.

3 Those watchful eyes that never sleep,
Survey the world around:
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Speak we of strength, his arm is strong,
To save or to destroy:
To him eternal years belong,
And never-ending joy.

5 He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;
Firm as a rock his truth remains,
To guard his promises.

49. 89. 90. 223.

153. L. M. Watts.

God supreme and incomprehensible.

1 What is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells concealed in radiant flame,
Where neither eye nor thought can reach

2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compared with him, how short they fall!
They are too dark, and he too bright;
Nothing are they, and God is all.

3 He spake the wondrous word, and lo!
Creation rose at his command:
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

4 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon:
No ebb his sea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.

5 Our songs may fly an endless round;
The lofty tune let angels raise:—
All nature dwell upon the sound;
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

57. 58. 88. 201.

154. L. M. J. Wesley.

The most high God.

1 Father of all! whose powerful voice
Called forth this universal frame;
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same:—

2 Thou by thy word upholdest all;
Thy bounteous love to all is showed;
Thou hear'st thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.

3 In heaven thou reign'st enthroned in light,
Nature's expanse beneath thee spread,—
Earth, air, and sea, before thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom are open laid!

4 Wisdom, and might, and love are thine:
Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thy attributes divine,
And hail thee sovereign Lord of all.

5 Thee, sovereign Lord, let all confess,
That move in earth, or air, or sky;
Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,—
Tremble before thy piercing eye.

6 All ye who owe to him your birth,
In praise your every hour employ:
Jehovah reigns! be glad, O earth!
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy!

38. 39. 57. 252.

155. L. M. WATTS.

The incomprehensible God.

1 GOD is a name my soul adores,
The almighty,—the eternal One!
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the infinite Unknown.

2 Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roar, and planets shine;—
But nothing like thyself appears,
Through all these spacious works of thine.

3 Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

4 How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face.

5 Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might:
None but thy word can speak thy name.

57. 66. 88.

156. L. M. From the German.

The divine glories celebrated.

1 To thee, O Lord, with humble fear
The heavenly hosts their voices raise:—
E'en mortals share thy bounties here;
Let mortals, too, attempt thy praise.

2 Of all things thou the parent art,
Of all things thou alone the end:
On thee still fix our wavering heart;
To thee let all our actions tend.

3 Thou, Lord, art light; thy native ray
No shade, no variation knows;
To our dark souls thy light display,
The glory of thy face disclose.

4 Thou, Lord, art love; the fountain thou
Whence mercy unexhausted flows;
On barren hearts, O shed it now,
And make the desert bear the rose!

5 So shall our every power to thee
In love and holy service rise;
Yea, body, soul, and spirit be
Thy ever-living sacrifice.

6 Lord God almighty! ceaseless praise
In heaven, thy throne, to thee is given:
And here, as there, the song we raise,
For where thy presence shines is heaven.

19. 23. 64. 219.

157. L. M. J. Wesley.

The most high God.

1 Thou, true and only God, lead'st forth
The immortal armies of the sky:
Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth;
Thou thunderest,—and amazed they fly!

2 In earth, in heaven, in all thou art!
The conscious creature feels thy nod,
Whose forming hand on every part
Impressed the image of its God.

3 Thine, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone;
Justice and truth before thee stand;
Yet nearer to thy sacred throne
Mercy withholds thy lifted hand.

4 Each evening shows thy tender love,
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace;
'Thy wakened wrath doth slowly move,
Thy willing mercy flies apace.'

5 To thy benign, indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath we owe;
And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, great Source of being, flow.

19. 29. 38. 85. 252.

158. L. M. Watts.

The perfections of God.

1 My God, my King! thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till heaven inspire a nobler song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thy ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I 'll proclaim:
Thy bounty flows an endless stream:
Thy mercy swift; thy anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine:
Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise.

5 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable thy ways;
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

2. 55. 64. 85.

159. L. M. KIPPIS.

"Who can find out the Almighty unto perfection?"

1 GREAT God! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through;
Our labouring powers with reverence own,
Thy glories never can be known.

2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal man to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

4 O may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace;
Explore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

39. 47. 88. 215.

160. 5 1. Mme. Guion.

God incomprehensible.

1 Almighty Former of creation's plan,
Faintly reflected in thine image, man;
Holy and just,—the greatness of whose name
Rules and supports this universal frame:—

2 Whose spirit fills the infinitude of space,—
Who art thyself thine own vast dwelling-place;—
Soul of our soul, whom yet no sense of ours
Discerns, eluding our most active powers:—

3 Encircling shades attend thine awful throne,
That veil thy face, and keep thee still unknown;
Unknown, though dwelling in our inmost part,
Lord of the thoughts, and Sovereign of the heart!

109.

161. C. M. Watts.

The eternal dominion of God.

1 Great God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and helpless we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thy immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the last awful day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there 's nothing old appears;
Great God! there 's nothing new.

5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thy eternal thought moves on
Thy undisturbed affairs.

6 Great God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and helpless we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

49. 89. 90. 223.

162. L. M. BEDDOME.

God unsearchable.

1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will:
Tumultuous passions, all be still;
Nor let one murmuring thought arise;—
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2 In clouds and darkness he resides;
His work performs, his reason hides;
But makes his grace and justice known,
The deep foundations of his throne.

3 There is no power that can withstand
The might of his resistless hand;
The hand that showers its gifts of love
On all below, and all above.

4 O Father, make us faithful still
To do and suffer all thy will;
And though thy ways we may not see,
With all our hearts to trust in thee.

1. 14. 39. 88.

163. L. M. W. Taylor.

Nature perishable, God eternal.

1 Moons, planets, suns that swim the sky,
Shine to the praise of God most high:
Their lasting lustre he has given
To all the moving host of heaven.

2 Yet even stars shall cease to burn,
And to primeval night return;
Systems of worlds themselves decay,
To him the insects of a day.

3 But he remains; and he shall give
The extinguished elements to live;
Bid them in new creations roll,
And still extend the peopled whole.

57. 85. 113. 212.

164. L. M. Watts.

God's eternal sovereignty.

1 Jehovah reigns; he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might:
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood;
Thyself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands for ever sure:
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

19. 66. 85. 212.

165. C. M. STERNHOLD.

Supreme dominion of God.

1 THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

49. 89. 207. 223.

166. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The power of God.

1 'TWAS God who fixed the rolling spheres,
And stretched the boundless skies;
Who formed the plan of endless years,
And bade the ages rise.

2 From everlasting is his might,
Immense and unconfined;
He pierces through the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.

3 He darts along the burning sky;
Loud thunders round him roar;
Through worlds above his terrors fly,
While worlds below adore.

4 He speaks,—great nature's wheels stand still,
And leave their wonted round;
The mountains melt, each trembling hill
Forsakes its ancient bound.

5 He scatters nations with his breath;
And at his awful nod,
Lo! pestilence, and spreading death,
And famine, stalk abroad.

6 Ye worlds, and every living thing,
Fulfil his high command;
Pay duteous homage to your King,
And own his ruling hand.

69. 69. 110. 207.

167. L. M. CONDER.

"Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

1 THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring:
The Lord omnipotent is King!

2 The Lord is King! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just:
Holy and true are all his ways;
Let every creature seek his praise.

3 Come, make your wants, your burdens known;
The contrite soul he 'll ne'er disown:
And angel-bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.

4 O, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake;—
Then may his children cease to sing,
The Lord omnipotent is King!

1. 55. 77. 92.

168. C. M. H. K. White.

The power of God.

1 The Lord our God is full of might;
The winds obey his will:
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves! and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies:
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations! bend, in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod;
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate the God.

44. 49. 207. 220.

169. C. M. H. K. White.

The power of God.

1 The Lord our God is Lord of all:
His station who can find?
I hear him in the waterfall!
I see him in the wind!

2 If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I cannot fly:
I see him in the evening cloud,
And in the morning sky.

3 He lives, he reigns in every land,
From winter's polar snows,
To where, across the burning sand,
The blasting meteor glows.

4 He smiles,—we live; he frowns,—we die;
We hang upon his word:
He rears his red right arm on high,
And ruin bares his sword.

5 He bids his blasts the fields deform;
Then, when his thunders cease,
He sits, the Ruler of the storm,
And smiles the winds to peace.

44. 49. 207. 220.

170. 4 I. 3. CONDER.

God invisible, but omnipresent.

1 O GOD! beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Further than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high:
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That thou, my God! art nigh.

2 Thou 'rt nigh, and yet my labouring mind
Feels after thee in vain:
Thy herald is the stormy wind,
Thy path the watery plain:
But thee in tempests who can find,
Or in the trackless main?

3 We hear thy voice, when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air:
The waves obey thy dread control;
Yet still thou art not there.
Where shall I find him, O my soul!
Who yet is every where?

4 O not in circling depth or height,
  But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
  There does his spirit rest.
O come, thou Presence infinite!
  And make thy creature blest.

36. 267.

171. C. M. Watts.

God is every where.

1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
  In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
  The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
  My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
  And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
  Before they 're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
  He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
  Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
  Beset on every side.

5 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
  Are both alike to thee:
O may I ne'er provoke that power
  From which I cannot flee.

4. 20. 89. 90.

172. L. M. Watts.

The all-seeing God.

1 Lord! thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 If I should try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

5 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent, what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

6 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin; for God is there.

7. 19. 92. 215.

173. S. M. Montgomery.

"The darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

1 In darkness as in light,
Hidden alike from view,
I sleep, I wake within *His* sight,
Who looks existence through.

2 From the dim hour of birth,
Through every changing state
Of mortal pilgrimage on earth,
Till its appointed date;

3 All that I am,—have been,—
All that I yet may be,
He sees at once, as he hath seen,
And shall for ever see.

35. 59. 81.

174. C. M. Doddridge.

Life under the eye of God.

1 To thee, my God, my days are known;
My soul enjoys the thought;
My actions all before thy face,
Nor are my wants forgot.

2 Each secret wish devotion breathes
Is vocal to thy ear;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.

3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve;
And every pang of sympathy,
And every care of love.

4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.

5 Full in thy view through life I pass,
And in thy view I die;
And, when each mortal bond is broke,
My God will still be nigh.

22. 54. 65. 95.

175. L. M. Mme. Guion.

The omnipresent peace of God.

1 O thou, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide;—
My Lord, how full of sweet content
My years of pilgrimage are spent!

2 All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impressed with sacred love;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

3 To them remains nor place nor time;
Their country is in every clime;
They can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

5 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

6. 29. 175. 233.

176. S. M. Anonymous.

The constant goodness of God.

1 How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall thy mercy show,
Each night thy love record.

2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.

3 Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.

4 But pleasures more refined
Await that blessed day,
When light arises in the mind,
To chase our sins away.

5 How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Eternity thy love shall show,
And all thy truth record.

8. 25. 35. 206.

177. L. M. W. Taylor.

God the universal benefactor.

1 God of the universe! whose hand
Hath sown with suns the fields of space,
Round which, obeying thy command,
Unnumbered worlds fulfil their race:

2 How vast the region, where thy will
Existence, form, and order gives!
Pleased the wide cup with joy to fill,
For all that grows, and feels, and lives.

3 Lord! while we thank thee, let us learn
Beneficence to all below;
Those praise thee best, whose bosoms burn
Thy gifts on others to bestow.

23. 77. 85. 212.

178. 5 I. Mme. Guion.

God all in all.

1 Infinite God, thou great unrivalled One!
Whose glory makes a blot of yonder sun;
Compared with thine, how dim his beauty seems,
How quenched the radiance of his golden beams!

2 Thou art our bliss, the light by which we move;
In thee alone dwells all that we can love:
All darkness flies, when thou art pleased to appear;
A sudden spring renews the fading year.

3 Where'er we turn, we see thy power and grace,
The watchful guardians of our heedless race;
Thou art our firm support, our rock, our tower,
We dwell secure beneath thy sheltering power.

4 Thy various creatures in one strain agree;
All, in all times and places, speak of thee:
We, too, with trembling heart, and faltering tongue,
Attempt thy praise, and join the general song.

108. 109.

179. 2.4. I. 1.3. D. MOORE.

Divine love.

1 My God! thy boundless love I praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze,
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thy eternal throne,
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flowery beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale;
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smile on every vale.

3 But in thy gospel see it shine,
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven;
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.

4 Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

5 Dart from thine own celestial flame
One vivid beam, to warm my frame
With kindred energy;
Mark thine own image on my mind,
And teach me to be good and kind,
And love and bless like thee.

73. 122. 209. 221.

180. L. M. Doddridge.

The goodness of God.

1 Triumphant, Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains;
And its full streams redundant flow
Down to the abodes of men below.

2 Through nature's works its glories shine:
The cares of Providence are thine:
And grace erects our mortal frame
A fairer temple to thy name.

3 O give to every human heart
To taste and feel how good thou art;—
With grateful love, with reverent fear,
To know how blest thy children are.

38. 77. 85. 217.

181. C. M. Browne.

The goodness of God.

1 Lord! thou art good; all nature shows
Its mighty author kind;
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfined.

2 The whole and every part proclaims
Unlimited good-will;
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,
And broods on every hill.

3 It spreads through all the spreading main,
And heavens which spread more wide:
It drops in every shower of rain,
And rolls on every tide.

4 Still hath it been diffused and free,
Through ages past and gone;
Nor ever can exhausted be,
But still keeps flowing on.

5 Through the vast whole it pours supplies,
Spreads joy through every part;
Lord! let such goodness draw mine eyes,
And captivate my heart.

6 High admiration let it raise,
And strong affection move;
Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
And fill my heart with love.

17. 56. 67. 94.

182. L. M. Bryant.

The loving-kindness of God.

1 Father! to thy kind love we owe
All that is fair and good below;
Bestower of the health that lies
On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes!

2 Giver of sunshine and of rain!
Ripener of fruits on hill and plain!
Fountain of light, that rayed afar,
Fills the vast urns of sun and star!

3 Who send'st thy storms and frosts to bind
The plagues that rise to waste mankind;
That breathest o'er the naked scene,
Spring gales, and life, and tender green.

4 Yet deem we not that thus alone
Thy mercy and thy love are shown;
For we have learned, with higher praise,
And holier names, to speak thy ways.

5 In woe's dark hour, our kindest stay!
Sole trust when life shall pass away!
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
Of death, and consecrate the tomb!

6 Patient with headstrong guilt to bear;
Slow to avenge, and kind to spare;
Listening to prayer, and reconciled
Full quickly to thy erring child.

19. 29. 38. 85.

183. 4 T. 3½. BOWRING.

God is love.

1 GOD is Love: his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 Even the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the mist his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Every where his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

176. 232.

184. L. M. Doddridge.

The guardian goodness of God.

1 Great source of life! our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace;
Crowned with thy mercy we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.

2 By thee heaven's shining arch was spread;
By thee were earth's foundations laid;
And all the charms of man's abode
Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.

3 Thy tender hand restores our breath,
When trembling on the verge of death;
It gently wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.

4 Our lives are sacred to the Lord,
Kindled by him, by him restored;
And while our hours renew their race,
Still would we walk before his face.

5 So when by him our souls are led
Through unknown regions of the dead,
With joy triumphant shall they move
To seats of nobler life above.

2. 7. 92. 101.

185. L. M. STEELE.

The mercy of God gratefully acknowledged.

1 AWAKE my soul, awake my tongue;
My God demands the grateful song;
Let all my inmost powers record
The wondrous mercy of the Lord.

2 Divinely free his mercy flows,
Forgives my sins, allays my woes;
And bids approaching death remove,
And crowns me with indulgent love.

3 His mercy, with unchanging rays,
For ever shines while time decays;
And children's children shall record
The truth and goodness of the Lord.

4 While all his works his praise proclaim,
And men and angels bless his name,
O let my heart, my life, my tongue,
Attend and join the blissful song.

7. 23. 51. 113.

186. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

God the pilgrim's joy.

1 O GOD! thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

2 Thee in the watches of the night
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

3 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?

4 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy will I give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice;
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

6. 29. 170. 233.

187. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God's mercy tempers affliction.

1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame!
We own thy power divine:
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.

2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way
They work thy sovereign will;
And awed by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.

3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To them that seek thy face;
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.

4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease;
And gales of paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

4. 67. 98. 207.

188. C. M. CARTER.

The compassion of God.

1 O THOU, the wretched's sure retreat,
Who canst our cares control!
Look down, and with thy smile of peace
Revive the fainting soul.

2 Did ever thy relenting ear
The humble plea disdain?
Or when did plaintive misery sigh,
And supplicate, in vain?

3 Opprest with grief and shame, dissolved
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms our restless doubts,
And dissipates our fears.

4 New life from thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive;
Thy gentle best-loved attribute,
To pity and forgive.

5 From that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright;
And sheds her soft diffusive beam,
O'er sorrow's dismal night.

6 Our griefs confess her vital power,
And bless her friendly ray;
Bright herald to the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.

22. 70. 93. 202.

189. 3½ T. Salisbury Collection.

Divine goodness celebrated.

1 Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored;
Lord! thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy, Lord! thine ear,
Yet our hallelujahs hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way;
Then on high we'll joyful raise
Songs of everlasting praise.

4 There no tongue shall silent be;
All shall join in harmony;
And through heaven's all-spacious round
Praise to thee shall ever sound.

5 Lord! thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored.

11. 123. 187. 188. 193.

190. L. M. Wesley's Collection.

The holiness of God.

1 Holy as thou, O Lord, is none!
Thy holiness is all thine own;
A drop of thine unbounded sea
Is ours, a drop derived from thee.

2 And when thy purity we share,
Only thy glory we declare;
And humbled into nothing own,
Holy and pure is God alone.

3 Sole self-existent God and Lord,
By all the heavenly hosts adored!
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty.

23. 88. 113. 219.

BOOK II.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY.

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191. 3½ T. ANONYMOUS.

The day-spring welcomed.

1 SONS of men! behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Star of truth that gilds the night,
Guiding devious nature right.

2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night;
Kindling darkness into light.

3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your Lord appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there.

4 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

11. 82. 187. 227.

192. L. M. H. K. WHITE.

The star of Bethlehem.

1 WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud,—the night was dark,
The ocean yawned—and madly flowed
The waves that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my senses froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moored,—my perils o'er,
I 'll sing first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The star! the star of Bethlehem!

38. 64. 177. 189. 201.

193. C. M. Spirit of the Psalms.

The guiding star.

1 Bright was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed,
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo! a brighter, clearer light,
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.

3 O haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey;
Be rugged wilds or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.

4 O gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with him in heaven.

28. 65. 69. 207.

194. ^{4} T. 3½. CAWOOD.

The heavenly heralds of peace.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
'Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 Peace on earth, goodwill to mortals;
Christ, the Lord, is born today!
Wide he opes the eternal portals,
Chasing sin and death away!'

4 Sons of men, repeat the story;
Sing the gladness of his birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth!

176. 232.

195. L. M. CAMPBELL.

The nativity.

1 WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill,
When Bethlehem's shepherds through the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light:

2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice, of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came:
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung:

4 'O Zion! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again,
The prince of Salem comes to reign.

5 See, Mercy from her golden urn
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.

6 He comes, to cheer the trembling heart;
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom.'

66. 79. 164. 215. 268.

196. P. M. HEMANS.

The heavenly heralds of peace.

1 O LOVELY voices of the sky,
That hymned the Saviour's birth!
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang 'Peace on earth?'
To us yet speak the strains
Wherewith, in days gone by,
Ye bless'd the Syrian swains,
O voices of the sky!

2 O clear and shining light, whose beams
That hour heaven's glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherd's head!

Be near through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of hope, and joy, and faith,
O clear and shining light!

3 O star which led to him, whose love
Brought hope and mercy free!
Where art thou? Mid the host above
May we still gaze on thee?
In heaven thou art not set,
Thy rays earth might not dim;
Send them to guide us yet,
O star which led to him!

269.

197. 3½ T. MERRICK.

The song of Simeon.

1 'Tis enough—the hour is come;
Now within the silent tomb
Let this mortal frame decay,
Mingled with its kindred clay:

2 Since thy mercies, oft of old
By thy chosen seers foretold,
Faithful now, and steadfast prove,
God of truth, and God of love!

3 Those whom death had overspread
With his dark and dreary shade,
Lift their eyes, and from afar
Hail the light of Jacob's star;

4 Waiting till the promised ray
Turn their darkness into day;
Till the gladdening beams shall spread
Forth from Sion's favoured head.

5 Sun of righteousness! to thee,
Lo! the nations bow the knee;
And the realms of distant kings
Own the healing of thy wings.

6 'Tis enough,—the hour is come;
Lay me in the silent tomb;
Now remains the rest above,
God of truth, and God of love!

11. 187. 216. 238.

198. C. M. T. Fletcher.

The baptism and inspiration of Jesus.

1 In Judah's rugged wilderness,
Where Jordan rolls his flood,
In manners strict, and rude in dress,
The holy Baptist stood.

2 And while upon the river's side
The people thronged to hear,
'Repent,' the sacred preacher cried,
'The heavenly kingdom 's near.'

3 Now Jesus to the stream descends;
His feet the waters lave;
And o'er his head, that humbly bends,
The Baptist pours the wave.

4 When lo! a heavenly form appears,
Descending as a dove;
And wondrous sounds the assembly hears,
Proclaiming from above;—

5 'This is my well-beloved son,
On him my spirit rests;
Now is his reign of grace begun,
Attend his high behests.'

6 The sacred voice has reached our ear;
And still through distant lands
Shall sound, till all his name revere,
And honour his commands.

22. 24. 32. 84.

199. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The coming of the Messiah.

1 HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannahs, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

40. 44. 62. 71. 228.

200. S. M. NEEDHAM.

Christ, the light of the world.

1 BEHOLD the Prince of peace,
The chosen of the Lord!
God's well-beloved son fulfils
The sure prophetic word.

2 No royal pomp adorns
This king of righteousness:
Lo! meekness, patience, truth, and love,
Compose his princely dress.

3 The spirit of the Lord
In rich abundance shed
On this great prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.

4 Jesus, thou light of men!
Thy doctrine life imparts;
O may we feel its quickening power,
To warm and glad our hearts!

5 Cheered by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way:
The path which Christ hath marked and trod
Will lead to endless day.

8. 33. 35. 59.

201. L. M. HEBER.

The holy guest.

1 MESSIAH Lord! who, wont to dwell
In lowly shape and cottage cell,
Didst not refuse a guest to be
At Cana's poor festivity.

2 O when our soul from care is free,
Then, Saviour, would we think on thee;
And, seated at the festal board,
In fancy's eye behold the Lord.

3 Then may we seem, in fancy's ear,
Thy manna-dropping tongue to hear,
And think,—'if now his searching view
Each secret of our spirit knew!'

4 So may such joy, chastised and pure,
Beyond the bounds of earth endure;
Nor pleasure in the wounded mind
Shall leave a rankling sting behind.

6. 29. 178. 189.

202. 3½ T. MILMAN.

"Even the winds and the sea obey him."

1 LORD! thou didst arise and say
To the troubled waters 'Peace,'
And the tempest died away:
Down they sank, the foamy seas;
And a calm and heaving sleep
Spread o'er all the glassy deep;
All the azure lake serene
Like another heaven was seen.

2 Lord! thy gracious word repeat
To the billows of the proud:
Quell the tyrant's martial heat,
Quell the fierce and changing crowd:
Then the earth shall find repose
From its restless strife and woes;
And an imaged heaven appear
On our world of darkness here.

167. 216. 270.

203. C. M. HEBER.

The slighted invitations of the gospel.

1 THE winds were howling o'er the deep,
Each wave a watery hill:
The Saviour wakened from his sleep;
He spake, and all was still.

2 The madman in a tomb had made
His mansion of despair:
Woe to the traveller who strayed
With heedless footstep there!

3 He met that glance so thrilling sweet,
He heard those accents mild;
And, melting at Messiah's feet,
Wept like a weaned child.

4 O madder than the raving man!
O deafer than the sea!
How long the time since Christ began
To call in vain to me!

5 Yet, could I hear him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks he should not call in vain
His wanderer to the fold.

6 O God, that every thought canst know,
And answer every prayer!
O give me sickness, want, or woe,
But snatch me from despair!

7 My struggling will by grace control;
Renew my broken vow;
What blessed light breaks on my soul?
O Lord! I hear thee now.

17. 31. 174. 190.

204. L. M. BOWRING.

"Seeing the multitudes, he taught them."

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place.

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 'Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!'
Yes! sacred teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

4 Decay then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

57. 124. 189. 212.

205. 3½ T. BARBAULD.

"Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden."

1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

2 Thou who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

3 Ye who tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise;

4 Ye by fiercer anguish torn,
Guilt in strong remorse who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care;
A wounded spirit who can bear!

5 Sinner, come! for here is found
Balm, that flows for every wound;
Peace, that ever shall endure;
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

11. 125. 128. 227. 238.

206. C. M. Scotch Paraphrases.

Christ's invitation.

1 Come unto me, all ye who mourn,
With guilt and fears opprest;
Resign to me the willing heart,
And I will give you rest.

2 Take up my yoke, and learn of me
A meek and lowly mind;
And thus your weary troubled souls
Repose and peace shall find.

3 For light and gentle is my yoke;
The burthen I impose
Shall ease the heart which groaned before
Beneath a load of woes.

20. 36. 43. 214.

207. L. M. Russell.

"That ye, through his poverty, might be rich."

1 O'er the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,
And on the waters drearily
Descends the fitful evening blast.

2 The weary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into his sheltered nest;
The wandering beast has sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.

3 Still, near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind;
And on his lone, unsheltered head
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

4 Why seeks he not a home of rest?
Why seeks he not a pillowed bed?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest;
He hath not where to lay his head.

5 Such was the lot he freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race;
And through his poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

66. 124. 178. 189.

208. 2.4. I. 1.3. D. C. Wesley.

"Jesus went to them, walking on the sea."

1 Oft, when the waves of passion rise,
And storms of life conceal the skies,
And o'er the ocean sweep;
Tossed in the long tempestuous night,
We feel no ray of heavenly light,
To cheer the lonely deep.

2 But lo! in our extremity
The Saviour walking on the sea!
E'en now he passes by!
He silences our clamorous fear,
And mildly says, 'Be of good cheer,
Be not afraid, 'tis I.'

3 Ah Lord! if it be thou indeed,
So near us in our time of need,
So good, so strong to save;—
Speak the kind word of power to me,
Bid me believe, and come to thee,
Swift-walking on the wave.

4 He bids me come! his voice I know,
And boldly on the waters go,
And brave the tempest's shock:
O'er rude temptations now I bound;
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock!

5 Come in, come in, thou Prince of peace!
And all the storms of sin shall cease
And fall, no more to rise:
O if thy spirit still remain,
Our rest on distant shores we gain,
Our haven in the skies.

73. 122. 221.

209. C. M. HEMANS.

The stilling of the storm.

1 FEAR was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud,
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed.

2 And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill;
But One was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea—*'Be still!'*

3 And the wind ceased,—it ceased!—that word
Passed through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And fell beneath his eye.

4 And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast;
They sank, as flowers that fold to sleep
When sultry day is past.

5 O thou, that in its wildest hour
Didst rule the tempest's mood,
Send thy meek spirit forth in power,
Soft on our souls to brood!

6 Thou that didst bow the billow's pride
Thy mandate to fulfil!
O speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say, *'Peace, be still!'*

28. 49. 110. 174.

210. L. M. Sir J. E. Smith.

"It is I; be not afraid."

1 When power divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said,
'Lo! it is I; be not afraid.'

2 So when in silence nature sleeps,
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove;
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

3 Bless'd be the voice that breathes from heaven
To every heart in sunder riven,
When love, and joy, and hope are fled,
'Lo! it is I; be not afraid.'

4 When men with fiend-like passions rage,
And foes yet fiercer foes engage;
Blest be the voice, though still and small,
That whispers, 'God is over all.'

5 God calms the tumult and the storm;
He rules the seraph and the worm;
No creature is by him forgot,
Of those who know, or know him not.

6 And when the last dread hour shall come,
While shuddering nature waits her doom,
This voice shall call the pious dead,
'Lo! it is I; be not afraid.'

101. 189. 191. 226.

211. 3½ T. Milman.

"Lord! that I may receive my sight."

1 Lord! we sit and cry to thee,
Like the blind beside the way:
Make our darkened souls to see
The glory of thy perfect day:
Lord! rebuke our sullen night,
And give thyself unto our sight.

2 Lord! we do not ask to gaze
On our dim and earthly sun;
But the light that still shall blaze
When every star its course hath run;
The glory of thy blest abode,
The uncreated light of God.

162. 235.

212. 5 1. Bishop Taylor.

The cleansing of the temple: "which temple ye are."

1 'Descend to thy Jerusalem, O Lord!'
Her faithful children cry with one accord;
Come, ride in triumph on! behold we lay
Our guilty lusts and proud wills in thy way!

2 Thy road is ready, Lord!—thy paths, made straight,
In longing expectation seem to wait
The consecration of thy beauteous feet:
And hark! Hosannas loud thy footsteps greet!

3 Welcome, O welcome to our hearts, Lord! here
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that in Sion, and as full of sin:
How long shall thieves and robbers dwell therein?

4 Enter and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor!
Destroy their strength, that they may never more
Profane with traffic vile that holy place,
Which thou hast chosen, there to set thy face.

5 And then, if our stiff tongues shall silent be
In praises of thy finished victory,
The temple-stones shall cry, and loud repeat
Hosanna! and thy glorious footsteps greet!

109. 258.

213. L. M. Milman.

Christ's entry into Jerusalem.

1 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry!
Thy humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ! thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain;
Then take, O Christ, thy power, and reign!

39. 164. 201.

214. C. M. Barbauld.

The new commandment.

1 Behold where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands!
His weeping followers, gathering round,
Receive his last commands.

2 From that mild teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its author well.

3 'Blest is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain.

4 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

5 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views through mercy's melting eye
A brother in a foe.

6 Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.'

17. 49. 90. 93.

215. P. M. HEMANS.

Gethsemane.

1 HE knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but his Father's eye
Looked through the lonely garden's shade,
On that dread agony:
Messiah cried with suppliant breath,
Bowed down with sorrow unto death.

2 He proved them all,—the doubt, the strife,
The faint perplexing dread;
The mists that hang o'er parting life
All gathered round his head;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray,
Yet passed it not, that cup, away!

3 It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread;
It passed not, though to him the grave
Had yielded up its dead:
But there was sent him from on high
A gift of strength, for man to die!

4 And was the Sinless thus beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may *we* meet our conflict yet,
In the dark narrow way?
Through him, through him that path who trod,
The child of grief,—the Son of God!

257.

216. C. M. COWPER.

"He steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem."

1 THE Saviour, what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breast,
When hasting to Jerusalem,
He marched before the rest!

2 Good-will to men, and zeal for God,
His every thought engross;
He goes to be baptized with blood;
He goes to meet the cross.

3 With all his sufferings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the task his spirit flew;
'Twas love that urged him on.

4 And while his holy sorrows here
Engage our wondering eyes,
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

44. 68. 71. 207.

217. 4 I. HEBER'S HYMNS.

The cross.

1 DESPISED is the Man of grief,
Rejected and denied belief,
By them whose sorrows he hath worn,—
For whom he bears the bitter scorn,
The shameful robe, the scourge, the thorn.

2 All we, like sheep, have gone astray,
And turned aside from wisdom's way:
But he the path of death hath trod,
And humbly kissed affliction's rod,
To lead our stricken souls to God.

3 O let us cast each vice away,
Beneath the cross each passion lay;
With contrite heart and weeping eye,
Behold the Saviour lifted high,
And every sin and folly fly.

218. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

"With his stripes we are healed."

1 A VOICE upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth, in agony of prayer,
'O Father! take this cup away!'

2 Ah! thou who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in thy mortal fray;
And Earth, for all her children, saith,
'O God! take *not* this cup away!'

3 O Lord of sorrow! meekly die:
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh;
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

4 Great Chief of faithful souls! arise:
None else can lead the martyr-band,
Who teach the brave, how peril flies,
When Faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

5 O King of earth! the cross ascend:
O'er climes and ages 'tis thy throne:
Where'er thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms, and is thine own.

6 Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray;
Make but one fold below, above:
And when we go the last lone way,
O give the welcome of thy love.

66. 101. 191. 215.

219. 4 T. 3½. BOWRING.

The cross.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

176. 232.

220. L. M. STENNETT.

"It is finished."

1 'Tis finished!' so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died.
'Tis finished!' yes; the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finished!' all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view,
That kings and prophets never knew.

3 'Tis finished!' Son of God! thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.

19. 66. 157. 215.

221. 2.2 I. 3.3. MORAVIAN.

The cross and the sepulchre.

1 WEEP, Zion, weep;
In death's deep sleep
Your King his head doth bow;
The lips are silent now,
Whence grace was wont to flow.

2 In saddest strain
Our songs complain;
What grievous wonder here!
This Son of God, most dear,
Doth fill the mortal bier!

3 Yet O rejoice,
With soul and voice;
The mystery is fled!
He riseth from the dead,
As our own hearts had said!

251.

222. 3½ T. MILMAN.

Christ the crucified.

1 BOUND upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is he?
By the cheek so pale and worn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,

By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled, burning thirst,
By the drooping, death-dewed brow,
Son of man! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

2 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By earth that trembles at his doom,
By the saints who burst their tomb,
Low before thee, Lord, we bow;
Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

3 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is he?
By the last and bitter cry,
The life breathed out in agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead;
Crucified! we know thee now;
Son of man! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

4 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the prayer for them that slew,
'Lord! they know not what they do;'
By the sealed and guarded cave;
By the spoiled and empty grave;
By that clear immortal brow,
Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

45. 216. 240. 272.

223. $3\frac{1}{2}$ T. T. Scott.

The resurrection of Christ.

1 Angel! roll the rock away;
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
See the Saviour, from the tomb
Rising in immortal bloom.

2 Mortals! raise the rapturous song;
Let the strains be sweet and strong;
Hail the son of God, this morn
From his sepulchre new-born.

3 Powers of heaven, seraphic quires!
Sing, and sweep your sounding lyres;
Sons of men! in humble strain,
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.

4 Every note with wonder swell;
Sin o'erthrown and captive hell!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?
Hallelujah.

45.

224. 3½ T. COLLYER.

The resurrection of Christ.

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb;
Jesus dissipates its gloom;
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Christians, dry your flowing tears;
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

3 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

11. 45. 82.

225. L. M. BUTCHER.

The resurrection of Christ.

1 HOSANNA! let us join to sing
The glories of our rising king,
Recount his victories, and tell
How Jesus triumphed when he fell.

2 Soon as the morning's earliest ray
Brings on the third, the appointed day,
Behold the angel cleave the skies,
Roll back the stone, and Jesus rise.

3 With strength immortal forth he comes,
And power and life from God resumes;
The days of pain and sorrow past,
His triumph shall for ever last.

4 Hosanna! sons of men, record
The glories of your rising Lord;
The triumphs of the Saviour tell,
Who died, and conquered when he fell!

2. 19. 52. 92.

226. 3½ T. ANONYMOUS.

The resurrection of Christ.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen today,
Sons of men, and angels, say!
Raise your songs and triumphs high:
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er!
Lo! he sets in blood no more!

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious king:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

5 Glorious bond of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now:
Hail! the Resurrection, thou!

45. 82.

227. C. M. BREVIARY.

"Your life is hid with Christ in God."

1 MESSIAH now is gone before
To the blest realms of light:
O thither may our spirits soar,
And wing their upward flight!

2 Lord! make us to those joys aspire,
That spring from love to thee,
That pass the carnal heart's desire,—
And faith alone can see.

3 To guide us to thy glories, Lord!
To lift us to the sky,
O may thy spirit still be poured
Upon us from on high!

17. 42. 43. 49.

228. $3\frac{1}{2}$ T. MONTGOMERY.

Christ our example in suffering.

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power:
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour:
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, submissive at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
Love's own sacrifice complete:
'It is finished,' hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay:
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen; he seeks the skies:
Thither learn of him to rise.

155. 162. 253.

229. L. M. WATTS.

The example of Christ.

1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word:
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine;
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervour of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern! may I bear
More of thy gracious image here!
That God, in heaven, may find in me
A soul prepared to dwell with thee.

39. 88. 101. 215.

230. C. M. Enfield.

The example of Christ.

1 Behold, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 'Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He laboured for their good.

4 To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursued;
While humble prayer, and holy faith,
His fainting strength renewed.

5 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned he bowed, and said,
'Thy will, not mine, be done!'

6 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide!
His image may we bear!
O may we tread his sacred steps,
And his bright glories share!

17. 21. 31. 49.

231. L. M. Steele.

"Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves."

1 And is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be—;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the christian life!

3 O how benevolent, and kind,
How mild, how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love:
O if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move!

2. 38. 92. 215.

232. L. M. BACHE.

"Greater love hath no man than this."

1 'SEE how he loved!' exclaimed the Jews,
As tender tears from Jesus fell;
My grateful heart the thought pursues,
And on the theme delights to dwell.

2 See how he loved, who travelled on,
Teaching the doctrine from the skies;
Who bade disease and pain be gone,
And called the sleeping dead to rise.

3 See how he loved, who firm yet mild,
Patient endured the scoffing tongue;
Though oft provoked, he ne'er reviled,
Or did his greatest foe a wrong.

4 See how he loved, who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.

5 Such love can we, unmoved, survey?
O may our breast with ardour glow
To tread his steps, his laws obey,
And thus our warm affection show.

2. 7. 19. 203.

233. 3½ T. MILMAN.

Jesus "touched with a feeling of our infirmities."

1 WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow;
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious God of Jesus! hear.

2 He our throbbing flesh hath worn,
He our mortal griefs hath borne,
He hath shed the human tear;
Heir of Jesus! hush thy fear.

3 When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls;
When our final doom is near,
Gracious God of Jesus! hear.

4 He hath bowed the dying head;
He the blood of life hath shed;
He hath filled a mortal bier:
Heir of Jesus! hush thy fear.

5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear;
Gracious God of Jesus! hear.

6 He the spirit's strife hath known,
He the spirit's victory won;
He hath now no grief to bear;
Heir of Jesus! hush thy fear.

11. 125. 227. 273.

234. 2.3. I. 1.5. D. ANONYMOUS.

"Looking unto Jesus."

1 THOU, who did'st stoop below,
To drain the cup of woe,
And wear the form of frail mortality,—
Thy blessed labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth—passed to thy home on high.

2 It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, thou did'st tread;
And shall we in dismay,
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

3 O thou, who art our life,
Be with us through the strife!
Thy own meek head by rudest storms was bowed;
Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

4 E'en through the awful gloom,
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.

235. L. M. GASKELL.

The light of the Gospel on the tomb.

1 DARK, dark indeed the grave would be,
Had we no light, O God, from thee;
If all we saw were all we knew,
Or hope from reason only grew.

2 But fearless now we rest in faith,
A holy life makes happy death,
'Tis but a change ordained by thee,
To set the imprisoned spirit free.

3 Sad, sad indeed 't would be to part
From those who long had shared our heart,
If thou hadst left us still to fear
Love's only heritage was here.

4 But calmly now we see them go
From out this world of pain and woe;
We follow to a home on high,
Where pure affections never die.

26. 189. 192. 215.

236. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

"The Father of lights."

1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright!
His presence gilds the worlds above;
The unchanging Source of light and love.

2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
When in substantial darkness veiled;
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in eternal gloom.

3 'Let there be light,' Jehovah said;
And light o'er all its face was spread;
Nature, arrayed in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born lustre shone.

4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice,
And darts from heaven a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.

5 Shine, mighty God, with vigour shine
On this benighted heart of mine;
And let thy glories stand revealed,
As in the Saviour's face beheld.

6 My soul, revived by heaven-born day,
Thy radiant image shall display;
While all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord, who gives me light.

38. 57. 79. 212.

237. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Growth in grace.

1 PRAISE to thy name, eternal God,
For all the grace thou shedd'st abroad;
For all thine influence from above,
To warm our souls with sacred love.

2 Blest be the hand, which from the skies
Brought down this plant of Paradise,
And gave its heavenly glories birth,
To deck this wilderness of earth.

3 But why does that celestial flower
Open and thrive, and shine no more?
Too plain, alas! the languor shows
The unkindly soil in which it grows.

4 Unchanging Sun! thy beams display
To drive the fatal blight away;
Nor let the biting frost or storm
Wither and rend its tender form.

5 O thou blest spirit! deign to blow
Fresh gales on flowers of heaven below;
So shall they bloom, and from them rise
A fragrance grateful to the skies.

5. 38. 46. 192.

238. 3½ T. J. Wesley.

The disciple's prayer.

1 God of Jesus! hear me now,
Take the meek disciple's vow;
Thou so good, so true, so kind,
Fill me with the Saviour's mind.

2 Plant, and root, and fix in me
Trust, as of a child, in thee;
Settled peace I then shall find,
Like Messiah's quiet mind.

3 Anger then I ne'er shall feel,
Always even, always still,
Meekly on my God reclined,
Like Messiah's gentle mind.

4 I shall suffer and fulfil
All my gracious Father's will;
Be in every lot resigned,
Like Messiah's patient mind.

5 When his faith is rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear;
Fear doth servile spirits bind,
Not Messiah's noble mind.

6 Lowly, loving, meek and pure,
May I to the end endure!
Be no more to ill inclined,
Like Messiah's perfect mind!

11. 125. 128. 238.

239. C. M. Montgomery.

Christ in the midst of his people.

1 On the first Christian sabbath-eve,
When his disciples met,
O'er his lost fellowship to grieve,
Nor knew the scriptures yet;—

2 Lo! in their midst his form was seen,
The form in which he died,
Their Master's marred and wounded mien,
His hands, his feet, his side.

3 Then were they glad their Lord to know,
And hailed him, yet with fear:
Jesus! again thy presence show;
Meet thy disciples here:

4 Be in our midst! let faith rejoice
Our risen Lord to view,
And make our spirits hear thy voice
Say,—'Peace be unto you!'

5 And while with thee, in social hours,
We commune through thy word,
May our hearts burn, and all our powers
Confess,—'It is the Lord!'

20. 49. 126. 223.

240. S. M. Watts.

The voice of glad tidings.

1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found!

3 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

4 Christians! unite your voice,
And cheerful notes employ;
Let the glad tidings swell your songs,
Till heathens learn the joy.

8. 25. 35. 206.

241. L. M. C. Wesley.

The primitive church.

1 Happy the souls who first believed,—
To Jesus and each other cleaved,—
Joined by the spirit from above,
In mystic fellowship of love.

2 On God they cast their every care,
Sheltered beneath the wings of prayer:
They joyfully conspired to raise
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.

[3]To Jesus they renewed their vows,
A faithful church in every house;
They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspired the whole.

4 O what an age of golden days!
O what a choice and holy race!
Where shall we wander now to find
The faithful they have left behind?

5 Ye different sects, who all declare
Lo! here is Christ, or Christ is there!
Your claim, alas! ye cannot prove,
Ye want the genuine mark of love.

6 Scattered, O Lord, thy servants lie,
Till thou collect them with thine eye,—
Draw by the music of thy name,
And charm into a beauteous frame.

7 Join every soul that looks to thee
In bonds of perfect charity;
Greatest of gifts, thy love impart,
And make us of one mind and heart.

79. 191. 201. 212.

242. 5 I. BEARD'S COLLECTION.

Christian unity.

1 RESTORE, O Father, to our times restore
The peace which filled thine infant church of yore;
Ere lust of power had sown the seeds of strife,
And quenched the new-born charities of life.

2 O never more may differing judgments part
From kindly sympathy a brother's heart;
But linked in one believing thousands kneel,
And share with each the sacred joy they feel.

3 From soul to soul, quick as the sunbeam's ray
Let concord spread one universal day;
And faith by love lead all mankind to thee,
Parent of peace, and fount of harmony!

108. 109.

243. 3½ I. 3. MONTGOMERY.

The Prince of peace.

1 RECEIVE Messiah gladly,
And lift the downcast eyes:
Ye people, speak not sadly:
He makes the fallen rise:

In all your habitations,
Complaint and crying, cease;
The long desire of nations
Brings everlasting peace.

2 He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong:
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, in bondage lying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 By such shall he be feared,
While sun and moon endure,
Beloved, obeyed, revered;
For he shall judge the poor,
Though changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.

254.

244. 3½ I. 3. MONTGOMERY.

All nations shall call him blessed.

1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater son!
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth.

Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The mountain dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.

4 For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove:
His name shall stand for ever;
His great, best name of love.

245. 3½ T. C. WESLEY.

The progress of the Gospel.

1 SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
To bring fire on earth he came:
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way:

More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strong-holds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land!
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above!
Haste, O Lord, and quickly pour
All the spirit of thy love.

45. 82. 120. 216.

246. L. M. WATTS.

The light of the world.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord!
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

3 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ hath all the nations blest
Which see the light, or feel the sun.

4 Great Sun of righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

5 Thy noblest wonders, Lord, we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven;
O cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

1. 55. 58. 212.

247. S. M. WATTS.

The lights of the world.

1 BEHOLD, the lofty sky
Declares its maker God;
And all the starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 He bids the morning sun
Begin his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey:

4 But where the gospel comes
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

5 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

6 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

8. 27. 37. 59.

248. C. M. JERVIS.

Peace to the penitent.

1 SWEET is the friendly voice which speaks
The words of life and peace,
That bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

2 No healing balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

3 Thou still art merciful and kind;
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal:
The broken heart 'tis thou canst bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 Let thy bright presence, Lord, restore
Peace to my anxious breast:
Conduct me in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.

36. 43. 56. 214.

249. C. M. COWPER.

The gospel open to the holy mind.

1 THE spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to light;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love;
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

49. 89. 126. 223.

250. C. M. WATTS.

The perpetuity and glory of the gospel.

1 THE heavens, O Lord, thy rule obey,
And earth maintains her place;
And these, thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and power express.

2 But still thy holy gospel, Lord,
Hath lessons more divine:
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

5 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

6 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

24. 86. 98. 220.

251. C. M. COWPER.

The heart-felt power of the gospel.

1 How blest thy creature is, O God,
When with a single eye,
He views the lustre of thy word,
The day-spring from on high!

2 Through all the storms that veil the skies,
And frown on earthly things,
The Sun of righteousness he eyes,
With healing on his wings.

3 Struck by that light, the human heart,
A barren soil no more,
Sends the sweet scent of grace abroad,
Where serpents lurked before.

4 The glorious orb, whose golden beams
The fruitful year control,
Since first, obedient to thy word,
He started from the goal,

5 Has cheered the nations with the joys
His orient rays impart:
But, Jesus, 'tis thy light alone
Can shine upon the heart.

56. 116. 126. 179.

252. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ the sun of righteousness.

1 To thee, O God, we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day;
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays, and speaks thy name.

2 In louder strains we sing that grace,
Which gives the sun of righteousness;
Whose nobler light salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.

3 Still on our hearts may Jesus shine
With rays of light and love divine;
Quickened by him our souls shall live;
His beams a warmth of heaven can give.

4 O may his glories stand confessed
From north to south, from east to west:
Successful may his gospel run
Wide as the circuit of the sun.

3. 51. 57. 215.

253. L. M. WATTS.

The kingdom of Christ.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey!
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 The sceptre well becomes his hands;
How wise and just are his commands!
O may they spread from shore to shore,
Till pride and rage prevail no more.

3 As rain on meadows newly mown,
His love to contrite hearts is shown;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

4 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of over-spreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

5 Peace, like a river, from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown;
And all the earth one chorus raise,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise.

5. 33. 46. 215.

254. S. M. JOHNS.

The kingdom of God.

1 COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth thine,
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

5 Come, kingdom of our God!
And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless his own.

8. 30. 33. 206.

255. L. M. HEBER.

The kingdom of Christ.

1 O SAVIOUR! is thy promise fled?
Nor longer might thy grace endure,
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
And preach thy gospel to the poor.

2 Come, Jesus, come; return again:
With brighter beam thy followers bless,
Who long to feel thy perfect reign,
And share thy kingdom's happiness.

3 A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home.

4 Yet, mid the wild and wintry gale,
When death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our thoughts, Redeemer, rest on thee.

5 Come, Jesus, come; and as of yore
The prophet went to clear thy way,
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning to thy brighter day:

6 So now may grace with heavenly shower
Our willing hearts for truth prepare!
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap the harvest there.

19. 39. 66. 226.

256. S. M. H. Martineau.

The coming of Christ in the power of his gospel.

1 Lord Jesus! come; for here
Our path through wilds is laid;
We watch as for the day-spring near
Amid the breaking shade.

2 Lord Jesus! come; for hosts
Meet on the battle-plain:
The patriot mourns, the tyrant boasts,
And tears are shed like rain.

3 Lord Jesus! come; for still
Vice shouts her maniac mirth;
The famished crave in vain their fill,
While teems the fruitful earth.

4 Hark! herald-voices near
Lead on thy happier day:
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear;
We wait to strew thy way.

5 Come, as in days of old,
With words of grace and power:
Gather us all within thy fold,
And never leave us more.

33. 53. 206. 218.

257. 3$\frac{1}{7}$ T. SACRED OFFERING.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 FATHER! Universal Lord!
Thou in heaven and earth adored!
Hallowed be thine awful name,
Endless thine unbounded fame!

2 Let thy promised kingdom come;
Wandering hearts and tribes call home:
Nor let man thy love confine;
Hearts and worlds unknown be thine!

3 May thy will be done on earth,
As by all of heavenly birth:
By their praise may we be fired,
By their heavenly aims inspired!

4 Daily bread thy children need;
Lord! each day thy children feed:
Pardon too we seek above,
As our pardoned foes we love.

5 From temptation's dangerous hour
Keep us by thy mighty power:
Or, if tried our souls must be,
From the evil set us free!

6 Thine the kingdom is, and was,
Uncontrolled o'er nature's laws:
Thine, the power all worlds obey;
Thine, the glory they display!

11. 153. 167. 193.

258. 4.3 I. 2.4. DODDRIDGE.

Fruitful showers, emblems of the gospel.

1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain;
To heaven from whence they fall
They turn not back again,
But water earth through every pore,
And call forth all her secret store.

2 Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and vallies shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine;
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.

3 So, saith the God of grace,
My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more.

12. 80. 107. 154.

259. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

The kingdom of God.

1 O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our benighted race.

2 Be darkness at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in thy path:
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

3 O spirit of the Lord! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

1. 14. 164. 219.

260. 5 I. ASHWORTH.

The kingdom of Christ.

1 POUR, blessed Gospel, glorious news for man!
Thy stream of life o'er springless deserts roll:
Thy bond of peace the mighty earth can span,
And make one brotherhood from pole to pole.

2 On, piercing Gospel, on! of every heart,
In every latitude, thou own'st the key:
From their dull slumbers savage souls shall start,
With all their treasures first unlocked by thee!

3 Tread, kingly Gospel, through the nations tread!
With all the civil virtues in thy train:
Be all to thy blest freedom captive led;
And Christ, the true emancipator, reign!

4 Spread, giant Gospel, spread thy growing wings!
Gather thy scattered ones from every land:
Call home the wanderers to the King of kings:
Proclaim them all thine own;—'tis Christ's command!

109. 258.

261. P. M. COTTERILL.

The light to lighten the Gentiles.

1 O'ER the realms of Pagan darkness
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people,
Lost in sin's bewildering maze:
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.

2 Light of them that sit in darkness!
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing in thy wing:
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshipping before him
Serve the living God alone:
Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

161. 163. 241. 275.

262. L. M. BALFOUR.

The Missionary.

1 Go, messenger of peace and love
To people plunged in shades of night!
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.

2 On barren rock and desert isle,
Go, bid the rose of Sharon bloom;
Till arid wastes around thee smile,
Rich as the dews from morning's womb.

3 Go, to the hungry food impart:
To paths of peace the wanderer guide;
And lead the thirsty, panting heart
Where streams of living water glide.

4 Go, bid the bright and morning-star
From Bethlehem's plains resplendent shine,
And, piercing through the gloom afar,
Shed heavenly light and love divine.

5 O faint not in the day of toil,
When harvest waits the reaper's hand;
Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in his presence stand.

6 Thy love a rich reward shall find,
From him who sits enthroned on high;
For they who turn the erring mind,
Shall shine like stars above the sky.

19. 39. 47. 189.

263. L. M. Watts.

The kingdom of Christ.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

3 Joy shall abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leap to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want be blest.

51. 57. 79. 201.

264. C. M. Milton.

The kingdom of God upon earth.

1 The Lord will come, and not be slow;
His footsteps cannot err:
Before him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

2 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

3 Rise, Lord! judge thou the earth in might;
This longing earth redress;
For thou art he who shall by right
The nations all possess.

4 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.

5 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done:
Thou, in thy everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone.

4. 49. 65. 194.

BOOK III.

THE HUMAN LOT, MORTAL AND IMMORTAL.

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265. S. M. Scott.

The allotments of life, divine.

1 As various as the moon
Is man's estate below;
To his bright day of gladness soon
Succeeds a night of woe.

2 The night of woe resigns
Its darkness and its grief;
Again the morn of comfort shines,
And brings our souls relief.

3 Yet not to fickle chance
Is man's condition given;
His dark and shining hours advance
By the fixed laws of heaven.

4 God measures unto all
Their lot of good or ill;
Nor this too great, nor that too small,
Ordained by wisest will.

5 Let man conform his mind
To every changing state;
Rejoicing now, and now resigned,
And the great issue wait.

6 Hopeful and humble bear
Thine evil and thy good:
Nor by presumption, nor despair,
Weak mortal, be subdued.

8. 35. 96. 156. 210.

266. L. M. Collett.

The allotments of life, divine.

1 Through all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest with a father's care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each his necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thy eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue the appointed end.

4 Be this my care; to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be:
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed my soul, great God, on thee!

46. 47. 88. 101.

267. C. M. Addison.

Grateful review of life.

1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I 'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thy arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

6 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I 'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

13. 34. 95. 208.

268. L. M. BROWNE.

"Giving thanks to God in all things."

1 GREAT God! my joyful thanks to thee
Shall, like thy gifts, continual be;
In constant streams thy bounty flows,
Nor end nor intermission knows.

2 Thy kindness all my comforts gives;
My numerous wants thy hand relieves;
Nor can I ever, Lord, be poor,
Who live on thy exhaustless store.

3 If what I wish thy will denies,
It is that thou art good and wise;
Afflictions which may make me mourn,
Thou canst, thou dost, to blessings turn.

4 Deep, Lord, upon my thankful breast,
Let all thy favours be imprest;
And though withdrawn thy gifts should be,
In all things I 'll give thanks to thee.

2. 38. 55. 64.

269. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

God acknowledged in all vicissitudes.

1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,
My Father, and my God!
I 'll sing the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

2 In every period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each circling year.

3 In all these mercies may my soul
A Father's bounty see;
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.

4 Teach me, in time of deep distress,
To own thy hand, my God!
And in submissive silence hear
The lessons of thy rod.

5 In every varying mortal state,
Each bright, each gloomy scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.

6 Then shall I close mine eyes in death,
Without one anxious fear;
For death itself is life, my God,
If thou art with me there.

41. 56. 84. 93.

270. L. M. STEELE.

Mysteries of Providence.

1 LORD! how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind are we! how mean our praise!
Thy steps can mortal eyes explore?—
'Tis ours to wonder and adore.

2 Great God! I would not ask to see
What in futurity shall be:
If light and bliss attend my days,
Then let my future hours be praise.

3 Are darkness and distress my share?
Then let me trust thy guardian care:
Enough for me, if love divine
At length through every cloud shall shine.

5. 16. 88. 92.

271. L. M. COWPER.

The providence of life.

1 ALMIGHTY King! whose wondrous hand
Supports the weight of sea and land,
Whose grace is such a boundless store,
No heart shall break that sighs for more!

2 Thy providence supplies my food,
And 'tis thy blessing makes it good:
My soul is nourished by thy word;
Let soul and body praise the Lord.

3 My streams of outward comfort came
From him who built this earthly frame;
Whate'er I want his bounty gives,
By whom my soul for ever lives.

4 Either his hand preserves from pain,
Or, if I feel it, heals again;
From strife and sorrow shields my breast,
Or overrules them for the best.

5 Forgive my song, that falls so low
Beneath the gratitude I owe:
It means thy praise, however poor;
An angel's song can do no more.

29. 157. 192. 233.

272. L. M. C. Wesley.

Safety in God.

1 How do thy mercies close me round!
For ever be thy name adored!
I blush, in all things to abound:
The servant is above his Lord!

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led:
The son of God, the son of man,—
He had not where to lay his head!

3 But lo! a place thou hast prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep:
Yea, thou thyself wilt be my guard,
To smooth my bed, and give me sleep.

4 The Lord protects; my fears, begone!
What can the Rock of ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.

5 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
My griefs expire, my troubles cease:
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

29. 124. 178. 192.

273. 5 I. Sir John Davies.

The dignity of man.

1 O what is man, great Maker of mankind,
That thou to him so great respect dost bear;
That thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and e'en an angel's peer?

2 O what a lively life, what heavenly power,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire;
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower
Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire!

3 Thou leav'st thy print in other works of thine,
But thy whole image in his soul hast writ:
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except, like thee, it should be infinite.

4 Nor hath he given these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the body's life depend:
The soul, though made in time, survives for aye,
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

108. 109.

274. L. M. WATTS.

The daily mercies of God.

1 My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

5. 6. 29. 217.

275. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

"Now are we sons of God."

1 How rich thy favours, God of grace!
How various, how divine!
Full as the ocean they are poured,
And bright as heaven they shine.

2 He to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To his own palace, where he reigns
In uncreated day.

3 Jesus, the herald of his love,
Displays the radiant prize,
A crown of never-ending bliss,
To our admiring eyes.

4 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,
To joys that never end.

36. 40. 98. 223.

276. 41. HEBER.

The visible world a shadow of the invisible.

1 I PRAISED the earth in beauty seen
With garlands gay, of various green;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And Earth and Ocean seemed to say,
'Our beauties are but for a day!'

2 I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky:
And Moon and Sun in answer said,
'Our days of light are numbered!'

3 O God! O good beyond compare!
If thus thy meaner works are fair;
If thus thy bounties gild the span
Of sinful earth and mortal man;
How glorious must the mansion be
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with thee!

83. 118. 250.

277. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

"Be thou our portion."

1 FOOD, raiment, dwelling, health and friends,
Thou, Lord, hast made our lot;
With thee our bliss begins and ends,
As we are thine, or not.

2 For these we bend the humble knee,
Our thankful spirits bow;
Yet from thy gifts we turn to Thee:—
Be Thou our portion, Thou!

44. 56. 127. 190.

278. C. M. LOGAN.

The God of our fathers.

1 O GOD of ages, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led!

2 Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us by day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease;
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our feet arrive in peace.

5 Now with the humble voice of prayer
Thy mercy we implore;
Then with the grateful voice of praise
Thy goodness we'll adore.

4. 13. 17. 49.

279. 4 I. DODDRIDGE.

God our refuge through all generations.

1 THOU, Lord, through every changing scene,
Hast to thy saints a refuge been;
Through every age, eternal God,
Their pleasing home, their safe abode:
In thee our fathers sought their rest;
In thee our fathers still are blest.

2 Lo! we are risen, a feeble race,
Awhile to fill our fathers' place;
Our helpless state with pity view,
And let us share their refuge too;
When friends desert, and foes invade,
Be thou, O Lord, our present aid.

3 And when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell on earth no more,
To thee our infant race we leave;
Them may their fathers' God receive;
That voices, yet unformed, may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

76. 250.

280. P. M. OLIVER.

The pilgrim's prayer.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow:
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

281. L. M. D. Sir W. Scott.

"He will be our guide."

1 When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

2 Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray!
And O! when gathers on our path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

164. 276.

282. C. M. Watts.

Man frail, God eternal.

1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

3 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their hopes and fears,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fall forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5 Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come!
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

31. 49. 70. 223.

283. 3½ T. BOWRING.

The pilgrimage of life.

1 LEAD us with thy gentle sway,
As a willing child is led;
Speed us on our forward way,
As a pilgrim, Lord, is sped,
Who with prayers and helps divine
Seeks a consecrated shrine.

2 We are pilgrims, and our goal
Is that distant land whose bourn
Is the haven of the soul;
Where the mourners cease to mourn,
Where the Saviour's hand will dry
Every tear from every eye.

3 Lead us thither! thou dost know
All the way; but wanderers we
Often miss our path below,
And stretch out our hands to thee;
Guide us,—save us,—and prepare
Our appointed mansion there!

162. 235.

284. 3½ T. MERRICK.

"The Lord is my shepherd."

1 Lo! my Shepherd's hand divine!
Want shall never more be mine:
In a pasture fair and large,
He shall feed his happy charge.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 He my soul anew shall frame;
And his mercy to proclaim,
When through devious paths I stray,
Teach my steps the better way.

4 Though the dreary vale I tread
By the shades of death o'erspread,
There I walk from terror free,
Still protected, Lord, by thee.

11. 128. 153. 188.

285. 4.3 I. 2.4. CONDER.

"Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

1 THE Lord my shepherd is,
And he my soul will keep:
He knoweth who are his,
And watcheth o'er his sheep.
Away with every anxious fear:
I cannot want while he is near.

2 His wisdom doth provide
The pasture where I feed:
Where the still waters glide
Along the quiet mead,
He leads my feet; and when I roam,
O'ertakes and brings the wanderer home.

3 He leads, himself, the way
His faithful flock should take:
Them who his voice obey,
His love will ne'er forsake;
And surely truth and mercy will
Attend me on my journey still.

4 Let me but feel him near,
Death's gloomy pass in view,
I'll walk without a fear
The shadowy valley through.
With rod and staff, my Shepherd's care
Will guide my steps and guard me there.

12. 107. 154.

286. 3½ T. LAMPORT.

"The Lord is my shepherd."

1 As his flock the shepherd leads
Gently through the flowery meads,
Where, mid verdant landscapes, flow
Peaceful rivers, soft and slow:

2 So doth God conduct my feet
Where the tranquil waters meet;
Streams of life, that never fail,
Winding silent through the vale.

3 When I wander from his care,
Lured by many a specious snare,
He pursues my devious track,
And in mercy brings me back.

4 Where the shades of darkness spread
Gloom impervious o'er my head;
Where the king of terrors reigns,
He my fainting soul sustains.

5 Heavenly Shepherd! lead me still
Upwards to thy holy hill,
Where untainted breezes blow,
Where unwithering pastures grow.

11. 82. 128. 195.

287. 4 I. Addison.

"The Lord is my shepherd."

1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

76. 83. 118. 250.

288. C. M. Tate and Brady.

God the security of the righteous.

1 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just:
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

2 O make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

3 Fear him, ye mortals; you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,—
He'll make your wants his care.

13. 24. 68. 90.

289. C. M. MERRICK.

Acquiescence in the divine will.

1 AUTHOR of good! to thee I turn;
Thy ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill;

4 Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply;
The good unasked in mercy grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

20. 31. 43. 56.

290. L. M. WATTS.

God our preserver.

1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my almighty refuge lives.

2 He lives, the everlasting God,
Who built the world, and spread the flood;
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet; he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while nature sleeps.

4 Divinely are his children blest;
They rise secure, securely rest;
Safe in the Lord, whose heavenly care
Defends their life from every snare.

5 On them nor ill nor death hath power;
And in their last departing hour
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear them homeward to their God.

5.29.92.101.

291. 4.3 I. 4-2. WATTS.

God the refuge of his children.

1 UPWARD I lift my eyes;
From God is all my aid;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears;
Those wakeful eyes,
Which never sleep,
My life shall keep,
When dangers rise.

3 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust thee, Lord,
To keep my mortal breath:
I 'll go and come;
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call'st me home.

12. 80. 107. 154.

292. L. M. From the German.

"The Lord shall guide thee continually."

1 O Lord! thou art my rock, my guide;
My God alone thou shalt abide;
Though doubts and fears, a gloomy band,
Beset my soul on every hand.

2 When fails my strength, and e'en the light
Of reason seems immersed in night,
Thee, the great refuge, still I trace,
Unsearchable in power and grace.

3 Since thou did'st, Lord, my being give,
And bid me for thy service live,
Meet out my few remaining hours;
Thy staff support my failing powers.

4 And should I longer journey here,
O grant me oft, the way to cheer,
To view, from Calvary's sacred brow,
Fair Salem's towers, whose builder Thou!

5 Blest city, where thou dwell'st as light!
There shall no storm my soul affright:
The vision nobler strength inspires,
And warms my heart with heavenly fires!

52. 178. 189. 224.

293. 3½ T. HEBER.

"Behold, the lilies of the field!"

1 Lo! the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to Nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of Heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy;
'Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow!

2 Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily.
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow!
God provideth for the morrow!

3 One there lives whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny;
One there lives who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall:
Pass we blithely, then, the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow!'

277.

294. 4½ I. 4. MORAVIAN.

"Under his wings shalt thou trust."

1 WHAT comforts, Lord, to those are given,
Who seek in thee their home and rest!
They find on earth an opening heaven,
And in thy peace are amply blest.

2 Their tranquil joy no troubles banish,
Their hiding-place is safe above!
The dismal clouds of night must vanish
At dawning of thy light of love!

3 In thee, O Lord, I seek protection;
To thee I take my eager flight:
I yield my feet to thy direction;
Behold! my ways are in thy sight!

4 If thou through thorny paths wilt lead me,
I'll simply trust in thee, O Lord!
The clouds at thy command must feed me,
And rocks refreshing drink afford.

46. 51.

295. 3.4 T. 1.2½. HEBER.

Nothing is able to separate us from his love.

1 LIFE nor death shall us dissever
From his love who reigns for ever:
Will he fail us? never! never!
When to him we cry!

2 Wily sin may seek to snare us;
Fury-passion strive to tear us;
Toil and sorrow waste and wear us:—
Is no helper nigh?

3 Yes! his might shall still defend us;
And his blessed Son befriend us;
And his holy spirit send us
Comfort ere we die.

278.

296. C. M. BREVIARY.

The perpetuity of love.

1 SUPREME Disposer of the heart!
Thou, since the world began,
With heavenly grace hast sanctified
And cheered the heart of man.

2 Here faith, and hope, and love, unite
To lift the soul above;
But love alone for aye abides,
Eternal, changeless love!

3 O holy love! unfading light!
O shall it ever be,
That after all our sorrows here,
Thy sabbath we shall see?

4 Here, yet awhile, with many a tear
The precious seed we sow:
There, treasured lie the promised fruits,
The harvest of our woe.

13. 24. 116. 127.

297. 3½ T. CENNICK.

The pilgrim's song.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King!
As ye journey, sweetly sing:
Sing your Maker's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways!

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now,—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Fear not, brethren; lo! we stand
On the borders of our land:
Jesus, from its summit won,
Bids you undismayed go on.

4 Lord! obediently we 'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

11. 120. 128. 129.

298. S. M. Montgomery.

The homeward pilgrimage.

1 'For ever with the Lord!'—
Amen! so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home.

3 'For ever with the Lord!'—
Father! if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.

4 Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

5 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

6 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,—
'For ever with the Lord!'

121. 196.

299. L. M. Breviary.

Worship above and below.

1 Thou, great Creator, art possessed,
And thou alone, of endless rest:
To angels only it belongs
To lift to thee their ceaseless songs.

2 But we must toil and toil again,
With weary strength and frequent pain;
And how can we, in exile drear,
Lift the glad song of glory here?

3 And yet our hearts, that love thee well,
Still long with thee in peace to dwell:
O Lord! forbid our souls to roam;
And fix them on our future home.

66. 88. 124.

300. C. M. J. Wesley.

Conversing with God.

1 Speak with us, Lord! thyself reveal,
While here on earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All times, and toil, and care:
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, O Lord, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My gladdened heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

13. 17. 127. 158.

301. L. M. Newton.

Lightning in the night.

1 A glance from heaven, with sweet effect,
Sometimes my pensive spirit cheers:
But ere I can my thoughts collect,
As suddenly it disappears.

2 So lightning in the gloom of night
Affords a momentary day;
Disclosing objects full in sight,
Which, soon as seen, are snatched away.

3 Ah! what avail these pleasing scenes?
They do but aggravate my pain:
While darkness quickly intervenes,
And swallows up my joy again.

4 But shall I murmur at relief?
Though short, it was a precious view;
Sent to control my unbelief,
And prove that what I read is true.

5 The lightning's flash did not create
The opening prospect it revealed;
But only showed the real state
Of what the darkness had concealed.

6 Just so, we by a glimpse discern
The glorious things within the veil;
That, when in darkness, we may learn
To live by faith, till light prevail.

[7]The Lord's great day will soon advance,
Dispersing all the shades of night;
Then we no more shall need a glance,
But see by an eternal light.

3. 124. 192. 224.

302. C. M. H. M. Williams.

"In the shadow of his hand hath he hid me."

1 While thee I seek, protecting power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

34. 67. 86. 111.

303. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

God our refuge.

1 GOD is our refuge and defence,
In trouble our unfailing aid;
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our soul afraid?

2 There is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains;
There, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains.

3 O for a seraph's wing of fire!
No,—on the mightier wings of prayer
We reach that home of pure desire,
And feel his cloudless presence there.

4 But soon, how soon! our spirits droop,
Unwont the air of heaven to breathe:
Yet God in very deed will stoop,
And dwell himself with men beneath.

5 Come to thy living temples, then;
As in the ancient times appear;
Let earth be Paradise again,
And man, O God, thine image here!

57. 157. 186. 252.

304. S. M. Watts.

Safety in God.

1 When, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies;
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter, and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
I ever would abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

10. 37. 48. 100.

305. 3½ T. Methodist Coll. (Amer.)

Divine presence.

1 They who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we love a life of prayer,
God is present every where.

2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present every where.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present every where.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present every where.

11. 120. 128. 188.

306. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God our refuge in trouble.

1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near?

2 Doth thy right hand, which formed the earth,
And bears up all the skies,
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
When dangers round us rise?

3 On this support my soul shall lean,
And banish every care;
The gloomy vale of death must smile,
If God be with me there.

4 While I his gracious succour prove
'Midst all my various ways,
The darkest shades through which I pass,
Shall echo with his praise.

17. 116. 152. 190.

"Under his wings shalt thou trust."

307. 4½ I. 4. From the German.

When rising winds, and rain descending,
A near-approaching storm declare,
With trembling speed their wings extending,
The birds to sheltering trees repair:
Thy children thus, with grief oppressed,
Their refüge seek, O Lord, in thee:
Thy love,—O hiding-place most blest!
From every evil covers me.

271.

308. C. M. Doddridge.

Courage from the divine presence.

1 Jehovah! 'tis a glorious name,
Still pregnant with delight;
It scatters round a cheerful beam,
To gild the darkest night.

2 What though our mortal comforts fade,
And drop like withering flowers?
Nor time nor death can break that band
Which makes Jehovah ours.

3 My cares! I give you to the wind,
And shake you off like dust;
Well may I trust my all with him,
With whom my soul I trust.

32. 69. 87. 158.

309. 3½ I. 3. Montgomery.

God our reliance.

1 God is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

254.

310. 4 I. Wesley's Collection.

Safety in God.

1 For ever nigh me, Father, stand;
And guard in fierce temptation's hour:
Hide in the hollow of thy hand;
Show forth, O Lord, thy saving power:
Still be thy arm my sure defence;
Nor life nor death shall pluck me thence.

2 When passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith thy promised aid;
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head;
Fearless their violence I dare;
They cannot harm; for God is there!

3 When darkness intercepts the skies,
And sorrow's waves around me roll;
When high the storms of passion rise,
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul:
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
And hear a whisper, 'Peace, be still.'

83. 118. 250.

311. L. M. Doddridge.

The eternal refuge.

1 Great Former of this various frame!
Our souls adore thy awful name;
And bow and tremble, while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Thou, Lord, with unsurprised survey,
Saw'st nature rising yesterday;
And, as tomorrow, shall thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.

3 Beyond the highest angel's sight
Thou dwellest in eternal light,
Which shines with undiminished ray,
While suns and systems waste away.

4 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun;
And while to lengthened years we trust,
Before the moth we sink to dust.

5 But let the creatures fall around;
Let death consign us to the ground;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies:—

6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see;
While grace secures us an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

23. 39. 113. 219.

312. L. M. BULFINCH.

"God is a very present help."

1 WHAT power, unseen by mortal eye,
Wafted Messiah's high command;—
Bade sickness from its victim fly,
And the glad friends believing stand?

2 Father! 'twas thine; the Saviour spoke
The word confirmed by love divine;
The bonds of fell disease he broke,
And in his power exalted thine.

3 Thy power, O Lord, is round us still,
Though shrouded from our feeble sight,
To guard, in danger's hour, from ill,
To lead us in the way of right.

4 O if temptation's path we tread,
Still may we feel that thou art near;
And in thy servants' bosom shed
The spirit of thy love and fear.

5 Then, as of old, the hour which hears
Thy word, shall see that word obeyed;
And rescued souls, with grateful tears,
Shall bless thy spirit's timely aid.

55. 88. 124. 189.

313. 3½ T. C. Wesley.

God our only refuge.

1 Father, refuge of my soul!
Let me to thy shelter fly;
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Father! hide,
Till the storm of life be past:
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found;
Cleanse me, Lord, from every sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

130. 151. 240. 279.

314. S. M. EDMESTON.

"Why sayest thou—my way is hid from the Lord?"

1 ALONG my earthly way,
How many clouds are spread!
Darkness, with scarce one cheerful ray,
Seems gathering o'er my head.

2 Yet, Father, thou art love:
O hide not from my view!
But when I look, in prayer, above,
Appear in mercy through!

3 My pathway is not hid;
Thou knowest all my need;
And I would do as Israel did,—
Follow where thou wilt lead.

4 Lead me, and then my feet
Shall never, never stray;
But safely I shall reach the seat
Of happiness and day.

5 And O from that bright throne,
I shall look back, and see,—
The path I went, and that alone,
Was the right path for me.

8. 59. 121. 156.

315. L. M. Roscoe.

The solace of faith.

1 When human hopes and joys depart,
I give thee, Lord, a contrite heart;
And on my weary spirit steal
The thoughts that pass all earthly weal.

2 I cast above my tearful eyes,
And muse upon the starry skies;
And think that he who governs there
Still keeps me in his guardian care.

3 I gaze upon the opening flower,
Just moistened with the evening shower;
And bless the love which made it bloom,
To chase away my transient gloom.

4 I think, whene'er this mortal frame
Returns again from whence it came,
My soul shall wing its happy flight
To regions of eternal light.

66. 101. 117. 178.

316. 4 I. From the German.

Comfort of the divine mercy.

1 O Lord! thy everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasseth far:
Thou show'st paternal tenderness;
Thy arms of love still open are:
Thy mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 By faith I plunge into this sea;
Its living waters cool my breast;
Hither when ill assails I flee,
And find, O Lord, my perfect rest:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that dwelleth here.

3 Though clouds and storms go o'er my head;
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone;
Though joys be withered all and dead;
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
Steadfast on this my soul relies;
Father! thy mercy never dies.

4 Fixed in this faith may I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay:
This anchor shall my soul sustain
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love!

83. 118.

317. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Quietness under affliction.

1 PEACE! 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand,
That blasts our joys in death;
Changes the features once so dear,
And gathers back the breath.

2 'Tis he, the potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move:—

3 Our fathers' God, whose faithful love
Our ears have often heard:—
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
With one reviving word.

4 Fair garlands of immortal bliss
He weaves for every brow:
And shall tumultuous passions rise,
If he correct us now?

5 Silent, I own Jehovah's name:
I kiss thy scourging hand:
And yield my comforts and my life
To thy supreme command.

70. 90. 116. 242.

318. C. M. Watts.

"The Lord giveth and taketh away."

1 Naked as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with the dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short pleasures borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them to the grave;
He gives; and, blessed be his name,
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace! all our restless passions, then;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

43. 68. 75. 214.

319. C. M. Anonymous.

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

1 Thy way is in the deep, O Lord!
E'en there we'll go with thee:
We'll meet the tempest at thy word,
And walk upon the sea!

2 Poor tremblers at his rougher wind,
Why do we doubt him so?—
Who gives the storm a path, will find
The way our feet shall go.

3 A moment may his hand be lost,—
Drear moment of delay!—
We cry, 'Lord! help the tempest-tost,'—
And safe we're borne away.

4 The Lord yields nothing to our fears,
And flies from selfish care;
But comes himself, where'er he hears
The voice of loving prayer.

5 O happy soul of faith divine!
Thy victory how sure!
The love that kindles joy is thine,—
The patience to endure.

6 Come, Lord of peace! our griefs dispel;
And wipe our tears away:
'Tis thine, to order all things well,
And ours, to bless the sway.

21. 49. 127. 152.

320. 3½ T. TOPLADY.

The supreme good.

LORD! it is not life to live
If thy presence thou deny:
Lord! if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.
Source and giver of repose!
Singly from thy smile it flows:
Thee to see and thee to love
Perfects bliss below, above.

128. 240.

321. C. M. BROWNE.

Confidence in God our Father.

1 O GOD! on thee we all depend,
On thy paternal care;
Thou wilt the father, and the friend,
In every act appear.

2 With open hand, and liberal heart,
Thou wilt our wants supply,
To us thy benefits impart,
And no good thing deny.

3 Our Father knows what's good and fit,
And wisdom guides his love:
To thy appointments we submit,
And every choice approve.

4 In thy paternal love and care
With cheerful hearts we trust;
Thy tender mercies boundless are,
And all thy thoughts are just.

5 What can we ask or wish for more?
What God ordains is best;
And heaven, whate'er we want before,
Will make us amply blest.

42. 65. 89. 94.

322. L. M. J. Roscoe.

The peace of God in affliction.

1 My Father! when around me spread
I see the shadows of the tomb,
And life's bright visions droop and fade,
And darkness veils my future doom;

2 O in that anguished hour I turn
With a still trusting heart to thee,
And holy thoughts still shine and burn
Amid that cold, sad destiny.

3 The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dim with tears;
The hopes of earth indeed are gone;
But are not ours the immortal years?

4 Father! forgive the heart that clings
Thus trembling to the joys of time;
And bid my soul on angel wings
Ascend into a purer clime.

5 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love;
But these afflictions of the dust
Like shadows of the night remove.

6 E'en now above there's radiant day,
While clouds and darkness brood below:—
Then, Father, joyful on my way
To drink thy bitter cup I go.

26. 66. 131. 226.

323. C. M. STEELE.

The comforts of religion.

1 WHEN gloomy thoughts, and boding fears,
The trembling heart invade;
And all the face of nature wears
A universal shade;

2 Religion's dictates can assuage
The tempest of the soul;
And every fear shall lose its rage,
At her divine control.

3 Through life's bewildered darksome way
Her hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path her heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

4 When feeble reason, tired and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid,
Thou blest supporter of the mind,
How powerful is thy aid!

5 O let my heart confess thy power,
And find thy sweet relief,
To brighten every gloomy hour,
And soften every grief.

22. 49. 90. 202.

324. L. M. FAWCETT.

"As thy day, so shall thy strength be."

1 AFFLICTED saint! to God draw near;
Thy Father's gracious promise hear:
His faithful word declares to thee,
That 'as thy day, thy strength shall be.'

2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
'How shall I stand this trying day?'
He has engaged by firm decree,
That 'as thy day, thy strength shall be.'

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong:
And if the conflict should be long,
The Lord will make the tempter flee:
For 'as thy day, thy strength shall be.'

4 When called by him to bear the cross,
Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress and poverty,
Still 'as thy day, thy strength shall be.'

5 When death at length appears in view,
His presence shall thy fears subdue:
He comes to set thy spirit free;
And 'as thy day, thy strength shall be.'

178. 189. 226. 233.

325. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The benefit of affliction.

1 O GOD! to thee my sinking soul
In deep distress doth fly;
Thy love can all my griefs control,
And all my wants supply.

2 How oft, when black misfortune's band
Around their victim stood,
The seeming ill, at thy command,
Hath changed to real good.

3 The tempest that obscured the sky
Hath set my bosom free
From earthly care, and sensual joy,
And turned my thoughts to thee.

4 Affliction's blast hath made me learn
To feel for others' woe;
And humbly seek, with deep concern,
My own defects to know.

5 Then rage ye storms! ye billows roar!
My heart defies your shock;
Ye make me cling to God the more,
To God my sheltering rock.

13. 17. 22. 90.

326. L. M. BRYANT.

"Blessed are they that mourn."

1 O DEEM not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep:
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears:
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night:
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4 And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain!
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

5 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

6 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

29. 132. 175. 226.

327. 41. HEBER.

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

1 THOUGH sorrows rise, and dangers roll
In waves of darkness o'er my soul;
Though friends are false, and love decays,
And few and evil are my days;
Yet e'en in nature's utmost ill,
I love thee, Lord! I love thee still!

2 Though conscience, fiercest of my foes,
Swells with remembered guilt my woes;
And memory points, with busy pain,
To grace and mercy given in vain;
Though every thought has power to kill,
I love thee, Lord! I love thee still!

3 O by the woes Messiah bore,
And in his griefs was loved the more;—
By these my pangs, whose healing smart
Thy grace hath planted in my heart;
I know, I feel, thy bounteous will!
Thou lov'st me, Lord! thou lov'st me still!

83. 118.

328. L. M. Wesley's Collection.

Prayer for guidance.

1 O thou to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light!
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 If in the darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No fraud, nor violence I fear,
Nor foes, O Lord, while thou art near.

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe;
Messiah's trusting mind impart,
To raise my head, and cheer my heart.

4 Saviour! where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I 'd follow thee!
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

5 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

19. 57. 191. 212.

329. 3½ T. Milman.

Prayer for mercy in spiritual need.

1 Lord! have mercy when we pray
Strength to seek a better way;
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to loathe their cherished sin;
When our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale;
When our tears bedew thy word;
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord!

2 Lord! have mercy when we lie
On the restless bed, and sigh,
Sigh for death, yet fear it still
From the thought of former ill;
When the dim advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come;
When is loosed the silver cord;
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord!

3 Lord! have mercy when we know
First how vain this world below;
When its darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex and fears distress;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of thy bright but distant heaven;
Then thy fostering grace afford;
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord!

240. 279.

330. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

"They who sow in tears, shall reap in joy."

1 THE darkened sky, how thick it lowers!
Troubled with storms, and big with showers;
No cheerful gleam of light appears,
But nature pours forth all her tears.

2 Yet let the sons of God revive:
He bids the soul that seeks him live;
And from the gloomiest shade of night
Calls forth a morning of delight.

3 The seeds of ecstacy unknown
Are in these watered furrows sown;
See the green blades, how thick they rise,
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes.

4 In secret foldings they contain
Unnumbered ears of golden grain;
And heaven shall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.

5 Then shall the trembling mourner come,
And find his sheaves, and bear them home:
The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,
Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

88. 124. 191. 226.

331. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

God the hope and light of the afflicted.

1 WHEN, from the depths of woe,
To thee, O Lord, I cry;
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That thou art ever nigh.

2 Then hearken to my voice;
Give ear to my complaint;
Thou bidd'st the mourning soul rejoice;
Thou comfortest the faint.

3 Like them whose longing eyes
Watch till the morning star,
Though late and seen through tempests, rise
Heaven's portals to unbar;—

4 Like them I watch and pray;
And though it tarry long,
Catch the first gleam of welcome day;
Then burst into a song.

5 Glory to God above!
The waters soon will cease;
For lo! the swift-returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace.

6 Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure;
His bow is in the cloud.

121. 196. 210.

332. C. M. Doddridge.

God's compassion to human frailty.

1 Lord! we adore thy wondrous name,
And make that name our trust,
Which raised at first this curious frame
From mean and lifeless dust.

2 Awhile these frail machines endure,
The fabric of a day,
Then know their vital powers no more,
But moulder back to clay.

3 Yet, Lord, whate'er is felt or feared,
This thought is our repose;
That he by whom our frame was reared,
Its various weakness knows.

4 Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
While struggling with our load;
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
Our Father and our God.

5 Gently supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace,
Where every pain shall far remove,
And every frailty cease.

13. 20. 31. 84.

Funeral prayer.

333. 2.3 I. 1.2. D. Hemans.

1 Lowly and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death,
Alike are thine!

2 O Father! in that hour,
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down;
Sustain us, Thou!

3 By him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away;
Aid us, O God!

4 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father divine!
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only thine!

280.

334. C. M. WATTS.

The hope of heaven our support under trials.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And cruel darts be hurled;
Then I could smile at all its rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

17. 36. 54. 63.

335. L. M. NEWTON.

The Christian's home in view.

1 As when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'er-looking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still:

2 While he surveys the much-loved spot,
He slights the space that lies between;
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen:

3 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to gain the prize.

4 The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

5 'Tis there,' he says, 'I am to dwell
With Jesus in eternal day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And every tear be wiped away.'

6 O Lord! on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode:
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

5. 6. 39. 46.

336. C. M. Burns.

Man perishable, God eternal.

1 O Thou, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right-hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place!

2 Before the mountains heaved their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at thy command;

3 That Power which raised and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

4 Those mighty periods of years,
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

5 Thou giv'st the word: thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought:
Again thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought!'

6 Thou lay'st them fast, with all their cares,
In adamantine sleep:
As with a flood thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

[7]They flourish like the morning flower,
In beauty's pride arrayed:
But long ere night, cut down it lies
All withered and decayed.

337. C. M. Tate and Brady.

Man perishable, God eternal.

1 O Lord, the saviour and defence
Of all our mortal race!
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding place.

2 Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,
Or earth received its frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God,
And ever art the same.

3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made;
And when thou speak'st the word, 'Return!'
'Tis instantly obeyed.

4 For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that 's past,
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.

5 How soon our boasted strength decays,
To sorrow turned, and pain!
How soon the slender thread is cut,
And we no more remain!

6 So teach us, Lord, the uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclined.

21. 31. 70. 194.

338. L. M. Doddridge.

To God pertain the issues of life and death.

1 Sovereign of life! before thine eye,
Lo! mortal men by thousands die:
One glance from thee at once brings down
The proudest brow that wears a crown.

2 Banished at once from human sight
To the dark grave's mysterious night,
Imprisoned in that dusty bed,
We hide our solitary head.

3 Yet if my Father's faithful hand
Conduct me through this gloomy land,
My soul with pleasure shall obey,
And follow where he leads the way.

4 The friendly band again shall meet,
Again exchange the welcome sweet;
The dear familiar features trace,
And still renew the fond embrace.

19. 113. 219. 226.

339. L. M. J. Taylor.

"And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred sixty and nine years: and he died."

1 Like shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze their forms are gone.

2 Vain is the boast of lengthened years,
The patriarch's full maturity;
'Tis but a larger drop to swell
The ocean of eternity.

3 'He lived,—he died;' behold the sum,
The abstract of the historian's page;
Alike in God's all-seeing eye
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

4 O Father, in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie!
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly;

5 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds:
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

19. 23. 92. 101.

340. C. M. WATTS.

God the preserver of our frail life.

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish, bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs;
We die if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
Who reared it from the dust:
Hosanna to the Almighty name
In whom is all our trust!

31. 70. 75. 194.

341. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The wisdom of redeeming time.

1 GOD of eternity! from thee
Did infant time its being draw;
Moments and days and months and years
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and slow they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.

3 The thoughtless tribes of mortal men
Before the rapid stream are borne
On to that everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

4 Yet, while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great Source of wisdom! teach my heart
To know the price of every hour;
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

5. 29. 47. 226.

342. L. M. MERRICK.

Man, a pilgrim on the earth.

1 O LET me, heavenly Lord, extend
My view to life's approaching end!
What are my days?—a span their line—
And what my age, compared with thine?

2 Our life advancing to a close,
While yet its earliest dawn it knows,
Swift through an empty shade we run,
And vanity and man are one.

3 O how thy chastisements impair
The human form, however fair!
How frail the strongest frame we see,
If thou its mortal doom decree!

4 God of our fathers! here as they
We walk, the pilgrims of a day:
As transient guests, thy works admire,
And instant to our home retire.

5 Spare me a little while, O spare!
And nature's failing strength repair:
Ere life's short circuit wandered o'er,
I perish, and am seen no more.

1. 26. 133. 226.

343. S. M. Montgomery.

Life, frail and brief.

1 Lord! let me know mine end,
My days, how brief their date,
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.

2 My life is but a span;
Mine age is nought with thee;
Man in his highest honour, man
Is dust and vanity.

3 At thy rebuke, the bloom
Of man's vain beauty flies;
And grief shall, like a moth, consume
All that delights our eyes.

4 Have pity on my fears;
Hearken to my request;
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.

5 A stranger, Lord, with thee,
I walk on pilgrimage,
Where all my fathers once, like me,
Sojourned from age to age.

6 O spare me yet, I pray;
Awhile my strength restore,
Ere I am summoned hence away,
And seen on earth no more.

81. 196. 210.

344. C. M. Watts.

The shortness of life, and the goodness of God.

1 Time, what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days, how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

2 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin
We all begin to die.

3 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share;
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou crown'st the rolling year.

4 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name adored!

5 Thus we begin the lasting song;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

49. 63. 70. 90.

345. S. M. Watts.

The wisdom of numbering our days.

1 Lord! what a fleeting breath
Is this our mortal day!
Our life, a winter's frosty wreath
That noontide melts away!

2 Alas! how frail the clay
That built our bodies first!
And every month, and every day,
'Tis mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood, our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We 'll keep their end in sight;
We 'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They 'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

50. 81. 96. 100.

346. C. M. Browne.

The frailty of life.

1 Lord! what a feeble frame is ours!
How vain a thing is man!
How frail are all his boasted powers,
And short, at best, his span!

2 Swift as the feathered arrow flies,
And cuts the yielding air;
Or as a kindling meteor dies,
Ere it can well appear:

3 So pass our fleeting years away,
And time runs on its race;
In vain we ask a moment's stay,
Nor will it slack its pace.

4 But, Lord, what mighty things depend
On our precarious breath!
And soon this dying life will end
In endless life or death.

5 O make us truly wise to learn
How very frail we are;
That we may mind our grand concern,
And for our change prepare.

20. 127. 194. 242.

347. C. M. Watts.

The frailty and importance of life.

1 Thee we adore, eternal name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying creatures we.

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Still leaves the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath which first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we stay,
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

20. 31. 70. 75.

348. S. M. Doddridge.

The passage of human generations to eternity.

1 How swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea;
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honour gone!

3 But joy or grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal thought;
While the poor remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave forgot.

4 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell;
Nor other heritage possess
But such a gloomy cell.

5 God of our fathers, hear!
Thou everlasting friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

6 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them in the land of light
We dwell before thy face.

33. 48. 81. 96.

349. C. M. Heber.

Warnings of frailty and immortality.

1 Beneath our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead;
Above us is the heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

5 Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

6 Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The boundless fields of light on high
Remind thee of thy heaven.

21. 116. 190.

350. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

"Now is the accepted time."

1 To-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our lives away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thy almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

8. 37. 96. 210.

351. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

"Walk while ye have the light."

1 THE swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals! mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
And know, its Maker can command
An instantaneous night.

3 His word blots out the sun
In its meridian blaze,
And cuts from smiling vigorous youth
The remnant of its days.

4 On the dark mountain's brow
Your feet shall quickly slide,
And from its airy summit dash
Your momentary pride.

5 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling sphere;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

6 Then shall new lustre break
Through horror's darkest gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light
In a celestial home.

8. 96. 210

352. C. M. Doddridge.

Perishable and eternal treasures.

1 These mortal joys, how soon they fade!
How swift they pass away!
The dying flower reclines its head,
The beauty of a day.

2 Soon are those earthly treasures lost,
We fondly call our own;
Scarce the possession can we boast,
When straight we find them gone.

3 But there are joys which cannot die,
With God laid up in store,
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
More bright than golden ore.

4 The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In the fair fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

49. 70. 75. 202.

353. 4 T. 3½. Horne.

"We all do fade as a leaf."

1 See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:—

2 'Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread!
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead:

3 What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace?—
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place.

4 Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
We proclaim the solemn warning,
"Heaven and earth shall pass away."'

5 On the tree of life eternal,
O let all our hopes be laid;
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

150. 176. 232.

354. L. M. S. Wesley.

"As the flower of the field, so he flourisheth."

1 The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noon-tide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows:
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 But worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven but recompense our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

2. 66. 101. 217.

355. C. M. Newton.

"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth."

1 The grass and flowers which clothe the field,
And look so green and gay,
Touched by the scythe, defenceless yield,
And fall and fade away.

2 Fit emblem of our mortal state!
Thus in the Scripture glass,
The young, the strong, the wise, the great,
May see themselves but grass.

3 Ah! trust not to your fleeting breath,
Nor call your time your own;
Around you, see the scythe of death
Is mowing thousands down.

4 The grass when dead revives no more;
We die to live again;—
May God, for his eternal store,
Not seek our souls in vain!

17. 65. 90. 190.

356. C. M. Sir J. E. Smith.

Changes of nature types of immortality.

1 As twilight's gradual veil is spread
Across the evening sky;
So man's bright hours decline in shade,
And mortal comforts die.

2 Fair summer's bloom and autumn's glow
In vain pale winter brave;
Nor youth, nor age, nor wisdom know
A ransom from the grave.

3 But morning dawns, and spring revives,
And genial hours return;
So man's immortal soul survives,
And scorns the mouldering urn.

4 When this vain scene no longer charms,
Or swiftly fades away,
He sinks into a Father's arms,
Nor dreads the coming day.

22. 31. 84. 95.

357. C. M. Sir J. E. Smith.

The soul called to immortality by its Creator.

1 Adore, my soul, that awful name
To which the angels bow,
By which the worlds from nothing came,
The heaven of heavens, and thou.

2 The God who sits enthroned above
Thy breath of life has given:
His voice, in thunder and in love,
Calls thee from earth to heaven.

3 This speck of earth is not thy home,
Nor mortal joys thine end:
Beyond the starry-spangled dome
Thy boundless views extend.

4 Why fondly pluck the withering flowers
That only deck thy tomb,
While amaranthine wreaths and bowers
For thee immortal bloom?

5 Resign thy joys and hopes to God;
Cast flesh and sin away:
Pursue the path thy Saviour trod,
And rise to endless day.

17. 65. 190. 242.

358. S. M. Watts.

Looking upward.

1 The heavens invite mine eye,
The stars salute me round;
Father! I blush, I mourn to lie
Thus grovelling on the ground.

2 My warmer spirits move,
And make attempts to fly;
I wish aloud for wings of love
To raise me swift and high,—

3 Beyond those crystal vaults,
And all their sparkling balls;
They 're but the porches to thy courts,
And paintings on thy walls.

4 Vain world, farewell to you!
Heaven is my native air:
I bid my friends a short adieu,
Impatient to be there.

S. 33. 218. 222.

359. C. M. Sir J. E. Smith.

Nature transitory; the soul immortal.

1 How glorious are those orbs of light,
In all their bright array,
That gem the ebon brow of night,
Or pour the blaze of day!

2 See lovely Nature raise her head,
In various graces dressed;
Her lucid robe by ocean spread,
Her verdant, flowery vest.

3 Unnumbered tribes obey her will;
Her bounty each displays:
She smiles, and every grove and hill
Is vocal in her praise.

4 One gem, of purest ray, divine,
Alone disclaims her power;
Still brighter shall its glories shine,
When hers are seen no more.

5 Her pageants pass, nor leave a trace;
The soul no change shall fear;
The God of nature and of grace
Has stamped his image there.

6 Nor life, nor death, its trust shall move;
Nor powers, nor worlds unknown;
Responsive to its Maker's love,
And prostrate at his throne.

21. 127. 190. 242.

360. C. M. Rowe.

Old age anticipated.

1 When in the vale of lengthened years
My feeble feet shall tread,
And I survey the various scenes
Through which I have been led:

2 How many mercies will my life
Before my view unfold!
What countless dangers will be past,
What tales of sorrow told!

3 But O my soul! if thou canst say,
I've seen my God in all;
In every trouble owned his hand,
In every gift his call:

4 If piety has marked my steps,
And love my actions formed,
And purity possessed my heart,
And truth my lips adorned:

5 If I an aged servant am
Of Jesus and of God,
I need not fear the closing scene,
Nor dread the appointed road.

6 This scene will all my labours end,
This road conduct on high:
With comfort I'll review the past,
And triumph, though I die.

13. 67. 95. 208.

361. L. M. Old Bristol Coll.

The happiness of the aged Christian.

1 How blest is he whose tranquil mind,
When life declines, recals again
The years that time has cast behind,
And reaps delight from toil and pain!

2 So when the transient storm is past,
The sudden gloom, and driving shower,
The sweetest sunshine is the last;
The loveliest is the evening hour.

5. 6. 39. 224.

362. C. M. Watts.

We are not alone; for the Father is with us.

1 Must friends and kindred droop and die,
And helpers be withdrawn?
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
Counts up our comforts gone?

2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God!
Our helper and our friend:
Nor leave us in this dangerous road,
Till all our trials end.

3 O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led;
With love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.

4 Let us be weaned from all below;
Let hope our grief expel;
While death invites our souls to go
Where our best kindred dwell.

31. 70. 116. 242.

363. L. M. NORTON.

"Blessed are the dead, that die in the Lord."

1 O STAY thy tears! for they are blest,
Whose days are past, whose toil is done:
Here midnight care disturbs our rest;
Here sorrow dims the noon-day sun.

2 For labouring virtue's anxious toil,
For patient sorrow's stifled sigh,
For faith that marks the conqueror's spoil,
Heaven grants the recompense,—to die.

3 How blest are they, whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight;
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears;
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright!

4 O cheerless were our lengthened way;
But heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
Streams downward from eternal day,
And casts a glory round the tomb.

5 Then stay thy tears: the blest above
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
Sung a new song of joy and love;
And why should anguish reign on earth?

66. 131. 178. 226.

364. C. M. SCOTTISH PARAPHRASE.

Human equality restored by the grave.

1 How still and peaceful is the grave;
Where, life's vain tumults past,
The appointed house, by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last!

2 The wicked there from troubling cease;
Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

3 There rest the prisoners, now released
From slavery's sad abode;
No more they hear the oppressor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.

4 There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.

5 All, levelled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb;
Till God in judgment call them forth,
To meet their final doom.

126. 127. 208. 281.

365. 3.4 I. 1.2. MONTGOMERY.

The grave.

1 THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found:
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

2 The storm that wrecks the winter sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

3 Ah mourner, long of storms the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam!
Hope! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

4 Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

5 A bruised reed God will not break;
Afflictions all his children feel;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal!

6 O traveller in the vale of tears!
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years
Pursue thy flight.

149. 255.

366. 2.4 I. 1.2. MONTGOMERY.

The departing spirit.

1 THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground;

2 The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day!

3 The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die!

149. 255.

367. L. M. BROWNE.

The fear of death overcome.

1 I CANNOT shun the stroke of death;—
Lord! help me to surmount the fear;
That when I must resign my breath,
Serene my summons I may hear.

2 'Tis sin gives venom to the dart;—
In me let every sin be slain:
From secret faults, Lord, cleanse my heart;
From wilful sins my hands restrain.

3 May I, my God, with holy zeal,
Closely the ends of life pursue,
Seek thy whole pleasure to fulfil,
And honour thee in all I do.

4 Let all my bliss and treasure lie,
Where in thy light I light shall see;
The soul may freely dare to die,
That longs to be possessed of thee.

5 Say thou art mine, and chase the gloom
Thick hanging o'er the vale of death:
Then shall I fearless meet my doom,
And as a victor yield my breath.

1. 7. 131. 184.

368. C. M. COLLYER.

Prayer for support in death.

1 WHEN bending o'er the brink of life
My trembling soul shall stand,
And wait to pass death's awful flood
At thy divine command:

2 Great Source of life and joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save!
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.

3 O may thy gracious presence, Lord,
Chase anxious fears away;
Amid the ruins of the world,
Our guardian and our stay!

4 Lay thy supporting gentle hand
Beneath my fainting head,
And let a beam of light divine
Illume my dying bed.

13. 21. 116. 208.

369. L. M. Ashworth.

Prayer against fear of death.

1 O Terrible in judgment, hear!
And sooth my soul, and still my fear,
When death's pale phantom, floating nigh,
Anticipates futurity!

2 When all life's desert wandered o'er,
I seem to stand on Jordan's shore,
To feel its cold wave chill my brow,
As it were beating o'er me now;

3 To ask my best friends' aid in vain
To win me back to life again;
To sicken at each look I cast,
Fearful that look should be my last;

4 And think when I must breathe in dread
Each gasp, lest it should leave me dead!
And ponder o'er that mystery
So fathomless,—what is 'To die!'

5 In such drear moments, Father, deign
Alone within my breast to reign;
Chase all vain dreams, my thoughts control,
To lose the body in the soul.

19. 101. 113. 148.

370. S. M. Doddridge.

Support in death.

1 Behold the gloomy vale
Which thou, my soul, must tread,
Beset with terrors fierce and pale,
That leads thee to the dead!

2 Ye pleasing scenes, adieu,
Which I so long have known;
My friends, a long farewell to you,
For I must pass alone.

3 But see! a ray of light,
With splendour all divine,
Breaks through these doleful realms of night,
And makes its horrors shine.

4 Where death in darkness reigns,
Jehovah is my stay;
His rod my trembling feet sustains,
His staff defends my way.

5 Dear Shepherd! lead me on;
My soul disdains to fear;
Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown,
Now life's great Lord is near.

10. 74. 81. 196.

371. L. M. HEBER.

The sting of death.

1 THE feeble pulse, the gasping breath,
The clenched teeth, the glazed eye,—
Are these thy sting, thou dreadful Death?
O Grave, are these thy victory?

2 The mourners by our parting bed,
The wife, the children weeping nigh,
The dismal pageant of the dead,—
These,—these are not thy victory!

3 But from the much-loved world to part,
Our lust untamed, our spirit high,
All nature struggling at the heart,
Which, dying, feels it dare not die!

4 To meet o'er-soon our heavenly King,
Whose love we passed unheeded by;
Lo! this, O Death, thy deadliest sting!
O Grave, and this thy victory!

5 O Searcher of the secret heart,
Who giv'st to all men once to die!
Restore us ere the spirit part,
Nor yield to death the victory!

113. 131. 148.

372. L. M. Doddridge.

Meditation on death.

1 Behold the path which mortals tread,
Down to the regions of the dead!
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.

2 Our kindred and our friends are gone;
Know, O my soul, this doom thy own;
Feeble as their's my mortal frame,
The same my way, my home the same.

3 Awake, my soul, thy way prepare,
And lose in this each mortal care;
With steady feet that path be trod
Which, through the grave, conducts to God.

4 Father! to thee my all I trust;
And if thou call me down to dust,
I know thy voice, I bless thy hand,
And die in peace at thy command.

7. 19. 66. 101.

373. $3\frac{1}{2}$ T. Montgomery.

Death.

1 'Spirit! leave thy house of clay:
Lingering dust! resign thy breath:
Spirit! cast thy chains away;
Dust! be thou dissolved in death.'

Thus the almighty Father speaks
While the faithful Christian dies;
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies.

2 'Prisoner, long detained below!
Prisoner, now with freedom blest!
Welcome from a world of woe!
Welcome to a land of rest!'
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.

3 Grave, the guardian of our dust!
Grave, the treasury of the skies!
Every atom of thy trust,
Rests in hope again to rise!
Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls,
'Soul! rebuild thy house of clay;
Immortality thy walls,
And *Eternity* thy day.'

279.

374. C. M. COWPER.

The Christian's release.

1 O MOST delightful hour, by man
Experienced here below;
The hour that terminates his span,
His folly, and his woe!

2 Worlds should not bribe me back, to tread
Again life's dreary waste,
To see again my day o'erspread
With all the gloomy past.

3 My home henceforth is in the skies;
Earth, seas, and sun, adieu!
All heaven unfolded to mine eyes,
I have no sight for you.

4 So speaks the Christian, firm possessed
Of faith's supporting rod;
Then breathes his soul into its rest,
The bosom of his God.

43. 63. 75. 93.

375. L. M. Barbauld.

The death of the righteous.

1 Sweet is the scene when virtue dies;
When sinks a righteous soul to rest;
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer-cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Triumphant smiles the victor-brow,
Fanned by some angel's purple wing;
Where is, O Grave, thy victory now?
And where, insidious Death, thy sting?

4 Farewell, conflicting joys and fears,
Where light and shade alternate dwell!
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Its duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
'Sweet is the scene when virtue dies.'

124. 189. 191. 226.

376. C. M. Peabody.

The Christian's evening of life.

1 Behold the western evening light!
It melts in deeper gloom;
So calm the righteous sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

2 The winds breathe low,—the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree!
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

3 How beautiful, on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the dying gives
To mourners round his bed.

4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

5 And lo! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears!
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

6 Night falls, but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake, to close no more.

65. 126. 127. 208.

377. 41. W. S. Roscoe.

The awful hope.

1 Almighty God! in prayer to thee
I bow the head, and bend the knee,
With trembling lips, and soul resigned:
Ere long this heart must glow no more;
This fleeting life will soon be o'er,
And vanish as the passing wind.

2 But thou, O Spirit, prompt to save,
Wilt brood upon the shrouded grave,
While wrapt in earth thy offspring sleeps;
As o'er her infant's midnight bed,
With bosomed breath, and silent tread,
Her secret watch the mother keeps.

3 O thou that dwell'st enthroned on high!
O God of heaven! we shall not die;
Omnipotent, All-wise, and Just!
Death shall resign his iron sway,
And love, that beams eternal day,
Shall warm our ashes in the dust.

4 But how shall man abide with thee,
Through ages of eternity,
When suns shall shed their beams no more?
With awe-struck soul I fear the birth,
And sinking on my mother earth,
I faint, I tremble, and adore!

18. 147. 243.

378. 4 T. 3½. C. Wesley.

"They rest from their labours."

1 Happy soul! thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel-guards attended,
To the home of spirits go!
Waiting to receive thee gladly,
See the Man of sorrows stand;
See the griefs he wept so sadly
All forgot at God's right hand.

2 Conquer once; then go for ever
Where the weary are at peace;
Nothing there from God can sever;
Troubles of the wicked cease.
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory;
Suffer, for an endless gain.

104. 176.

379. 3½T. POPE.

The dying Christian to his soul.

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying;
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

2 Hark, they whisper!—angels say,
'Sister spirit, come away!'
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul,—can this be death?

3 The world recedes!—it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly;
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

380. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Communion of the living and the dead.

1 THE saints on earth and those above
But one communion make;
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

2 One family, we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow:
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 Lo! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.

5 O God! be thou our constant guide:
Then, when thy word is given,
Shall death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

56. 63. 68. 207.

381. L. M. WATTS.

Hope in the resurrection.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Break from thy throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O Earth, his sovereign word!
Restore thy trust, a glorious form,
He must ascend to meet his Lord.

3 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade my bounds: no mortal woes
Can reach the lovely sleepers here;
And angels watch their soft repose.

4 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed:
Rest here, dear saint, till from his throne,
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

1. 57. 113. 168.

382. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

The issues of life and death.

1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole:

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the *whole* of life, to live,—
Nor *all* of death, to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love:

4 There is a death, whose pangs
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what a weight of horror hangs
Around the 'second death!'

5 Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And utterly undone!

6 Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love,—the rest
Of immortality.

81. 121. 196. 210.

383. C. M. NEWTON.

"*The dead who die in the Lord.*"

1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saint,
When he resigns his breath.

2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks;
We scarce can say, 'He's gone,'
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail
To trace her heavenward flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil,
Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
They are supremely blest;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

5 While they have gained, we losers are;
We miss them day by day;
Lord! fit our souls to meet them there,
And wipe our tears away.

65. 126. 152. 208.

384. S. M. D. C. Wesley.

"Watch: for ye know not the hour."

1 Thou Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear!
Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

2 To damp our earthly joys,
To increase our gracious fears,
For ever let the Archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears;—
The solemn midnight cry
'Ye dead, the Judge is come;
Arise and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom.'

3 O may we thus be found
Obedient to his word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord:
O may we thus ensure
Our lot among the blest,
And watch a moment, to secure
An everlasting rest.

10. 196.

385. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The hour of probation short.

1 THE day approacheth, O my soul,
The great decisive day,
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away!

2 Another day more awful dawns,
And lo! the Judge appears:
Ye heavens! retire before his face;
And sink, ye darkened stars!

3 Yet does one short preparing hour,
One precious hour remain:
Rouse then, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain!

17. 42. 49. 70.

386. C. M. MILMAN.

The harvest of the Lord.

1 THE angel comes, he comes to reap
The harvest of the Lord!
O'er all the earth with fatal sweep
Wide waves his flamy sword.

2 And who are they, in sheaves to bide
The fire of anguish bound?
The tares, whose rank luxuriant pride
Choked the fair crop around.

3 And who are they, reserved in store
God's treasure-house to fill?
The wheat, a hundred-fold that bore
Amid surrounding ill.

4 O King of mercy! grant us power
The fires of sin to flee:
In thy destroying angel's hour,
O gather us to thee!

4. 21. 44. 70.

387. L. M. Sir Walter Scott.

The judgment.

1 The day of wrath! that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
Whom shall he trust that dreadful day?

2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

3 O on that day, that dreadful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O God, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

113. 148.

388. P. M. Luther.

The judgment.

Great God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds! the graves restore
The dead which they contained before!
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

389. L. M. Anonymous.

"New heavens and a new earth."

1 Yon glorious orbs that gild the sky
Proclaim the God who reigns on high;
He pours the radiant stream they boast,
And marshals all the moving host.

2 But glittering stars shall cease to burn;
The sun forsake his golden urn;
This earth, these heavens, be swept away,
The splendid pageant of a day.

3 Yet will the Eternal wake to birth
More radiant heavens, a fairer earth,
Whose lustre shall admit no shade,
Whose lasting bloom shall never fade.

4 When time and death shall be no more,
To those bright realms the saints shall soar;
And, welcomed by their faithful Lord,
Shall then receive their vast reward.

5. 39. 212. 226.

390. C. M. Doddridge.

God the everlasting light of heaven.

1 Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light!
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night!

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed!
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

4 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes,
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

5 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

4. 42. 89. 242.

391. C. M. STEELE.

The better land.

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair, distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 There pain and sickness never come;
There grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

4 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

5 There no alternate night is known;
Nor sun's faint, sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.

6 O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love;
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

22. 63. 93. 111.

392. C. M. WATTS.

The prospect of heaven a support in death.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Perpetual day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
'Twas thus to Israel Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start, and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

31. 34. 62. 67.

393. 4 T. 3½. MILMAN.

Heaven welcome only to the prepared.

1 LORD! have mercy, and remove us
Early to thy place of rest,
Where the heavens are calm above us,
And as calm each sainted breast.

2 Holiest! yet if our repentance
Be not perfect and sincere,
Lord! suspend thy fatal sentence;
Leave us still in sadness here.

3 Leave us, Father, till our spirit
From each earthly taint is free;
Fit thy kingdom to inherit,
Fit to take its rest with thee.

150. 232.

394. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The heavenly Jerusalem.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand:
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

32. 34. 67. 146.

395. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

View of the home in heaven.

1 My Father's house on high!
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

2 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies:
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

4 Anon the clouds dispart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

5 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

6 Then, then I feel that He,—
Remembered or forgot,—
The Lord is never far from me
Though I perceive him not.

8. 121. 156. 196.

396. 3½ T. H. K. White.

The peace of heaven.

1 Hail! the heavenly scenes of peace,
Where the storms of passion cease!
Life's dismaying struggle o'er,
Wearied nature weeps no more!

2 Welcome, welcome, happy bowers,
Where no passing tempest lowers;
But the azure heavens display
Smiles of everlasting day!

3 Where the choral seraph-choir
Strike to praise the harmonious lyre;
And the spirit sinks to ease,
Lulled by distant symphonies!

4 O to think of meeting there
Friends whose graves received our tear;—
Child beloved, and wife adored,
To our widowed arms restored!—

5 All the joys which death did sever
Given to us again for ever!
Hail! the calm reality,—
Glorious Immortality!

125. 128. 167.

397. C. M. Watts.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

1 Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims,
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

49. 63. 70. 75.

398. 4 T. 3½. Sir J. E. Smith.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."

1 Holy, wise, eternal Father!
O how blessed is thy word,
Thus revealed to all thy servants,
By thy son, our gracious Lord!

2 In thy house are many mansions;—
So his hallowed lips declare:
O that we might there behold thee!
O that we might enter there!

3 There the blessed of all nations,
Of all times and worlds shall meet:
There the labourers in thy vineyard
Peaceful rest at Jesus' feet.

4 There the wronged and broken-hearted
Pure and sacred joy shall taste:
There the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

5 Then shall all of sin and evil
On its hateful self recoil;
None shall share it, none shall own it,
E'en its slaves no more shall toil.

6 Uncontrolled, thy power and godhead
Shall thy holy will maintain:
And, without a cloud, thy glory
To eternity shall reign.

104. 145. 232.

399. S. M. D. SIGOURNEY.

"Weep for yourselves, and for your children."

1 We mourn for those who *toil*,
The slave who ploughs the main,
Or him who hopeless tills the soil
Beneath the stripe and chain:
For those who, in the race,
O'erwearied and unblest,
A host of restless phantoms chase;—
Why mourn for those who *rest?*

2 We mourn for those who *sin*,
Bound in the tempter's snare,
Whom syren pleasure beckons in
To prisons of despair;
Whose hearts, by passions torn,
Are wrecked on folly's shore;—
But why in sorrow should we mourn
For those who *sin no more?*

3 We mourn for those who weep;
Whom stern afflictions bend
With anguish o'er the lowly sleep
Of lover or of friend:
But they to whom the sway
Of pain and grief is o'er,
Whose tears our God hath wiped away,
O mourn for them no more!

27. 81.

400. C. M. HEMANS.

The eternal rest in God.

1 CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footstep trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

116. 158. 242.

401. P. M. MONTGOMERY.

The departure of friends.

1 FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There *is* a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
—They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

144.

402. 3½ I. 3. C. WESLEY.

Adieu to a departed Christian friend.

1 FAREWELL, thou once a mortal!
Our poor afflicted friend!
Go! pass the heavenly portal,
To God, thy glorious end!

2 The Author of thy being
Hath summoned thee away;
And faith is lost in seeing,
And night in endless day.

3 With those that went before thee,
The saints of ancient days,
Who shine in sacred story,
Thy soul hath found its place:

4 Acquainted with their sadness,
While in the weeping vale,
Thou sharest now their gladness
And joys that never fail.

5 No loss of friends shall grieve thee,
That we alone must bear,
They cannot, cannot leave thee,
Thy kind companions there.

6 From all thy care and sorrow
Thou art escaped *today*,—
And we shall mount *tomorrow*,
And soar to thee away.

143. 172.

403. P. M. MILMAN.

Funeral hymn.

1 BROTHER! thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown,
Where the tear is wiped away,
And the sigh of grief unknown;
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

2 Thou hast trod the toilsome way,
Thou hast borne the heavy load;
But the Christ has taught thy feet
How to reach his blest abode:
Now thou sleep'st, like Lazarus,
Carried to his Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

3 Sin can never taint thee now,
Doubt, no more thy faith assail;
Nor thy trust in Jesus Christ,
And the Holy Spirit fail:
There thou 'rt sure to meet the good
Whom on earth thou lov'dst the best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

4 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust,'
Now the solemn Priest has said;
So we lay the turf above thee,
And we seal thy narrow bed;
But thy spirit, brother, soareth,
Free among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

5 When the Lord shall summon us
Here in sadness left behind,
O may we,—as pure from evil,—
As secure a welcome find;—
Each, like thee, depart in peace,
There to be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

282.

404. C. M. BARBAULD.

The mourner's thoughts of heaven.

1 NOT for the pious dead we weep;
Their sorrows now are o'er;
The sea is calm, the tempest past,
On that eternal shore.

2 Their peace is sealed, their rest is sure,
Within that better home;
Awhile we weep and linger here,
Then follow to the tomb.

3 And is the awful veil withdrawn,
That shrouds from mortal eyes,
In deep impenetrable gloom,
The secrets of the skies?

4 O might some dream of visioned bliss,
Some trance of rapture, show
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest from human woe.

5 Thence may their pure devotion's flame
On us, on us descend;
To us their strong aspiring hopes,
Their faith, their fervours lend.

6 Let these our shadowy path illume,
And teach the chastened mind
To welcome all that 's left of good,
To all that 's lost resigned.

63. 65. 116. 242.

405. L. M. Anonymous.

"Not lost, but gone before."

1 Say, why should friendship grieve for those
Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore?
Released from all their hurtful foes,
They are not lost—but gone before.

2 How many painful days on earth
Their fainting spirits numbered o'er!
Now they enjoy a heavenly birth;
They are not lost—but gone before.

3 Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strain which angels pour;
O why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost—but gone before.

4 Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,
Eternal happiness they share
Who are not lost—but gone before.

5 To Sion's peaceful courts above,
In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing in the arms of love,
The friends not lost—but gone before.

6 On Jordan's bank whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Father, convey us safely home,
To friends not lost—but gone before.

66. 131. 170. 226.

406. C. M. HOUGHTON.

The re-union of virtuous friends after death.

1 BLEST hour when virtuous friends shall meet,
Shall meet to part no more,
And with celestial welcome greet,
On an immortal shore.

2 The parent finds his long-lost child;
Brothers on brothers gaze:
The tear of resignation mild
Is changed to joy and praise.

3 Each tender tie, dissolved with pain,
With endless bliss is crowned:
All that was dead revives again;
All that was lost is found.

4 And while remembrance, lingering still,
Draws joy from sorrowing hours;
New prospects rise, new pleasures fill
The soul's expanded powers.

5 Congenial minds, arrayed in light,
High thoughts shall interchange;
Nor cease, with ever new delight,
On wings of love to range.

6 Their Father marks their generous flame,
And looks complacent down;
The smile that owns their filial claim
Is their immortal crown.

34. 56. 67. 84.

407. 3½ T. WESLEY'S COLLECTION.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

1 HARK! a voice divides the sky!
Happy are the faithful dead,
In the Lord who sweetly die!
They from all their toils are freed.

2 Ready for their glorious crown,—
Sorrows past, and sins forgiven,—
Here they lay their burthen down,
Hallowed and made meet for heaven.

3 Yes! the Christian's course is run;
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done;
Death is swallowed up in life.

4 Lo! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his heavy load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered into God!

5 When from flesh the spirit freed,
Hastens homeward to return;
Mortals cry, 'a man is dead!'
Angels sing, 'a child is born!'

11. 125. 167. 188.

408. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

He has fought the good fight; he has finished his course.

1 SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy master's joy.

[2] The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear:
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear:

[3] Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

4 At midnight came the cry,
'To meet thy God prepare!'
He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

5 His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.

6 The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

7 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ:
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

33. 53. 96. 222.

409. S. M. C. Wesley.

There shall be no more sorrow, nor crying.

1 Lord of the souls above,
Who only canst restore!
O take us to the friends we love,
To meet and part no more!

2 In yonder blissful seat
Waiting for us they are;—
And *thou* shalt there a husband meet,
And *I* a parent there!

3 There all our griefs are spent;
There all our sufferings end;
We cannot there the fall lament
Of a departed friend.

4 No brother, dead to God,
By sin, alas! undone;
No father, there, in passion loud,
Cries, 'O my son, my son!'

5 Nor slightest touch of pain,
Nor sorrow's least alloy,
Can violate our rest, or stain
Our purity of joy.

6 In that eternal day
No clouds or tempests rise:
These gushing tears are wiped away
For ever from our eyes.

10. 81. 196.

BOOK IV.

HUMAN DUTY, AND THE CHRISTIAN MIND.

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410. C. M. Watts.

The constancy of nature and inconstancy of the soul.

1 Infinite Power, eternal Lord,
How sovereign is thy hand!
All nature rose to obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.

2 With steady course thy shining sun
Keeps his appointed way;
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

3 But ah! how wide my spirit flies,
And wanders from her God!
My soul forgets the heavenly prize,
And treads the downward road.

4 Great God! create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to thine;
Melt down my will, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.

5 Then shall my feet no more depart,
Nor wandering senses rove;
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions love.

6 Then not the sun shall more than I
His Maker's law perform,
Nor travel swifter through the sky,
Nor with a zeal so warm.

4. 42. 43. 86.

411. C. M. BURNS.

The penitent's cry for mercy.

1 O THOU unknown, almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear;
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I may appear!

2 If I have wandered in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As something, loudly, in my breast
Remonstrates I have done:

3 Thou know'st that thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong;
And listening to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

4 Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stepped aside,
Do thou, All-good! for such thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

5 Where with intention I have erred,
No other plea I have,
But, thou art good; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

31. 65. 90.

412. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

"All we, like sheep, have gone astray."

1 LORD! we have wandered from the way;
Like foolish sheep, have gone astray:
Our pleasant pastures we have left,
And of their guard our souls bereft:

2 Exposed to want, exposed to harm,
Far from our gentle Shepherd's arm:
Nor will these fatal wanderings cease,
Till thou reveal the paths of peace.

3 O seek thy thoughtless servants, Lord!
Nor let us quite forget thy word:
Our erring souls do thou restore,
And keep us, that we stray no more.

124. 170. 191. 226.

413. L. M. Watts.

A penitent's prayer.

1 O thou that hear'st when sinners cry!
Lo! all my crimes before thee lie!
Though I have grieved thy spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford.

2 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

3 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

4 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight:
Thy holy joys, my God, restore;
And guard me that I fall no more.

14. 66. 101.

414. 3½ T. J. Taylor.

A penitential prayer.

1 God of mercy, God of love!
Hear our sad repentant song;
Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;

3 Foolish fears, and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain;

4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame we own:
Humbled, at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

5 God of mercy, God of grace!
Hear our sad repentant songs;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belongs!

11. 82. 125. 238.

415. P. M. PHINEAS FLETCHER.

"May be the Lord will look upon my tears."

DROP, drop slow tears!
And bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from heaven
The news and Prince of peace.
Cease not, wet eyes,
For mercy to entreat:
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease.
In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let His eye
See sin, but through my tears.

283.

416. C. M. Doddridge.

Inconstancy in religion lamented.

1 Perpetual Source of light and grace!
We hail thy sacred name:
Through every year's revolving round
Thy goodness is the same.

2 On us, unworthy as we are,
Its wondrous mercy pours;
Sure as the heavens' established course,
And plenteous as the showers.

3 Inconstant service we repay;
And treacherous vows renew;
False as the morning's scattering cloud,
And transient as the dew.

4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn;
And loud implore thy grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on
In all thy righteous ways.

5 Armed with this energy divine,
Our souls shall steadfast move,
And with increasing transport press
On to thy courts above.

6 So by thy power the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way,
Brightens each moment in his race,
And shines to perfect day.

21. 34. 41. 67.

417. S. M. Doddridge.

Retributive Providence.

1 Thy judgments cry aloud,
O ever-righteous God!
And in the sight of all the earth,
Thou liftest up thy rod.

2 Aloud thy servants cry,
Commissioned from thy throne,
And like a trumpet raise their voice,
To make thy judgments known.

3 But who the cry attends,
And makes his safety sure?—
Rocked by the tempest they should flee,
They sleep the more secure.

4 Another trumpet, Lord,
The heavy slumberers need:
Nor will they hear a feebler voice,
Than that which wakes the dead.

33. 53. 206. 218.

418. L. M. From the German.

Submissive prayer for grace.

1 My soul before thee prostrate lies,
To thee, its source, my spirit flies:
My wants I mourn, my chains I see;
O let thy presence set me free!

2 In life's short day, let me yet more
Of thy enlivening power implore:
My mind must deeper sink in thee,
My foot stand firm, from wandering free.

3 Take full possession of my heart;
The lowly mind of Christ impart:
I still will wait, O Lord, on thee,
Till, in thy light, the light I see.

4 One only care my soul should know,
Father, all thy commands to do:
Ah! deep engrave it on my breast,
That I in thee alone am blest.

26. 92. 131. 170.

419. C. M. C. Wesley.

Times past reviewed.

1 God of my life and all my powers,
The everlasting friend!
Shall life, so favoured in its dawn,
Be fruitless in its end?

2 To thee, O Lord, my tender years
A trembling duty paid,
With glimpses of the mighty God
Delighted and afraid.

3 From parent's eye, and paths of men,
Thy touch I ran to meet;
It swelled the hymn, and sealed the prayer;
'Twas calm, and strange, and sweet!

4 Oft when beneath the work of sin
Trembling and dark I stood,
And felt the edge of eager thought,
And felt the kindling blood;—

5 Thy dew came down,—my heart was thine;
It knew nor doubt nor strife;
Cool now, and peaceful as the grave,
And strong to second life.

6 Still will I hope for voice and strength
To glorify thy name;
Though I must die to all that 's mine,
And suffer all my shame.

13. 67. 127. 208.

420. C. M. Breviary.

The true penitent.

1 O sinner! bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer:
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

2 To beat the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee:
Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.

3 O let us then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to him to grant relief,
And stay the uplifted rod.

4 O righteous Judge! if thou wilt deign
To grant us what we need;
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

17. 21. 34. 41.

421. L. M. COWPER.

Peace after a storm.

1 WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears;
Then, gracious Father, then I find
The follies of my doubts and fears.

2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.

3 O let me then at length be taught,
What I am still so slow to learn;
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine:
Thou therefore all the praise receive,
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

1. 39. 124. 184.

422. P. M. HEBER.

The joy in heaven.

1 THERE was joy in heaven!
There was joy in heaven!
When this goodly world to frame
The Lord of might and mercy came:
Shouts of joy were heard on high,
And the stars sang from the sky—
'Glory to God in heaven!'

2 There was joy in heaven!
There was joy in heaven!
When the billows, heaving dark,
Sank around the stranded ark,
And the rainbow's watery span
Spake of mercy, hope to man,
And peace with God in heaven!

3 There was joy in heaven!
There was joy in heaven!
When of love the midnight beam
Dawned on the towers of Bethlehem;
And along the echoing hill
Angels sung,—'On earth goodwill,
And glory in the heaven!'

1 There is joy in heaven!
There is joy in heaven!
When the sheep that went astray
Turns again to virtue's way;
When the soul, by grace subdued,
Sobs its prayer of gratitude,
Then is there joy in heaven!

284.

423. C. M. Middleton.

Desire of self-consecration.

1 As o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

2 The world, and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employed;
While time unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from this labouring breast:
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer;
That grace can do the rest.

4 My life's best remnant all be thine;
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign—
O speed my soul to thee!

4. 65. 90. 116.

424. C. M. Montgomery.

Prayer for wisdom.

1 Almighty God! in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift,
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

3 We ask not honours, which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp and power,
Lest we should go astray.

4 We ask for wisdom:—Lord! impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.

5 The young remember thee in youth,
Before the evil days!
The old be guided by thy truth
In wisdom's pleasant ways!

13. 116. 127. 158.

425. 3½ T. GUION.

The waverer's prayer.

1 SOURCE of love, and Light of day!
Tear me from myself away:
Every view and thought of mine,
Cast into the mould of thine.

2 Can I grieve thee, whom I love,—
Thee, in whom I live and move?
If my sorrow touch thee still,
Save me from so great an ill!

3 Still I choose thee,—follow still
Every notice of thy will:
But unstable, strangely weak,
Still let slip the good I seek.

4 Thee relinquished,—how we roam,
Feel our way, and leave our home!
Thou alone our comfort art,
Strengthener of the trembling heart!

11. 125. 227. 238.

426. C. M. C. Wesley.

Vain repentances.

1 Times without number have I prayed
'This only once forgive;'
Relapsing when thy hand was stayed,
And suffered me to live.

2 Yet now the kingdom of thy peace,
Lord, to my heart restore;
Forgive my vain repentances,
And bid me sin no more.

42. 43. 56. 98.

427. C. M. Milman.

Prayer for divine help.

1 O help us, Lord! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O help us, when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore,
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

3 O help us, through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 O help us, Father, from on high,
We know no help but thee;
O help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

13. 43. 98. 127.

428. S. M. Cowper.

Strength in God.

1 To keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

2 The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from him.

3 Beware of Peter's word,
Nor confidently say
'I never *will* deny thee, Lord!'
But, 'grant I never may.'

4 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak
Who trusted in his own.

5 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings,
Than all your works beside.

6 In God is all our store,
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, 'I want no more,'
Confesses he has none.

27. 35. 210.

429. L. M. Cotterill.

Entire subjection to the will of God.

1 O thou, who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand!
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be,
That stands between ourselves and thee.

3 Twice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude and praise.

4 Still make us, when temptation's near,
As our worst foe ourselves to fear:
And, each vain-glorious thought to quell,
Teach us how Peter vowed and fell.

5 Yet may we, feeble, weak and frail,
Against our mightiest foes prevail:
Thy word, our safety from alarm;
Our strength, thine everlasting arm.

6 And, while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give,
Until the joyful summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

1. 14. 47. 170.

430. C. M. New York Coll.

Prayer for a holy mind.

1 Father in heaven! to whom my heart
Would lift itself in prayer,
Drive from my soul each earthly thought,
And show thy presence there.

2 Each moment of my life renews
The mercies of the Lord;
Each moment is itself a gift,
To bear me on to God.

3 Help me to break the galling chains
This world has round me thrown:
Each passion of my heart subdue,
Each darling sin disown.

4 O Father! kindle in my breast
A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust
In thine Almighty name.

20. 34. 116. 214.

431. L. M. E. Taylor.

Self-consecration to God.

1 'Thus shalt thou love the Almighty Lord,—
With all thy heart and soul and mind.'
So speaks to man that sacred word
For counsel and reproof designed.

2 'With all thy heart;' no idol thing,
Though close around the heart it twine,
Its interposing shade must fling,
To darken that pure love of thine.

3 'With all thy mind;' each varied power,
Creative fancy, musings high,
And thoughts that glance behind, before,
These must religion sanctify.

4 'With soul and strength;' thy days of ease,
While vigour nerves each youthful limb,
And hope and joy, and health and peace,
All must be freely brought to him.

5 Thou Power supreme, in whom we move!
Vouchsafe thy servants, in their day,
The mind to adore, the heart to love,
And strength to serve thee, while they may.

57. 88. 131. 197.

432. L. M. C. Wesley.

Self-consecration to God.

1 O thou, who deignest from above
The pure celestial fire to impart!
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With unextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return
In humble love, and fervent praise.

3 O Lord! confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat;
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

3. 39. 64. 170.

433. 4.4 I. 1.3. Oberlin.

Self-dedication.

1 O Lord! thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to thee:
To thee, my God! to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy,
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee:
On thee, my God! on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thou 'rt present, Lord, in every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee;
To thee, my God! to thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing
Safe 'neath the covert of thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want, I find in thee,
In thee, my God! in thee.

38. 52. 192.

434. C. M. WREFORD.

For increase of faith.

1 LORD! I believe; thy power I own,
Thy word I would obey:
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.

2 Lord! I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord! I believe; but thou dost know
My faith is cold and weak:
Pity my frailty, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes! I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord! to thy truth my spirit bow;
Help thou my unbelief!

13. 20. 32. 71.

435. S. M. C. Wesley.

Prayer for self-consecration.

1 O God, my strength, my hope!
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.

2 O for a godly fear,—
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly!—

3 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer!—

4 A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross!

5 Lord! let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

27. 35. 74. 96.

436. 41. J. Quarles.

Subjection of the soul to God.

1 O thou that sitt'st in heaven, and see'st
My deeds without, my thoughts within,
Be thou my Prince, be thou my Priest;
Command my soul, and cure my sin:
How bitter my afflictions be
I care not, so I rise to thee.

2 What I possess, or what I crave,
Brings no content, great God, to me,
If what I would, or what I have,
Be not possessed and blest in thee:
What I enjoy,—O make it mine
In making me—that have it—thine.

3 When winter-fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer friends; when eyes grow strange;
When plighted faith forgets its vows;
When earth and all things in it change;—
O Lord! thy mercies fail me never;
Where once thou lov'st, thou lov'st for ever.

83. 260.

437. S. M. MORAVIAN.

Self-abandonment to God.

1 LORD! bring me to resign
My doubting heart to thee;
And, whether cheerful or distressed,
Thine, thine alone to be.

2 My only aim be this,—
Thy purpose to fulfil,
In thee rejoice with all my strength,
And do thy holy will.

3 Lord! thy all-seeing eye
Keeps watch with sleepless care:
Thy great compassion never fails;
Thou hear'st my needy prayer.

4 So will I firmly trust,
That thou wilt guide me still,
And guard me safe throughout the way,
That leads to Zion's hill.

8. 33. 156. 196.

438. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

"Thy will, not mine, be done."

1 ONE prayer I have,—all prayers in one,—
When I am wholly thine:
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.

2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good!
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

3 Is life with many comforts crowned,
Upheld in peace and health,
With dear affections twined around?—
Lord! in my time of wealth,

4 May I remember that to thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back in gratitude from me
May all thy bounties flow.

5 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employed,
When in thy service spent.

6 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No! let me bless thy name and say,
'The Lord is gracious still.'

67. 86. 127. 152.

439. C. M. COWPER.

Submission.

1 O LORD! my best desire fulfil;
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears;
Or tremble at the gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears?

3 No! rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold from me.

4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth!

5 But ah! my inward spirit cries,—
'Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.'

17. 22. 63. 68.

440. 41. J. QUARLES.

Self-abandonment to God.

1 FOUNTAIN of light and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade!
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade:
Appoint the remnant of my days,
To see thy power, and sing thy praise.

2 Lord God of gods, before whose throne
Stand storms and fire! O what shall we
Return to heaven, that is our own,
When all the world belongs to thee?
We have no offering to impart
But praises, and a wounded heart.

3 Great God, whose kingdom hath no end,
Into whose secrets none can dive,
Whose mercy none can apprehend,
Whose justice none can feel,—and live!
What my dull heart cannot aspire
To *know*,—Lord, teach me to *admire*.

83. 160.

441. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

"Commune with thine own heart."

1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home;
Retired and silent seek them there:
True conquest is ourselves to o'ercome,
True strength, to break the tempter's snare.

3 And thou, my God, whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

4 Through all the mazes of my heart
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.

5 Then with the visits of thy love
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer:
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God hath fixed his dwelling there.

29. 189. 197. 226.

442. C. M. Montgomery.

What is prayer?

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword in the hour of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, 'Behold, he prays!'

6 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord! teach us how to pray.

13. 126. 158. 208.

443. C. M. Anonymous.

Secret prayer.

1 Sweet is the prayer, whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires;
Hope points the upward gaze;
And love, celestial love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Heard by no human ear;
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

4 No accents flow, no words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But sainted spirits comprehend,
And God accepts, the prayer.

13. 126. 152. 208.

444. C. M. COWPER.

Retirement.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee;
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where sin is waging still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and guardian of my life!
Sweet source of life divine!
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Father—thou art mine!

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

43. 56. 94. 159.

445. C. M. Doddridge.

Secret devotion.

1 Father divine! thy piercing eye
Shoots through the darkest night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 There shall that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.

3 O may thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame;
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign, in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.

20. 43. 49. 214.

446. 3½ T. Hemans.

"That men pray every where."

1 Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;

Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest work to leave ;—
Pray : ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

2 Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
Sailor, on the darkening sea ;—
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

3 Warrior, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun ;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial-plain ;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see ;—
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

145. 216. 240.

447. L. M. E. Taylor.

"Seek, and ye shall find."

1 O SOURCE of good ! around me spread
Ten thousand thousand blessings lie ;
By night thy mercy guards my head,
By day I feel thee ever nigh.

2 Yet if to taste thy gifts were all
Thy bounteous hand bestowed on me,
No leave upon thy name to call,
And gain access by prayer to thee ;

3 How would my spirit sorrowing,
'Mid all those gifts, have sighed to feel, —
It knew not the refreshing spring,
That ceaseless flows to soothe and heal!

4 No chain to bind the wandering soul,
No link, connecting earth and heaven,
No Father's pitying, kind control,
No child, repenting and forgiven!

5 But God reveals his mercy-seat,
And beams of light the gloom dispel:
He gives;—from him the gift is sweet;
He takes away,—and all is well.

6 The voice of prayer in heaven is heard!
Let strength depart and comforts flee,
If man may act upon that word,—
'Seek, and he shall be found of thee.'

117. 131. 184. 224.

448. L. M. COWPER.

Exhortation to prayer.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright.

3 Have you no words? Ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

4 Were half the breath, thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
'Hear what the Lord hath done for me.'

2. 3. 57. 78.

449. C. M. Anonymous.

The Lord's prayer.

1 Father in heaven! thy sacred name
In hallowed strains be sung;
Thy kingdom spread o'er all the earth;
Thy praise fill every tongue.

2 By happy spirits round thy throne
As thy commands are done;
So be thy perfect will obeyed
By all beneath the sun.

3 Our numerous wants are known to thee,
Who canst alone supply;
O grant each day our daily bread,
Nor other good deny.

4 Forgive our sins, as we forgive
The wrongs that others do;
Nor let temptations press around,
Lest we those sins renew.

5 Thou art our safety and defence,
When dangers threatening stand;
O turn aside impending ills
With thy almighty hand.

6 Thy sceptre all creation sways;
Thy power knows no control;
Thy matchless glory shall endure
While endless ages roll.

20. 43. 98. 214.

450. 3½ T. CONDER.

"Give us day by day our daily bread."

1 DAY by day the manna fell:
O to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

2 'Day by day,' the promise reads;
Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away;
Take the manna of today.

3 Lord! my times are in thy hand:
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

4 Thou my daily task shalt give:
Day by day to thee I live:
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, my Father's will.

5 Fond ambition, whisper not;
Happy is my humble lot:
Anxious, busy cares, away;
I 'm provided for today.

6 O to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer:
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude!

11. 128. 151. 188.

451. L. M. HEBER.

The bread of life from day to day.

1 O KING of earth and air and sea!
The hungry ravens cry to thee;
To thee the scaly tribes that sweep
The bosom of the boundless deep.

2 Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness;
And thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray
For daily bread from day to day.

3 And O, when through the wilds we roam
That part us from our heavenly home;
When lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow:

4 Do thou thy gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul may live;
And grant thy servants, Lord, we pray,
The bread of life from day to day.

47. 78. 191. 212.

452. $3\frac{1}{2}$ T. CONDER.

"Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."

1 LORD! forgive me, day by day,
Debts I cannot hope to pay:
Duties I have left undone;
Evils I have failed to shun:

2 Trespasses in word and thought;
Deeds from evil motive wrought;
Cold ingratitude, distrust;
Thoughts unhallowed or unjust.

3 Pardon, Lord!—and are there those
Who my debtors are, or foes?
I, who by forgiveness live,
Here their trespasses forgive.

4 May I feel, beneath my wrongs,
Vengeance to the Lord belongs;
Nor a worse requital dare,
Than the meek revenge of prayer.

5 Much forgiven, may I learn
Love for hatred to return;
Then assured my heart shall be,
Thou, my God, hast pardoned me.

82. 128. 167. 187.

453. 3½ T. CONDER.

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

1 HEAVENLY Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie!
Through the desert, where I stray,
Let thy counsels guide my way.

2 Lead me not, for flesh is frail,
Where fierce trials would assail:
Leave me not, in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.

3 Lord! uphold me day by day,
Shed a light upon my way:
Guide me through perplexing snares:
Care for me in all my cares.

4 All I ask for is,—enough:
Only, when the way is rough,
Let thy rod and staff impart
Strength and courage to my heart.

5 Should thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,—
Father! glorify thy name.

6 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that thou art near;
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to thee, my God!

11. 82. 125. 129.

454. 41. E. Taylor.

Remember thy Creator, while the evil days come not.

1 Truly the light of morn is sweet,
And sweet it is to see the sun:
But though the cheerful hours may fleet,
And years pass gaily one by one,—
O blot not eager from thy mind
The thought of darker days behind.

2 Rejoice, O child of mortal birth!
In all the pride of youth rejoice;
And let the beauteous things of earth
Allure thine eye, invite thy choice:
Yet know, for blessings freely given,
Thine is a large account with heaven.

3 And O remember, ere the day,
The evil day, of grief shall come,
When all the joy is passed away,
And nought is left but gathering gloom;
Remember, ere the creatures fall,
Him, first and last, who gave them all.

118. 192.

455. C. M. Heber.

The years of innocence, and of temptation.

1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou, whose infant feet were led
Within thy Father's shrine!
Whose years, with holiest spirit fed,
Were all alike divine:—

6 We seek that Spirit's bounteous breath,
We ask his grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own!

126. 179. 190.

456. L. M. WATTS.

The Christian race.

1 AWAKE our souls! away our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint:—

3 Thee,—mighty God! whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We 'll mount aloft to thine abode:
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

1. 38. 57. 77.

457. S. M. D. GERHARDT.

Christian trust.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou his time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 He every where hath way,
And all things serve his might:
His every act pure blessing is;
His paths, unsullied light.
When he makes bare his arm,
What shall his work withstand?
When he his people's cause defends,
Who, who shall stay his hand?

3 Leave to his sovereign sway,
To choose and to command;
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own,
How wise, how strong his hand.
Thou comprehend'st him not:
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as sovereign on the throne;
He ruleth all things well.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord!
Our hearts are known to thee:
O lift thou up the sinking hand;
Confirm the feeble knee!
Let us, in life and death,
Boldly thy truth declare;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love, and guardian care.

210.

458. P. M. HEBER.

Prayer for help in the storms of life.

1 WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker,—'Help, Lord! or we perish!'

2 When Jesus, once tossed on the breast of the billow,
Was roused by the shriek of despair from his pillow,
He bade the waves cease their rash fury, and cherish
The suppliants crying,—'Help, Lord! or we perish!'

3 O God! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When hell in our heart his wild warfare is waging,
Arise in thy strength thy redeemed to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer;—'Help, Lord! or we perish!'

285.

459. S. M. Wesley's Collection.

The Christian charge.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:—

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

33. 35. 96. 196.

460. C. M. Doddridge.

The Christian race.

1 AWAKE my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on!
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths, and monarchs' gems,
Shall blend in common dust.

4. 44. 69. 207.

461. 4 T. 3½. ASHWORTH.

The Christian warfare.

1 CHRISTIAN warrior! faint not, fear not!
Though thy foes press thickly round:
Scorn to yield, as those who hear not
The glad gospel's trumpet sound!

2 Christian warrior! ne'er unarm thee,
When, in flattering pleasure's guise,
The subtle foe would fear to alarm thee;—
Christian sentinel, be wise!

3 Wearied warrior! still assure thee,
'As thy day, thy strength shall be;'
When thou'st borne the battle's fury,
Turn not at its close and flee!

4 Lo! the clouds of war are clearing;
Foes are waxing faint and few;
Through their scattered ranks appearing,
Zion's towers expand to view!

5 Christian warrior! grace protect thee;
Watch and pray and onward hie;
Zion's herald hosts expect thee,
Angel bards of victory!

104.

462. L. M. BARBAULD.

The Christian warfare.

1 AWAKE my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;—
Awake my soul, or thou art lost.

2 Here giant danger threatening stands,
Mustering his pale terrific bands;
There pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.

3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

4 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most the traitor in thy heart.

5 Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armour from above,
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.

6 The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The man of Calvary triumphed here;—
Why should his faithful followers fear?

7. 38. 57. 66.

463. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christian watchfulness.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

30. 53. 59. 99.

464. L. M. Roscoe.

The Christian pilgrimage and warfare.

1 Go, suffering habitant of earth!
Go, conscious of thy heavenly birth,
And, midst the storms that round thee rise,
Retrace thy journey to the skies.

2 What though the wild winds rage around,
Thou wilt not tremble at the sound;
What though the waters o'er thee roll,
They touch not thine immortal soul.

3 See, where arrayed on either hand
The direful train of passions stand;
See hatred, envy, bar thy way
And foes more dangerous still than they.

4 But robed in innocence and truth,
Thou from temptation guard thy youth;
And from thy vestment's sacred bound
Shake the dread fiends that cling around.

5 Against thee though they all conspire,
With taunt, and threat, and flood, and fire,
Thou all their empty rage disdain,
That raves, and burns, and rolls, in vain.

6 Go, with pure heart and steadfast eyes,
Till on thee that bright morn shall rise
That gives thee to thy blest abode,
To rest for ever with thy God.

39. 85. 164. 212.

465. C. M. Barbauld.

"The salt of the earth."

1 Salt of the earth, ye virtuous few,
Who season human kind!
Light of the world, whose cheering ray
Illumes the realms of mind!

2 Where misery spreads her deepest shade,
Your strong compassion glows;
From your blest lips the balm distils
That softens mortal woes.

3 By dying beds, in prison glooms,
Your frequent steps are found;
Angels of love! you hover near,
To bind the stranger's wound.

4 As down the summer stream of vice
The thoughtless many glide;
Upward you steer your steady bark,
And stem the rushing tide.

5 You lift on high the warning voice,
When public ills prevail;
Yours is the writing on the wall
That turns the tyrant pale.

6 Proceed; your race of glory run;
Your virtuous toils endure:
You come, commissioned from on high,
And your reward is sure.

36. 56. 68. 87.

466. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

"*The kingdom of God is as if a man should cast seed into the ground.*"

1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found;
Go forth, then, every where.

4 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

5 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

6 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry—'Harvest home!'

27. 30. 35. 210.

467. L. M. WATTS.

The Christian life.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour, God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion, and envy, lust, and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on his word.

14. 19. 88. 217.

468. L. M. Scott.

Devotion vain without virtue.

1 The uplifted eye, the bended knee,
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee;
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal?
Or fast and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?

3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to thy will resigned,
To thee a nobler offering yields,
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields.

4 'Be just and kind,' that great command,
Doth on eternal pillars stand:
This did thy ancient prophets teach,
And this thy well-beloved preach.

23. 47. 113. 215.

469. P. M. Wesley's Collection.

Joyful self-dedication.

1 Lo! I come with joy to do
The Master's blessed will!
Him in outward works pursue
And serve his pleasure still.
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I still would choose the better part;
Serve with careful Martha's hands,
And loving Mary's heart.

2 Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil;
Peaceful in Messiah's name,
Supported by his smile;
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find his service my reward;
Every work I do below,
I 'll do it to the Lord.

3 Thou, O Lord, in tender love,
Dost all my burthens bear.
Lift my heart to things above
And fix it ever there!
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
Midst busy multitudes alone,
Meekly waiting at thy feet
Till all thy will be done.

286.

470. L. M. MERRICK.

Desire of holiness.

1 TEACH me, O teach me, Lord, thy way;
So to my life's remotest day,
By thy unerring precepts led,
My willing feet its paths may tread.

2 Informed by thee, with sacred awe
My heart shall meditate thy law;
And, with celestial wisdom filled,
To thee its full obedience yield.

3 O turn from vanity mine eye;
To me thy quickening strength supply;
And with thy promised mercy cheer
A heart devoted to thy fear.

55. 131. 170. 191.

471. L. M. H. Moore.

Prayer for spiritual excellence.

1 Supreme and universal Light!
Fountain of reason, Judge of right!
Parent of good! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below:

2 Without whose kind directing ray
In everlasting night we stray,
From passion still to passion tossed,
And in a maze of error lost:

3 Assist me, Lord, to act, to be
What nature and thy laws decree;
Worthy that intellectual flame
Which from thy breathing spirit came.

4 May my expanded soul disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim,
But with a Christian view embrace
Whate'er is friendly to my race.

5 O Father! grace and virtue grant;
No more I wish, no more I want:
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, is bliss above.

19. 23. 57. 219.

472. L. M. Watts.

Desire of active obedience.

1 God of the morning! at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies:

2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins;
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 O like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind, and active will,
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

4 Lord! thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

5 Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

1. 2. 77. 212.

473. L. M. C. Wesley.

Self-dedication.

1 Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thine acceptable will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost spirit see;
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day:

5 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

85. 117. 184. 224.

474. S. M. D. C. Wesley.

Prayer for self-dedication amid cares.

1 The praying spirit breathe!
The watching power impart!
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my anxious heart:
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed:
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come!
Thine own this moment seize!
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace;
Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

10. 81. 196.

475. 41. Moravian.

The disciple's vow.

1 Messiah Lord! rejoicing still
To do thy gracious Father's will,
To thy blest sceptre will I bow:
With duteous reverence at thy feet,
Like humble Mary, lo! I sit:
Speak, Lord! thy servant heareth now.

2 O may thine image dwell in me:
Lowly and gentle may I be;
No charms but these to God are dear:
No anger may he ever find,
No pride in my unruffled mind;
But faith and heaven-born peace be there:—

3 A patient, a victorious mind,
That life and all things casts behind,—
Springs forth obedient to thy call.
Father, with whom he dwells above!
Like Christ to adore, believe, and love,—
Teach me, O Lord, my life, my all!

18. 147. 243.

476. C. M. E. Taylor.

The pure in heart shall see God.

1 Who shall behold the King of kings
In his fair dwelling-place?
Who shall ascend on seraph-wings,
And see him face to face?

2 He, the foundations of whose hope
In humble thoughts are laid;
Who still with cheerful faith looks up
For pardon and for aid;

3 Who hastens with the dawning day
The throne of grace to seek,
And, taught himself, would teach the way
Of peace to all the weak;

4 Whose fervent spirit eager springs
To do thy will, O Lord!
Who sees thee in all beauteous things,
Who hears thee in thy word.

5 Though frailty mark and error dim
That mortal's steps while here;
An eye of mercy looks on him,
And warns him not to fear.

17. 56. 127. 152.

477. S. M. KEBLE.

The pure in heart.

1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart;
And for his temple and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

8. 27. 121. 196.

478. L. M. HEBER.

"The great Task-master."

1 THE God of glory walks his round,
From day to day, from year to year;
And warns us each with awful sound,
'No longer stand ye idle here!

2 Ye whose young cheeks are rosy bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear;
Waste not of hope the morning light!
Ah fools! why stand ye idle here?

3 O as the griefs you would assuage
That wait on life's declining year,
Secure a blessing for your age,
And work your Maker's business here!

4 And ye, whose locks of scanty grey
Foretell your latest travail near,
How swiftly fades your worthless day!
And stand ye yet so idle here?

5 One hour remains, there is but one!
But many a cry and many a tear
Too late the bitter guilt must mourn
Of moments lost and wasted here!'

6 O thou, by all thy works adored!
To whom the sinner's soul is dear,
Recall us to thy vineyard, Lord!
And grant us grace to please thee here!

3. 66. 191. 226.

479. 3½ T. MONTGOMERY.

Life of holiness.

1 FATHER of eternal love!
Glorify thyself in me;
Fix my thoughts on things above;
Stay my heart alone on thee.

2 Humble, holy, all-resigned,
May I say, 'thy will be done;'
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved son.

3 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod;
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with him to thee, my God.

11. 82. 125.

480. L. M. BROWNE.

Imitation of God.

1 GREAT God! thy peerless excellence
Let all created natures own:
Deep on our minds impress the sense
Of glories which are thine alone.

2 Let these our admiration raise,
And fill us with religious awe;
Tune both our hearts and tongues to praise,
And bend us to thy holy law.

3 But where we may resemble thee,
And in the godlike nature share,
Thy humble followers let us be,
And somewhat of thy likeness bear.

4 Pure may we be, averse to sin,
Just, holy, merciful, and true:
And let thine image, formed within,
Shine out in all we speak and do.

14. 64. 198. 219.

481. S. M. MORAVIAN.

"Seeing him who is invisible."

1 TEACH me, my God and King,
Thy will in all to see:
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee!

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend:
In all I do, be thou the way,
In all, be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake:
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done beneath thy laws
E'en servile labours shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;
The meanest work, divine.

8, 27. 30. 37. 206.

482. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

"As seeing him, who is invisible."

1 ETERNAL and immortal King!
Thy peerless splendours none can bear;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his lustre's there.

2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see:
And, with its tremblings, mingle joy
In fixed regards, great God, to thee.

3 Then every tempting form of sin,
Shamed in thy presence, disappears;
And all the glowing, raptured soul
The likeness it contemplates—wears.

4 O ever-conscious to my heart!
Witness to its supreme desire!
Behold it presseth on to thee,
For it hath caught the heavenly fire!

5 This one petition would I urge,—
To bear thee ever in its sight;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight.

1. 57. 186. 198.

483. P. M. Thomas Heywood.

Prayer for holiness.

O MAKE us apt to seek, and quick to find,
Thou God, most kind!
Give love, and hope, and faith in thee to trust,
Thou God, most just!
Remit all our offences, we intreat,
Most good, most great!
Grant that our willing, though unworthy quest,
May, through thy grace, admit us 'mongst the blest!

484. 4 I. C. Wesley.

Prayer for a watchful mind.

1 O would'st thou, Lord, thy servant guard
From every known and secret foe!
A mind for all assaults prepared,
A sober, vigilant mind bestow,
Ever apprised of danger nigh,
And when to fight, and when to fly!

2 O never suffer me to sleep
Secure within the verge of hell;
But still my watchful spirit keep
In lowly awe, and loving zeal;
And bless me with a godly fear;
And plant that guardian angel here!

3 Attended by the sacred dread,
And wise from evil to depart,
Let me from strength to strength proceed,
And rise to purity of heart;
Through all the paths of duty move,
From humble faith to perfect love.

83. 118.

485. P. M. Moravian.

The disciples' vow.

We covenant with hand and heart
To follow Christ, our Lord;
With world, and sin, and self to part,
And to obey his word:
To love each other heartily,
In truth and in sincerity;
And under cross, reproach, and shame,
To glorify his holy name.

288.

486. L. M. W. Taylor.

"The just man walketh in his integrity."

1 The Lord is just: he made the chain
Which binds together guilt and pain:
The Lord is just: he loves to shed
His blessings where the virtues tread.

2 Happy the man who dares be just,
Refusing to betray his trust,
Though interest tempt him to the deed,
Though the seducing passions plead.

3 Happy the man who dares be just,
Steadfast, when duty says 'thou must,'
Against the tyrant's marking frown,
Or the fond crowd impetuous grown.

4 Him would the storm-vexed ocean's weight
Or lightning barbed with instant fate,
Or the last earthquake's awful shock,
Unfearing smite;—God is his rock.

19. 23. 203. 215.

487. 3½ T. From the German.

The Christian warrior.

Warrior! to thy duty stand,
Faithful to thy Saviour's call;
With the shield of faith in hand,
Fearless, though thy comrades fall:
Nothing fill thee with dismay,
Hunger, toil, or length of way;
In thy leader's victory boast:—
Never, never leave thy post.

82. 145. 187.

488. C. M. Burns.

Trust amid the severities of God.

1 Thou Power supreme! whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest; they must be best,
Because they are thy will!

2 Then all I want, (O do thou grant
This one request of mine!)
Since to enjoy thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign.

43. 63. 90. 116.

489. L. M. NORTON.

Filial trust in divine love.

1 My God! I thank thee: may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay:
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

4 Thy various messengers employ!
Thy purposes of love fulfil!
And mid the wreck of human joy,
May kneeling faith adore thy will.

52. 117. 131. 197.

490. C. M. STEELE.

Gratitude and resignation.

1 When I survey life's varied scene,—
Amid the darkest hours,
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.

2 Are health and ease my happy share?
O may I bless my God!
Thy kindness let my songs declare,
And spread thy praise abroad.

3 While such delightful gifts as these
Are kindly dealt to me,
Be all my hours of health and ease
Devoted, Lord, to thee.

4 And O, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise;—

5 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

22. 94. 95. 214.

491. L. M. CHATTERTON.

Confidence in God.

1 O GOD, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom-globe surveys!
To thee, my only rock, I fly;
Thy mercy, in thy justice, praise.

2 The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill;
But what the Eternal does is right.

3 O teach me, in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

4 The gloomy mantle of the night,
That on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my orient sun, reveals.

19. 23. 113. 219.

492. C. M. STEELE.

Filial trust.

1 My God, my Father! blissful name!
O may I call thee mine!
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine!

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise;
O bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

5 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight:
Yet let my soul, adoring, own
That all thy ways are right.

13. 17. 127. 158.

493. 3½ T. WESLEY'S COLLECTION.

The simplicity of Christ.

1 LORD! that I may learn of thee,
Give me true simplicity;
Wean my soul, and keep it low,
Willing thee alone to know.

2 Of my boasted wisdom spoiled,
Docile, helpless as a child;
Only seeing in thy light,
Only walking in thy might.

3 Then infuse the living grace,
Truthful soul of righteousness;
Knowledge, love divine, impart,—
Life eternal to my heart.

125. 128. 238.

494. 3½ T. NEWTON.

Docility and trust.

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild;
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleaseth thee.

2 What thou shalt today provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What tomorrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise;
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

162. 235.

495. S. M. BEDDOME.

Christian unity.

1 LET party-names no more
The christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one, in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With the same blessings crowned!

3 Envy and strife begone,
And only kindness known,
Where all one common Father have,
One common Master own.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where springs of purest pleasure rise,
And every heart is love.

27. 37. 99. 222.

496. L. M. SCOTT.

"Hast thou faith?—have it to thyself before God."

1 ALL-SEEING God! 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow,
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

2 Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed?
Revering thy commands alone,
We humbly seek and use our own.

3 If wrong, forgive; approve, if right;
While faithful we obey our light,
And censuring none, are zealous still
To follow as to learn thy will.

4 When shall our happy eyes behold
Thy people fashioned in thy mould;
And charity our lineage prove,
Derived from thee, O God of love?

5. 19. 23. 38.

497. L. M. ENFIELD.

Humility.

1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day,
O why should mortal man be proud?

2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear
A breath may level with the ground.

3 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way:
How vain of wisdom's gifts the boast!
Of reason's lamp how faint the ray!

4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span:
How ill, alas! does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man!

5 God of my life, Father divine!
Give me a meek and lowly mind;
In modest worth O let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

2. 88. 101. 217.

498. L. M. DRUMMOND.

Charity.

1 COME, let us sound her praise abroad,
Sweet Charity,—the child of God!
Hers, on whose kind maternal breast,
The sheltered babes of misery rest:

2 Who,—when she sees the sufferer bleed,—
Reckless of name, or sect, or creed,
Comes with prompt hand and look benign
To bathe his wounds in oil and wine:

3 Who in her robe the sinner hides,
And soothes and pities while she chides;
Who lends an ear to every cry,
And asks no plea but misery.

4 Her tender mercies freely fall,
Like heaven's refreshing dews, on all;
Encircling in their wide embrace
Her friends, her foes,—the human race.

5 Nor bounded to the earth alone,
Her love expands to worlds unknown;
Wherever faith's rapt thought has soared,
Or hope her upward flight explored.

85. 117. 157. 189.

499. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Prayer for kind affections.

1 FATHER of mercies! send thy grace,
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

3 Where'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 O be the law of love fulfilled
In every act and thought!
Each angry passion far removed,
Each selfish view forgot!

20. 43. 56. 214.

500. L. M. BULFINCH.

Compassion for the sinful.

1 BENIGNANT Saviour! 'twas not thine
To spurn the erring from thy sight;
Nor did thy smile of love divine
Turn from the penitent its light.

2 O then, shall we who own thy name,
A brother's fault too sternly view,
Or think thy holy law can blame
The tear, to human frailty due?

3 May we, while human guilt awakes
Upon our cheek the generous glow,
Spare the offender's heart, that breaks
Beneath its load of shame and woe.

4 Conscious of frailty, may we yield
Forgiveness of the wrongs we bear;
And strive the penitent to shield
From further sin or dark despair.

5 And when our own offences weigh
Upon our hearts with anguish sore,
Lord! let thy sparing mercy say,
'In peace depart, but sin no more.'

52. 64. 124. 184.

501. C. M. SWAIN.

Brotherly love.

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word!

2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride;
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failing hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 Let love, in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and fond esteem,
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he 's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

56. 126. 179. 214.

502. 3½ T. C. WESLEY.

The harmony of love.

1 LORD! subdue our selfish will;
Each to each our tempers suit,
By thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute.

2 Sweetly on our spirits move;
Gently touch the trembling strings:
Make the harmony of love,
Music for the King of kings!

129. 145. 167.

503. S. M. WATTS.

The bond of peace.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

8. 25. 35. 74.

504. 3½ T. MORAVIAN.

"That they also may be one in us."

1 LORD, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the church below!
Steadfast may we cleave to thee;
Love the mystic union be.
Join our faithful spirits, join
Each and each, and all to thine:
Lead us through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.

2 Move, and actuate and guide;
Divers gifts to each divide:
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil:—
Never from our office move;—
Needful to each other prove;—
Use the grace on each bestowed,
Tempered by the art of God!

3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy:
There is neither bond nor free,
Great nor servile, Lord, in thee:
Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void!
Names, and sects, and parties fall:
Thou, O Christ, art all in all!

129. 145. 216.

505. 3½ T. C. Wesley.

The unity of the spirit.

1 Father! we look up to thee!
Let us in thy love agree:
Thou, who art the God of peace,
Bid contention ever cease.

2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, merciful, and kind;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Like thine own Messiah, Lord!

3 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
Ready, when reviled, to bless;
Studious of the law of peace.

4 Father! all our souls inspire;
Fill us with love's sacred fire!
Guided by that blessed light,
Order all our steps aright.

5 Free from anger, free from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depth of love express,—
All the height of holiness.

11. 125. 128. 151.

506. 3½ T. C. Wesley.

"That they also may be one in us."

1 Father! at thy footstool see
Those who now are one in thee!
Each to each unite, and bless;
Keep us in thy perfect peace.

2 Plant in us the humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind;
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of thee.

3 Lord of our supreme desire!
Fill us now with heavenly fire:
Nobly may we bear the strife,—
Keep the holiness, of life;—

4 Still forget the things behind,—
Follow Christ in heart and mind;
To the mark unwearied press,—
Seize the crown of righteousness.

5 Father! fill us with thy love;
Never from our souls remove;
Dwell with us, and we shall be
Thine through all eternity.

11. 125. 128. 151.

507. S. M. FAWCETT.

The bond of love.

1 BLEST is the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burthens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

25. 27. 121. 210.

508. 3½ T. J. Wesley.

"He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God."

1 In the midst do thou appear,—
Lord! reveal thy presence here:
Sanctify us now, and bless;
Breathe thy spirit, give thy peace.

2 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite;—
Sweetly each with each combined,
In the bonds of duty joined.

3 Father! still our faith increase;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness:
Thee the unholy cannot see;
Make, O make us meet for thee!

4 Mutual love, the token be,
Lord! that we belong to thee:
Only love to us be given;
Lord! we ask no other heaven.

125. 128. 151. 238.

509. 3½ T. J. Taylor.

Kind affections an acceptable offering.

1 Father of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind!
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfined:
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.

2 Lord! what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow;

Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;

3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with liberal store.
Teach us, O thou heavenly King!
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee, and all mankind.

129. 216. 240.

510. L. M. BARBAULD.

Pious friendship.

1 How blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming tears together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face;
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When nature droops her sickening fire:
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.

6. 46. 132. 215.

511. $3\frac{1}{2}$. T. BARBAULD.

Devout joy.

1 'JOY to those that love the Lord!'
Saith the sure eternal word.
Not of earth the joy it brings,
Tempered in celestial springs:

2 'Tis the joy of pardoned sin,
When we feel 'tis well within;
'Tis the joy that fills the breast
When the passions sink to rest.

3 'Tis a joy that, seated deep,
Leaves not when we sigh and weep;
Spreads itself in virtuous deeds,
Sighs for woe, in pity bleeds.

4 Stern and awful are its tones
When the patriot martyr groans,
And the death-pulse beating high,
Rapture blends with agony.

5 Tenderer is the form it wears,
Touched with love, dissolved in tears,
When subdued at Jesus' feet,
Sinners clasp the mercy-seat.

6 'Tis joy e'en here! a budding flower,
Struggling with the storm and shower,
Till its season to expand
Planted in its native land.

11. 82. 129. 145.

512. C. M. Watts.

The hidden life of a Christian.

1 O happy soul that lives on high
While yet he sojourns here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conscience knows no secret stings;
While peace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in secret on his God;
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eye nor ear hath been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

4. 65. 68. 97.

513. C. M. Burns.

The happiness of the righteous.

1 The man, in life wherever placed,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore:

2 Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe,
Still walks before his God.

3 That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

4 But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And, like the rootless stubble, tossed
Before the sweeping blast.

5 For why? That God, the good adore,
Hath given them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

4. 32. 34. 36.

514. L. M. BOWRING.

"The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

1 EARTH'S transitory things decay,
Its pomps, its pleasures pass away;
But the sweet memory of the good
Survives in the vicissitude.

2 As, 'midst the ever-rolling sea,
The eternal isles established be,
'Gainst which the surges of the main
Fret, dash, and break themselves in vain:—

3 As, in the heavens, the urns divine
Of golden light for ever shine;
Though clouds may darken, storms may rage,
They still shine on from age to age:—

4 So through the ocean-tide of years,
The memory of the just appears;
So through the tempest and the gloom,
The good man's virtues light the tomb.

5 Happy the virtuous! come what may,
Though heaven dissolve, and earth decay;
Happy the righteous man! for he
Belongs to immortality.

61. 77. 79. 184.

515. C. M. HERBERT.

The imperishable blessedness of the good.

1 SWEET Day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall tonight,
For thou, alas! must die.

2 Sweet Rose! in air whose odours wave,
And colour charms the eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou, alas! must die.

3 Sweet Spring! of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie;
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
Thou too, alas! must die.

4 Only a sweet and holy soul
Hath tints that never fly:
While flowers decay, and seasons roll,
It lives, and cannot die.

24. 126. 179. 190.

516. 4 T. 3½. FROM THE GERMAN.

"Every one that loveth is born of God."

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown!
Father! thou art all compassion!
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation:
Come with peace to every heart.

104. 145.

517. L. M. Guion.

The love of God, the end of life.

1 If life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it;—I am well content;
And meekly wait my last remove,
Desiring only trustful love.

2 No bliss I 'll seek, but to fulfill
In life, in death, thy perfect will;
No succours in my woes I want,
But what my Lord is pleased to grant.

3 Our days are numbered;—let us spare
Our anxious hearts a needless care:
'Tis thine to number out our days;
'Tis ours to give them to thy praise.

4 Faith is our only business here,—
Faith simple, constant, and sincere;
O blessed days thy servants see!
Thus spent, O Lord! in pleasing thee.

52. 117. 124. 175.

518. C. M. Scotch Paraphrases.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

1 Supreme in wisdom, as in power,
The Rock of ages stands;
We see him not, yet may we trace
The workings of his hands.

2 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

3 Mere human powers shall fast decay,
And youthful vigour cease;
But those who wait upon the Lord,
In strength shall still increase.

4 They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

5 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar,—
The wings of faith and love;—
Till past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above.

24. 34. 36. 97.

519. L. M. Watts.

Safety in God.

1 He that hath made his refuge God
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And safe at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, 'My God! thy power
Shall be my fortress, and my tower:
I that am formed of feeble dust
Make thine almighty arm my trust.'

5. 23. 219. 224.

520. 3½ I. 3. Cowper.

Joy and peace in believing.

1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings:
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:

Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
'E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may.'

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through:
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he, who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine, nor fig-tree neither,
Its wonted fruit should bear;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks, nor herds be there:
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

143. 172.

521. L. M. Liverpool (Par. St.) Coll.

The shelter of faith.

1 O for a faith in God's decrees,
Unshaken as the starry poles;
To trust his blissful promises,
And train for endless life our souls.

2 Then, as the cliff ascends the sky
While angry surges lash its base,
From storms of life to God we fly,
And gain the sunshine of his grace.

23. 39. 47. 212.

522. 4 I. From the German.

Peace and freedom of a divine love.

1 Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows!
I see from far thy beauteous light;
Inly I sigh for thy repose;
Then shall my heart from care be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

2 Father! thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care!
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there:
Make me thy duteous child, that I
May raise to thee a trustful cry.

3 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits thy call!
Speak to my inmost soul and say,
'I am thy life, thy God, thy all!'
Thy love to reach, thy voice to hear,
Thy power to feel, be all my prayer.

76. 118.

523. C. M. Leeds Coll. (Independ.)

God, the author of peace.

1 Whene'er along the shore we wind,
And view the ocean roll;
How true an emblem may we find
Of man's perturbed soul!

2 But thou, great Spirit, who along
The waters first didst move;
And straight from warring chaos sprung
Light, harmony, and love!

3 O passion's ruder storm control;
Bid mental discord cease;
And breathe upon the troubled soul
Thy last, best, gift of peace.

32. 34. 36. 126.

524. 4 I. From the German.

Prayer for a loving service of God.

1 Thee would I love, my strength, my tower!
Thee would I love, my Lord, my God!
Thee would I serve with all my power,
And kiss thy sceptre, or thy rod:
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

2 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way:
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might!
Replenish with thy heavenly light.

3 Give to mine eyes repentant tears;
Give to my heart, chaste, hallowed fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires:
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

260.

525. C. M. Wesley's Collection.

A rest remaineth.

1 Lord! we believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns;—
For thou art served alone:—

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that we now that rest might know,
Believe and enter in!
Thou Holiest! now the power bestow,
And let us cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from our heart,
This unbelief remove:
The rest of perfect faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

21. 65. 86. 116.

526. C. M. WATTS.

"Followers of God, as dear children."

1 LORD! I address thy heavenly throne:
Call me a child of thine:
Send down the spirit of thy son,
To form my heart divine.

2 Not by the terrors of a slave
Thy children do thy will;
But with the noblest powers they have
Thy welcome word fulfil.

3 They find access at every hour,
To God within the veil:
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

4 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing peace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see him 'face to face.'

36. 56. 67. 86.

527. 3½ T. C. Wesley.

The repose of faith.

1 Happy soul, that safe from harm
Rests within his Shepherd's arm!
Who his quiet shall molest?
Who shall violate his rest?

2 Seek, O Lord, thy wandering sheep;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on thee my every care;
Bear me, on thy bosom bear.

3 Let me know thy gracious voice;
More and more in thee rejoice;
More and more of thee receive;
Ever in thy spirit live:—

4 Live, till all thy love I know,
Perfect in my Lord below;
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above.

BOOK V.

SEASONS AND TIMES.

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528. L. M. D. H. M. Williams.

All seasons speak of God.

1 My God! all nature owns thy sway!
Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day:
When all thy loved creation wakes,
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
And bathes in dew the opening flower,
To thee we owe her fragrant hour;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to thee belong.

2 Or when, in paler tints arrayed,
The evening slowly spreads her shade;—
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
Can, more than day's enlivening bloom,
Still every fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire;
From earth the pensive spirit free,
And lead the softened heart to thee.

3 In every scene thy hands have dressed,
In every form by thee impressed;
Upon the mountain's awful head,
Or where the sheltering woods are spread,
In every note that swells the gale,
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,
A voice is heard of praise and love.

4 As o'er thy works the seasons roll,
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,
O never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human soul in vain!
But oft, as on their charms we gaze,
Attune the wondering soul to praise;
And be the joys that most we prize,
The joys that from thy favour rise.

78. 119.

529. C. M. J. Mason.

Morning hymn.

1 My God was with me all this night,
And gave me sweet repose:
My God did watch, e'en whilst I slept,
Or I had never rose.

2 Lord! for the mercies of the night,
My humble thanks I pay:
And unto thee I dedicate
The first-fruits of the day.

3 Let this day praise thee, O my God!
And so let all my days:
And O let mine eternal day
Be thine eternal praise.

24. 98. 127. 208.

530. L. M. Bishop Kenn.

Morning hymn.

1 Awake, my soul! and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Awake, lift up thyself, my heart;
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to their almighty King.

3 Glory to thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord! I my vows to thee renew:
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow:
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him, ye heavenly host above!
Praise him, my soul! for all his love.

1. 2. 23. 226.

531. L. M. HAWKESWORTH.

Morning hymn.

1 In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night;
At once I see the breaking shade,
And drink again the morning light.

2 New-born, I bless the waking hour;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my gracious God, to thee.

3 O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
When dangers press around my head.

4 A deeper shade shall soon impend;
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still shall deign to bless.

5 That deeper shade shall break away;
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day;
Thy love the rapture of the skies.

88. 92. 101. 226.

532. L. M. T. Flatman.

Morning hymn.

1 Awake, my soul! awake, mine eyes!
'Tis time for morning sacrifice!
Awake, and see the new-born light
Spring from the darksome womb of night!

2 Look up, and see the unwearied sun
Already hath his race begun:
The pretty lark is mounted high,
And sings her matins in the sky.

3 Arise, my soul! and thou, my voice,
In songs of early praise rejoice!
O great Creator! heavenly King!
Thy praises ever let me sing.

4 Thy power hath made, thy goodness kept
This fenceless body while I slept;—
Yet one day more hath lent to me,
From all the powers of darkness free.

5 O keep my heart from sin secure,
My life unblameable and pure;
That, when my last of days is come,
Serenely I may wait my doom.

1. 46. 51. 189.

533. C. M. Montgomery.

Morning hymn.

1 What secret hand, at morning light,
By stealth unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky?

2 'Tis thine, my God!—the same that kept
My resting hours from harm:
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath the Almighty's arm.

3 'Tis thine,—my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scattered round,
And clothes me, as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.

4 This is the hand that shaped my frame,
And gave my pulse to beat;
That bare me oft through flood and flame,
Through tempest, cold, and heat.

5 In death's dark valley though I stray,
'Twould there my steps attend,
Guide with the staff my lonely way,
And with the rod defend.

6 May that dear hand uphold me still
Through life's uncertain race,
To bring me to thy holy hill,
And to thy dwelling-place.

13. 126. 179. 190.

534. 3½ T. Amer. Episcopal Coll.

Morning hymn.

1 Now the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord! may we be thine today;
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light;
Banish doubt, and clear our sight:
In thy service, Lord, to day,
May we stand, and watch, and pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound:
Save us from our foes around:
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last:
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

82. 128. 129. 167.

535. L. M. WORDSWORTH.

Noon-day hymn.

1 LOOK up to heaven! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run:
He cannot halt, nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

2 Lord! since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course:

3 Help with thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

46. 189. 192. 212.

536. 3½ T. DODDRIDGE.

Evening hymn.

1 INTERVAL of grateful shade,
Welcome to my weary head!
Welcome slumbers to mine eyes,
Tired with glaring vanities!

2 My great Master still allows
Needful periods of repose;
By my heavenly Father blest,
Thus I give my powers to rest.

3 Heavenly Father! gracious name!
Night and day his love the same:
Thou, my ever-bounteous God,
Crown'st my days with various good.

4 Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep,
These defenceless hours shall keep:
Blest vicissitude to me!
Day and night I 'm still with thee.

128. 129. 216.

537. 3½ T. DODDRIDGE.

Continuation of the same.

1 WHAT though downy slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me!
Sleepless, well I know to rest,
Lodged within my Father's breast.

[2] While the empress of the night
Scatters mild her silver light;
While the vivid planets stray
Various through their mystic way:

3 While the stars unnumbered roll
Round the ever-constant pole:
Far above the spangled skies
All my soul to God shall rise:

4 Midst the silence of the night,
Mingling with those angels bright,
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise;

5 Through the throng his gentle ear
Shall my tuneless accents hear:
From on high he doth impart
Secret comfort to my heart.

6 He, in these serenest hours,
Guides my intellectual powers;
And his spirit doth diffuse,
Sweeter far than midnight dews:

7 Lifting all my thoughts above
On the wings of faith and love:
Blest alternative to me,
Thus to sleep, or wake, with thee!

11. 128. 129.

538. 3½ T. DODDRIDGE.

Continuation of the same.

1 WHAT if death my sleep invade!
Should I be of death afraid?
Whilst encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

2 Visions brighter than the morn
Greet the deathless spirit born:
See the guardian-angel nigh
Waits to waft my soul on high!

3 See the flood of sacred light,
Which no more shall yield to night!
Transitory world, farewell!
God invites with him to dwell!

4 With thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labour rest:
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure, for still with thee!

128. 129. 134. 216.

539. L. M. T. Flatman.

Evening hymn.

1 Sweet slumbers, come and chase away
The toils and follies of the day!
On your soft bosom will I lie,
Forget the world, and learn to die.

2 O Israel's watchful Shepherd! spread
The tents of angels round my bed:
And save thy suppliant free from harms,
Clasped in thine everlasting arms.

3 Clouds and thick darkness are thy throne,
Thy wonderful pavilion:
O dart from thence a shining ray,
And then my midnight shall be day!

4 Thus, when the morn, in crimson drest,
Breaks through the windows of the east,
My hymns of thankful praise shall rise,
Like clouds of morning sacrifice!

14. 52. 117. 124.

540. 4 T. 3½. Edmeston.

Evening hymn.

1 Holiest! breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly;
Angel-guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he, who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

104. 183. 249.

541. L. M. COLLYER.

The departure of day.

1 ANOTHER fleeting day is gone;
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise;
Swift the soft-stealing hours have flown,
And night's dark mantle veils the skies.

2 Another fleeting day is gone,
Swept from the records of the year;
And still, with each successive sun,
Life's fading visions disappear.

3 Another fleeting day is gone
To join the fugitives before;
And I, when life's employ is done,
Shall sleep, to wake in time no more.

4 Another fleeting day is gone;
But soon a fairer day shall rise,
A day whose never-setting sun
Shall pour his light o'er cloudless skies.

5 Another fleeting day is gone;
In solemn silence rest, my soul!
Bow down before his awful throne
Who bids the morn and evening roll.

7. 19. 215. 224.

542. L. M. BISHOP KENN.

Evening hymn.

1 GLORY to thee, my God! this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings!
Under thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord! through thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 O let my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep my eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To work thy will when I awake.

4 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment-day.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow:
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him, ye heavenly host above!
Praise him, my soul! for all his love.

2. 29. 66. 113.

543. 3½ T. St. Gregory.

Evensong.

1 Source of light and life divine!
Thou didst cause the light to shine;
Thou didst bring thy sunbeams forth
O'er thy new-created earth.

2 Shade of night, and morning ray,
Took from thee the name of day:
Now again the shades are nigh,
Listen to our mournful cry.

3 May we ne'er, by guilt depressed,
Lose the way to endless rest;
May no thoughts corrupt and vain
Draw our souls to earth again.

4 Rather lift them to the skies,
Where our much-loved treasure lies;
Help us in our daily strife,
Make us struggle into life.

125. 128. 151.

544. L. M. H. More.

Midnight hymn.

1 Where'er I am, whate'er I see,
Eternal Lord, is full of thee:
I feel thee in the gloom of night;
I view thee in the morning light.

2 When care distracts my anxious soul,
Thy grace can every thought control;
Thy word can still the troubled heart,
And peace and confidence impart.

3 If pain invade my broken rest,
Or if corroding griefs molest,
Soon as thy comfort, Lord, appears,
My sighs are hushed, and dried my tears.

4 Thy wisdom guides, thy will directs,
Thine arm upholds, thy power protects;
With thee when I at dawn converse,
The shadows sink, the clouds disperse.

5 Then, as the sun illumes the skies,
O Sun of righteousness, arise!
Dispel the gloom of mental night,
Being of beings! Light of light!

14. 26. 157. 191.

545. L. M. Collyer.

The night of the grave.

1 Soon shall a darker night descend,
And veil me from yon azure skies;
And soon shall death's oppressive hand
Lie heavy on these languid eyes.

2 Yet when beneath the dreadful shade
I lay my weary frame to rest,
That night shall not make me afraid;
That bed the dying Saviour pressed.

3 Again emerging from the night,
I, like my risen Lord, shall rise;
Again drink in the morning light,
Pure at its fount beyond the skies.

5. 26. 215. 226.

546. L. M. KEBLE.

"Even the night shall be light about me."

1 'Tis gone, that bright and orbed blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

2 Sun of my soul, for ever near!
It is not night, if thou be here:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

3 When round thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I thee discern.

4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

5 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take:
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

14. 52. 117. 124.

547. C. M. Moravian.

Evening hymn.

1 In mercy, Lord, remember me!
Be with me through this night;
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove:
O in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love!

3 Or, if this night should prove the last,
And end my transient days,
Lord! take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

17. 20. 36. 56.

548. L. M. Watts.

Evening hymn.

1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in his name forbids my fear:
Lord! may thy presence ne'er depart;
And in the morning may I hear
Thy love and kindness in my heart.

5 Thus when the night of death shall come
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

2. 66. 101. 217.

549. P. M. HEBER.

Evening hymn.

GOD that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light!
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night!
May thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us!
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

248.

550. 4 T. 3½. ANONYMOUS.

Evening hymn.

1 ON the dewy breath of even
Thousand odours mingling rise,
Borne like incense up to heaven,—
Nature's evening sacrifice.

2 With her balmy offerings blending,
Let our glad thanksgivings be
To thy throne, O Lord, ascending,—
Incense of our hearts to thee.

3 Thou, whose favours without number
All our days with gladness bless;
Let thine eye, that knows not slumber,
Guard our hours of helplessness.

4 Then, though conscious we are sleeping
In the outer courts of death,
Safe beneath a Father's keeping
Calm we rest in placid faith.

5 Lord! when life is closing round us,
Dark with anguish, faint with fear,
Let thy beams of love surround us,
Let us know thee,—feel thee near!

183. 249.

551. 3½ T. MONTGOMERY.

Midnight.

1 In a land of strange delight
My transported spirit strayed:—
I awake,—where all is night,
Silence, solitude, and shade.

2 Is the dream of nature flown?
Is the universe destroyed?—
Man extinct, and I alone
Breathing through the formless void?

3 No: my soul, in God rejoice;
Through the gloom his light I see,
In the silence hear his voice,
And his hand is over me.

4 When I slumber in the tomb,
He will guard my resting-place;
Fearless, in the day of doom,
May I see him face to face.

129. 134. 142.

552. 3½ T. NEWTON.

Saturday evening.

1 Safely through another week,
God hath brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
On the coming Sabbath day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies multiplied each hour
Through the week our praise demand
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Fed and guided by thy hand;—
Now from worldly care set free
May we rest this night with thee.

3 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near!
May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy house appear!
Holy may each Sabbath prove,
Till we join the church above!

162. 235.

553. 3½ T. ROBBERDS.

Sunday evening.

1 Now your pleasant labours close;
Night invites you to repose:
Now for peaceful slumbers pray,
Or dreams that may prolong the day.

2 God, our Sun! the day we own
Thine,—in purest pleasures flown;
God, our Shield! with confidence
Thee we make our night's defence.

3 Thee we bless for every thought
By thy holy Sabbath brought;
Thee we trust for aid to lead
Holy thought to holy deed.

4 Lord! when life's short day is past,
Like this evening be our last:
Like a Sabbath let it cease,
Leaving thanks, and hope, and peace.

82. 128. 129.

554. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Sunday evening.

1 MILLIONS within thy courts have been;
Millions this day have bent the knee:
But thou, soul-searching God! hast seen
The hearts of all that worshipped thee.

2 Still, as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, or deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

3 From east to west the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs:
And still, where evening stretched her shade,
The stars came forth to hear their songs.

4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To those in trouble thou wert nigh;
Not one hath sought thy face in vain.

5 Thy poor were bountifully fed;
Thy chastened sons have kissed the rod;
Thy mourners have been comforted;
The pure in heart have seen their God.

6 Yet one prayer more;—and be it one,
In which both heaven and earth accord:
Fulfil thy promise to thy Son;—
Let all that breathe call Jesus Lord!

19. 39. 113. 212.

555. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

"The joy in harvest."

1 GREAT God! as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
Thy favour still has crowned our days,
And we would celebrate thy praise.

2 The harvest song we would repeat:
'Thou givest us the finest wheat:'
'The joy of harvest' we have known;
The praise, O Lord! is all thine own.

3 Our tables spread, our garners stored,
O give us hearts to bless thee, Lord!
Forbid it, Source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren prove.

4 Another harvest comes apace:
Ripen our spirits by thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low.

5 That so, when angel-reapers come
To gather sheaves to thy blest home,
Our spirits may be borne on high
To thy safe garner in the sky.

29. 46. 184. 215.

556. L. M. BRETTELL.

Harvest home.

1 THE last full wain has come,—has come!
And brought the golden harvest home:
The labours of the year are done:
Accept our thanks, all-bounteous One!

2 For the green spring, her herbs and flowers,
For the warm summer's blooming bowers,
For all the fruits that flush the boughs,
When russet autumn decks her brows;

3 For the bright sun, whose fervid ray
Ripens the corn, and cheers the day;
For the round moon, whose yellow light
Gilds the long labours of the night;

4 For the rich sea of shining grain,
That spreads its waves o'er hill and plain;
For the cool breeze, whose light wings fan
The weary, sun-burnt husbandman;

5 For the soft herbage of the soil,
For ruddy health, the child of toil;
For all the increase of the earth,
For homes and hearts it fills with mirth:

6 For these, bright Regent of the skies!
Our grateful thanks to thee shall rise:
No longer now the storms we fear;—
Thy goodness, Lord, has crowned the year!

46. 51. 191. 192.

557. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

"Seedtime and harvest shall not cease."

1 FOUNTAIN of mercy! God of love!
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
The mild, refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway,
Thy hand all nature hails:
Seedtime nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

36. 56. 95. 179.

558. 4 T. $3\frac{1}{7}$. ESTLIN.

For the close of a year, or of a day.

1 GRACIOUS Source of every blessing!
Guard our breasts from anxious fears;
May we still thy love possessing,
Sink into the vale of years.

2 All our hopes on thee reclining,
Peace companion of our way;
May our sun, in smiles declining,
Rise in everlasting day.

104. 183.

559. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

New Year's day.

1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their rounds!
How short the months appear!

2 So fast eternity comes on;
And that important day
When all that mortal life hath done
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift-advancing year,
And study artful ways to increase
The speed of its career.

4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart
Its great concern to see;
That I may act the christian part,
And give the year to thee.

5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my willing soul
To joy that never dies.

17. 49. 63. 89.

560. 3½ T. NEWTON.

"Here we have no continuing city."

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

45. 145. 216. 240.

561. L. M. Fawcett.

"He holdeth our soul in life."

1 O God, my helper, ever near!
Crown with thy smile the present year:
Preserve me by thy favour still,
And fit me for thy sacred will.

2 My safety, each succeeding hour,
Depends on thy supporting power:
Accept my thanks for mercies past,
And be my guard, while life shall last.

3 Let me not murmur nor complain
At what thy wisdom shall ordain:
Sickness or health may blessings prove,
As ordered by thy sovereign love.

4 My moments move with winged haste,
Nor know I which shall be the last:
Danger and death are ever nigh,
And I this year perhaps may die.

5 Prepare me for the trying day;
Then call my willing soul away:
I 'll quit the world at thy command,
And trust my spirit to thy hand.

92. 131. 170. 185.

562. L. M. Doddridge.

The continual help of God.

1 Great God! we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Thy mercy crowns it till its close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

7. 23. 92. 101.

563. 3½ T. ANONYMOUS.

The first worship of the year.

1 BLESS, O Lord, the opening year
To the souls assembled here:
Clothe thy word with power divine;
Make us willing to be thine.

2 Where thou hast the work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears;
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

3 Bless us all, both old and young:
Call forth praise from every tongue:
Let our whole assembly prove
All thy power and all thy love.

125. 151. 238.

564. 3½ T. NEWTON.

Retrospect of a year.

1 TIME by moments steals away,
First the hour, and then the day:
Small the daily loss appears;
Yet it soon amounts to years:

Thus another year has flown;
Now it is no more our own,
(Though it brought or promised good)
Than the years before the flood.

2 But each year,—let none forget,—
Finds and leaves us much in debt;
Favours from the Lord received,
Sins that have his spirit grieved,
Marked by God's unerring hand,
In his book recorded stand:
Who can tell the vast amount,
Placed to each of our account.

3 We have nothing, Lord, to pay;
Take, O take our guilt away!
Self-condemned, on thee we call,
Freely, Lord, forgive us all!
If we see another year,
May we spend it in thy fear;
All its days devote to thee,
Living for eternity.

129. 216. 240.

565. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

"Our times are in thy hand."

1 GOD of my life! thy constant care
With blessings crowns each opening year;
This fragile life thou dost prolong,
And wake anew mine annual song.

2 How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since from this day the changing sun
Through his last yearly period run.

3 We yet survive; but who can say,
Or through the year, or month, or day,
'I will retain this vital breath,
Thus far at least in league with death?'

4 That breath is thine, eternal God!
'Tis thine to fix the soul's abode:
It holds its life from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.

5 To thee our spirits we resign;
Make them and own them still as thine;
Then bear them to that peaceful shore,
Where years and death are known no more.

47. 57. 131. 226.

566. C. M. HEBER.

Christmas hymn.

1 O GOD! whose holy child this morn
Appeared on earth below,
To mortal want and labour born,
And more than mortal woe;—

2 Messiah meek, by every grief,
By each temptation tried;
Who lived to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us died:—

3 If gaily clothed, and proudly fed,
In dangerous wealth we dwell;
Remind us of his manger bed,
And lowly cottage cell.

4 If pressed by poverty severe,
In envious want we pine,
His spirit, Lord, can make appear
The poorest lot divine.

5 And when, through fortune's various scene,
We 've meekly served as he,—
Like him, who hath a mourner been,
May we rejoice with thee!

34. 36. 127. 152.

567. 3½ T. COMMON PRAYER.

Christmas hymn.

1 HARK! the herald-angels sing,
Glory to the new-born king!
Peace to man and mercy mild:
Earth and heaven, be reconciled.

2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

3 Hail the heaven-sent Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing on his wings.

4 Gracious bond of earth and sky!
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth!

261.

568. C. M. HEBER.

Whitsunday hymn.

1 SPIRIT of truth! on this thy day
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord! the cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.

3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more;
Enough for us to trace thy will
In scripture's sacred lore.

4 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.

5 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, with hope, with love.

13. 56. 95. 214.

569. L. M. E. Taylor.

For the Lord's Supper.

1 Here, Lord, when at thy table met,
Our good and evil we survey;
O leave us not to vain regret
For precious moments passed away.

2 From selfish aims, from narrow views,
O set our willing spirits free;
And every purer thought infuse
Befitting those who come to thee.

3 And here, O Lord, the blessed balm
Of comfort let thy mourners share:
And, mortal griefs subdued and calm,
Learn, meekly learn, the cross to bear.

4 Thus may the cup of blessing, given
From hand to hand, new life impart;
And Jesus, the best gift of heaven,
Reign sovereign Lord in every heart.

52. 117. 135. 170.

570. C. M. E. Taylor.

For the Lord's Supper.

1 O HERE, if ever, God of love,
Let strife and hatred cease!
And every heart harmonious move,
And every thought be peace.

2 Not here, where met to think on him,
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.

3 No, gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been;
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.

4 'Thy kingdom come:' we watch, we wait
To hear thy cheering call;
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

17. 21. 36. 116.

571. C. M. Montgomery.

"This do in remembrance of me."

1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I *will* remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, our sacrifice!
I must remember thee:—

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

21. 36. 127.

572. C. M. E. TAYLOR.

For the Lord's Supper.

1 'O NOT for these alone I pray!'
The dying Saviour said;
Though on his breast that moment lay
The loved disciple's head.

2 Though to his eye that moment sprung
The kind, the pitying tear
For those that eager round him hung,
His words of love to hear.

3 No, not for them alone he prayed,—
For all of mortal race,
Whene'er their fervent prayer is made,
Where'er their dwelling place.

4 Sweet is the thought, when here we meet,
His feast of love to share;
And mid the toils of life, how sweet
The memory of his prayer.

5 O ne'er in souls that seek his face
Let harsher passions reign,
To tell the unbelieving race
The Saviour prayed in vain.

17. 97. 116. 127.

573. L. M. Montgomery.

On laying the foundation-stone of a place for worship.

1 This stone to thee in faith we lay;
We build the temple, Lord, to thee!
Thine eye be open night and day
To guard this house and sanctuary.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling place,
And when thou hearest, O forgive!

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song;
Hosanna! let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

5 Thy glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix thy throne.

1. 5. 51. 60.

574. L. M. Norton.

Dedication of a place for worship.

1 Where ancient forests widely spread,
Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall;
On the lone mountain's silent head,
There are thy temples, God of all!

2 Beneath the dark blue midnight arch,
Whence myriad suns pour down their rays;
Where planets trace their ceaseless march,
Father! we worship as we gaze.

3 The tombs thine altars are, for there,
When earthly loves and hopes have fled,
To thee ascends the spirit's prayer,
Thou God of the immortal dead!

4 All space is holy, for all space
Is filled by thee: but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where thy own words of love are taught.

5 Here be they taught: and may we know
That faith thy servants knew of old,
Which onward bears through weal or woe,
Till death the gates of heaven unfold.

6 Nor we alone: may those whose brow
Shows yet no trace of human cares,
Hereafter stand where we do now,
And raise to thee still holier prayers.

14. 39. 47. 57.

575. L. M. Willis.

Dedication of a place for worship.

1 The perfect world by Adam trod,
Was the first temple,—built by God:
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high,—
The broad illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,—
The sea, the sky,—and 'all was good;'
And when its first pure praises rang,
The morning stars together sang.

4 Lord! 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth and sky a house for thee:
But in thy sight our offering stands,
A humbler temple, 'made with hands.'

46. 58. 61.

576. C. M. Bryant.

Dedication of a place for worship.

1 O Thou, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea!
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord! from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by thy side.

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

44. 62. 63. 214.

577. 3½ T. Montgomery.

Dedication of a place for worship.

1 Lord of Hosts! to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread:
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply:
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

82. 120. 188.

578. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

For a school anniversary.

1 FROM year to year in love we meet;
From year to year in peace we part;
The tongues of children uttering sweet
The bosom-joy of every heart.

2 But time rolls on; and, year by year,
We change, grow up, or pass away:
Not twice the same assembly here
Have hailed the children's festal day.

3 Death, ere another year, shall strike
Some in our number, marked to fall:
Be young and old prepared alike;
The warning is to each, to all.

4 This sole occasion then is ours:
This day we ne'er again shall see:
Lord God! awaken all our powers,
To spend it for eternity.

5 Our times, our lives, are in thy hand;
On thee for all things we rely;
Assured, while in thy grace we stand,
To live is Christ, and gain to die.

6 Meanwhile our failing ranks renew;
Send children, teachers, in our place;
More humble, docile, faithful, true,
More like thy Son,—from race to race.

51. 55.

579. 3½ T. GRAY.

School hymn.

1 SUPPLIANT, lo! thy children bend,
Father, for thy blessing now;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend;
We are weak, almighty thou.

2 With the peace thy word imparts
Be the taught and teacher blest;
In their lives and in their hearts,
Father, be thy laws impressed.

3 Pour into each longing mind
Light and knowledge from above;
Charity for all mankind,—
Trusting faith, enduring love.

11. 238.

580. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

School hymn.

1 WITHIN these walls be peace,
Love through our borders found;
In all our little palaces,
Prosperity abound.

2 God scorns not humble things;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.

3 May none who thus are taught
From glory be cast down,
But all through faith and patience brought
To an immortal crown.

8. 33.

581. 3½ I. 3. HEBER.

Missionary hymn.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand:

2 From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain!

3 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:—

4 In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

5 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?

6 Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation,
Has learned Messiah's name!

[7]Waft, waft ye winds his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole.

141. 247.

582. 4 T. 3½. CAWOOD.

"Come over, and help us."

1 HARK! what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky?
'Tis the cry of heathen nations,
'Come, and help us, ere we die.'

2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining,
Christians! hear their dying cry:
And, the love of Christ constraining,
Join to help them, ere they die.

150. 246.

583. L. M. COLLYER.

Missionary hymn.

1 ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Here, in thy presence, Lord, we stand:
The voice that marshalled every star
Has called thy people from afar.

2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line,—to either pole,—
The thunders of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist; accept our praise;
Our hopes revive; our courage raise;
Our counsels aid:—to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come:
Recal the wandering spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious world around.

58. 77. 79.

584. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

For a public hospital.

1 WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus wandered here,
Where'er he went affliction fled,
And sickness reared her fainting head.

[2]With bounding steps, the halt and lame
To hail their great Deliverer came;
O'er the cold grave he bowed his head,
He spake the word, and raised the dead.

3 Demoniac madness, dark and wild,
In his inspiring presence smiled;
The storm of horror ceased to roll,
And reason lightened through the soul.

4 Through paths of loving kindness led,
Where Jesus triumphed, we would tread:
To all, with willing hands dispense
The crumbs of our benevolence.

5 Hark! the sweet voice of pity calls
Misfortune to these hallowed walls;
The breaking heart, the wounded breast,
And helpless poverty, distressed.

6 Here the whole family of woe
Shall friends, and home, and comfort know;
The blasted form, the shipwrecked mind,
Shall here a tranquil haven find.

7 And thou, dread Power, whose sovereign breath
Is health or sickness, life or death,
This favoured mansion deign to bless;
The cause is thine,—O send success!

585. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

The prayer of the poor for bread, in time of scarcity.

1 To God most awful and most high,
Who formed the earth, the sea, the sky,
To him, on whom all worlds depend,
Our humbled hearts in sighs we send.

2 Will he who hears the ravens cry,
Reject our prayers, and bid us die?
Will he refuse his help to yield,
Who clothes the lilies of the field?

3 Pale famine lifts, at his command,
Her withering arm, and blasts the land;
The harvests perish at her breath;
Her train are want, disease, and death.

4 But when he smiles, the desert blooms,
New life is born among the tombs;
O'er the glad plains abundance teems,
And plenty rolls in bounteous streams.

5 Father of grace! whom we adore,
Bless thy large family, the poor:
The poor on thee alone depend;
Continue thou the poor man's friend.

6 Content to live by toil and pain,
May we eternal riches gain;
Meanwhile, by thy free goodness fed,
Give us this day our daily bread.

66. 113. 131.

586. C. M. WREFORD.

Prayer for our country.

1 LORD! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most.

2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell:
Our children too;—how should we love
Another land so well.

3 O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

4 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

5 Here may religion pure and mild,
Upon our sabbaths smile;
And piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native isle.

6 Lord of the nations! thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend!

44. 56. 86.

587. 3.4 I. 1.3. D. HEBER.

Prayer for our country.

1 FROM foes that would the land devour;
From guilty pride, and lust of power;
From wild sedition's lawless hour;
From yoke of slavery;
From blinded zeal by faction led;
From giddy change by fancy bred;
From poisonous error's serpent head,
Good Lord, preserve us free!

2 Defend, O God, with guardian hand,
The laws and ruler of our land,
And grant thy churches grace to stand
In faith and unity!
Thy spirit's help of thee we crave,
That thy Messiah, sent to save,
Returning to the world, might have
A people serving thee!

245.

588. L. M. STEELE.

The providence of God in war and peace.

1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies!
A word of thy almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise;
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage and noise and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the hostile plain;

3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their power;
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.

4 Thou good and wise and righteous Lord!
All move subservient to thy will;
And peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.

19. 66. 215. 226.

589. L. M. AIKIN.

The evils of war deprecated.

1 WHILE sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strew the ground,
To thee we look, on thee we call,
The Parent and the Lord of all!

2 Thou who hast stamped on human kind
The image of a heaven-born mind,
And in a Father's wide embrace,
Hast cherished all the kindred race!

3 O see, with what insatiate rage
Thy sons their impious battles wage;
How spreads destruction like a flood,
And brothers shed their brothers' blood.

4 See guilty passions spring to birth,
And deeds of hell deform the earth;
While righteousness and justice mourn,
And love and pity droop forlorn.

5 Great God, whose powerful hand can bind
The raging waves, the furious wind!
O bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the maddening world to peace.

6 With reverence may each hostile land
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy Son's blest errand from above,
'My creatures, live in mutual love.'

3. 7. 66. 226.

590. L. M. MERRICK.

For the conclusion of public worship.

1 WHILE here as wandering sheep we stray,
Teach us, O teach us, Lord, thy way!
Dispose our hearts with sacred awe
To love thy word, to keep thy law.

2 Great Source of light to all below!
Teach us thy holy will to know;
Teach us to read thy word aright,
And make it our supreme delight.

3 Maker, Instructor, Judge of all!
O hear us, when on thee we call!
Preserve us in thy holy ways,
And teach our hearts to speak thy praise.

46. 117. 157. 191.

591. C. M. HEBER.

Prayer for the fruits of worship.

1 O GOD! by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest;
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast;

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air,
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.

3 Though buried deep or thinly strewn,
Do thou thy grace supply:
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky.

34. 36. 65. 136.

592. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God present with his worshippers.

1 THY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Those watchful eyes which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smile, thy counsel, and thy care.

3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

4 Give us in thy beloved house
Again to pay our grateful vows;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

5. 6. 29. 224.

593. S. M. C. Wesley.

For the close of worship.

1 And what though now we part,—
To different homes repair,—
Inseparably joined in heart
The Lord's disciples are!

2 Still let our heart and mind,
O Lord, to thee ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labours end!

3 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our sufferings and our pains;
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

4 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

5 Then all our time beneath
We 'll live in cheerful hope,
And fearless pass the vale of death
And gain the mountain's top.

8. 25. 35. 206.

594. 3½ T. Anonymous.

Happy worship.

1 If 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer;
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise,—
Passing sweet that state must be
Where they meet eternally.

2 Father! may these meetings prove,
Preparations for above;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace;
Till we, each in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

162. 235.

595. C. M. Wesley's Collection.

For the close of public worship.

1 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
In every heart of man;
Thy peace and joy and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign!

2 The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove;
The perfect power of godliness,
The omnipotence of love!

4. 21. 65. 137.

596. L. M. Moravian.

Prayer for the living bread.

1 Thy name be hallowed evermore;
O God! thy kingdom come with power!
Thy will be done, and day by day,
Give us our daily bread, we pray.

2 Lord! evermore to us be given
The living bread that came from heaven;
Water of life on us bestow;
Thou art the Source,—the Fountain thou!

2. 3. 79. 88.

597. 4.3 I. 2.4. Wesley's Collection.

Parting to meet again.

1 Now, Lord, we part awhile;
But still in spirit joined,
Embrace the happy toil
Thou hast to each assigned:
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heaven about us still.

2 O let us thus go on
In all thy pleasant ways!
And armed with patience run
With joy the appointed race:
Keep us, and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

3 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more;
In the new earth and heaven above,—
The world of righteousness and love!

4 O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home;
When sorrows pass away,
And wanderers cease to roam:
We meekly wait the dread release,
And labour to be found in peace.

12. 80. 107. 154.

598. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

For the close of worship.

1 AGAIN our ears have heard the voice,
At which the dead shall live;
O may the sound our hearts rejoice,
And strength immortal give!

2 And have we heard the word with joy?
And have we felt its power?
To keep it be our best employ
To life's extremest hour.

21. 49. 89. 223.

599. P. M. CONDER.

Peace with God.

To all thy faithful people, Lord,
Pardon and peace impart:
And be thy spirit shed abroad,
Thy love in every heart:
That they, from conscious guilt made clean,
May serve thee with a mind serene.

290.

600. 3½ I. 3. GASKELL.

For the close of divine service.

1 To thee, the Lord Almighty,
Our noblest praise we give,
Who all things hast created,
And blessest all that live:

2 Whose goodness, never failing
Through countless ages gone,
For ever and for ever
Shall still keep shining on.

143. 172.

601. 3½ T. NEWTON.

For the close of divine service.

1 Now may he who from the dead
Brought the shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our king and head,
All our souls in safety keep!

2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night!

11. 125. 151. 188.

602. 4½ I. 3. CONDER.

Prayer for guidance.

O GOD! protector of the lowly,
Of all that trust in thee;
Without whom nothing strong or holy,
And nothing good can be!
Guide thou our steps to heavenly glory,
And teach us so to choose,
As not for pleasures transitory
Eternal bliss to lose.

244.

603. L. M. HEBER.

Close of the service.

1 LORD! now we part in thy blest name,
In which we here together came;
Grant us our few remaining days
To work thy will and spread thy praise.

2 Teach us in life and death to bless
The Lord, our strength and righteousness;
And grant us all to meet above;
Then shall we better sing thy love.

3. 51. 79. 215.

604. 4.3 I. 2.4. NEWTON.

Close of the service.

1 To thee our wants are known,
From thee are all our powers;
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours:
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
And to thy word a blessing give.

2 O grant that each of us,
Now met before thee here,
May meet together thus,
Where thy redeemed appear:
And dwell with Christ in heaven our home;
'Even so, amen, Lord Jesus, come!'

12. 80. 107. 154.

605. C. M. Kippis's Collection.

Close of the evening service.

1 Soon will our fleeting hours be past,
And, as the setting sun
Now leaves the clouds in yonder west,
Our parting beams be gone.

2 May he from whom all blessings flow
Our sacred rites attend,
Unite our hearts in wisdom's ways,
Till life's short journey end:

3 And as the rapid sands run down,
Our virtue still improve;
Till each receive the glorious crown
Of never-fading love.

24. 36. 56. 126.

606. 4 T. 3½. Wesley's Collection.

Close of the service.

1 Lord! dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.

104. 183.

607. L. M. H. K. White.

Close of the service.

1 Come, Christians! brethren! ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians! we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Soon, brethren! we may meet again.

S. 51. 79. 215.

BOOK VI.

PERSONAL AND DOMESTIC RELATIONS.

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608. L. M. PIERPONT.

Morning prayer for a child.

1 O GOD! I thank thee that the night
In peace and rest hath passed away,
And that I see in this fair light
My Father's smile that makes it day.

2 Be thou my guide, and let me live
As under thine all-seeing eye;
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

1. 29. 50. 226.

609. L. M. PIERPONT.

Evening prayer for a child.

1 ANOTHER day its course hath run,
And still, O God, thy child is blest;
For thou hast been by day my sun,
And thou wilt be by night my rest.

2 Sweet sleep descends, my eyes to close;
And now, while all the world is still,
I give my body to repose,
My spirit to my Father's will.

1. 29. 50. 226.

610. C. M. Springfield Coll.

Child's hymn.

1 How long, sometimes, a day appears!
And weeks, how long are they!
Months move as slow, as if the years
Would never pass away.

2 But even years are passing by,
And soon must all be gone;
For day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.

3 Days, months, and years must have an end,
Eternity has none;
'Twill always have as long to spend
As when it first begun.

4 Great God! although I cannot tell
How such a thing can be,
I humbly pray that I may dwell
That long, long time, with thee.

4. 13. 17. 20.

611. C. M. Watts.

The aged Christian's prayer.

1 My God, my everlasting hope!
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated every year;
Behold the days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glories shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

4 Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They 'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

43. 63. 93. 140.

612. 3½ I. 3. JOHNS.

Parents' farewell to a child.

1 FAREWELL, our blighted treasure!
Farewell, and rest in peace!
Thou cam'st with hope and pleasure;—
How soon on earth they cease!

2 But 'tis for this world only
That hope and pleasure die;
We know thou art not lonely,—
Thy heavenly Father 's nigh!

3 The cold earth may be on thee,
The green turf o'er thee spread;
Yet is his eye upon thee,
In thy last narrow bed.

4 O 'tis the pang severest
That mortal hearts can know,
To lay what they held dearest,
Thus,—thus—the dust below!

5 But he who gave and taketh,
Our sorrow will forgive,
If mourning faith forsaketh
Not Him to whom all live.

6 Resigned, not broken-hearted,
We leave thy little grave:
We love thee more departed,
And heaven is strong to save.

613. 4 T. 3½. C. Wesley.

For a family.

1 Peace be to this habitation!
Peace to every soul herein!
Peace, the earnest of salvation,
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin:
Peace that speaks its heavenly giver;
Peace to earthly minds unknown;
Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
Here erect its glorious throne!

2 God of peace! if thou art near us,
Fix in all our hearts thy home!
With thy gracious presence cheer us,
Hither let thy kingdom come!
Lift to heaven our expectation;
Give our raptured souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
Holy, everlasting love!

104. 138. 145.

614. C. M. D. Heber.

In times of domestic distress.

1 O God, that madest earth and sky!
The darkness and the day!
Give ear to this thy family,
And help us when we pray!
For wide the waves of bitterness
Around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart
To view the rocky shore!

2 The cross our Master bore for us,
For him we fain would bear,
But mortal strength to weakness turns,
And courage to despair!

Then mercy on our failings, Lord!
Our sinking faith renew!
And when thy sorrows visit us,
O send thy patience too.

67. 86. 171.

615. C. M. H. K. White.

A family prayer.

1 O Lord! another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou lend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt; for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 Through Jesus thou a smile wilt deign
As we before thee pray;
For he did bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

4 O let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.

5 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led;
The sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

6 And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And thou wilt bless our way;
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

24. 36. 127. 171.

616. 3½ T. KEBLE.

The spirit of Christian friendship.

1 'LORD! and what shall this man do?'
Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend?
If his love for Christ be true,
Christ hath told thee of his end:
This is he whom God approves,
This is he whom Jesus loves.

2 Ask not of him more than this,
Leave it in his Father's breast,
Whether early called to bliss,
He in youth shall find his rest,
Or armed in his station wait
Till his Lord be at the gate.

3 Whether in his lonely course,
Lonely, not forlorn, he stay,
Or with love's supporting force
Cheat the toil and cheer the way:
Leave it all in his high hand,
Who doth hearts as streams command.

4 Gales from heaven, if so he will,
Sweeter melodies can wake
On the lonely mountain rill
Than the meeting waters make.
Who hath the Father and the Son,
May be left, but not alone.

5 Sick or healthful, slave or free,
Wealthy, or despised and poor,—
What is that to him or thee,
So his love to Christ endure?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?

6 Only, since our souls will shrink
At the touch of natural grief,
When our earthly loved ones sink,
Lend us, Lord, thy sure relief;
Patient hearts, their pain to see,
And thy grace, to follow thee.

162.

617. L. M. C. Wesley.

The mariner's hymn.

1 Glory to thee, whose powerful word
Bids the tempestuous wind arise;
Glory to thee, the sovereign Lord
Of air, and earth, and seas, and skies!

2 Let air, and earth, and skies obey,
And seas thine awful will perform;
From them we learn to own thy sway,
And shout to meet the gathering storm.

3 What though the floods lift up their voice,
Thou hearest, Lord, our louder cry:
They cannot damp thy children's joys,
Or shake the soul, when God is nigh.

4 Headlong we cleave the yawning deep,
And back to highest heaven are borne,
Unmoved, though rapid whirlwinds sweep,
And all the watery world upturn.

5 Roar on, ye waves; our souls defy
Your roaring to disturb our rest;
In vain to impair the calm ye try,
The calm in a believer's breast.

6 Rage, while our faith the Father tries,
Thou sea, the servant of his will:
Rise, while our God permits thee, rise;
But fall when he shall say, *Be still!*

58. 79. 164. 212.

618. L. M. Cowper.

Looking upwards in a storm.

1 God of my life! to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint!
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor!

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
Supports me under every load.

7. 66. 131. 139.

619. P. M. Hemans.

A prayer of anguish.

1 Father! that in the olive shade
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy Son:

2 O by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief;
Or to the chastened, let thy might
Hallow this grief!

3 And thou, that when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
'Thy will be done:'

4 By thy meek spirit, thou, of all
That e'er have mourned the chief,—
Thou Saviour! if the stroke *must* fall,
Hallow this grief.

289.

620. C. M. Burns.

The prayer of anguish.

1 O Thou great Being! what thou art
Surpasses me to know;
Yet sure I am, that known to thee
Are all thy works below.

2 Thy creature here before thee stands,
All wretched and distressed;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey thy high behest.

3 Sure thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O free my weary eyes from tears!
Or close them fast in death!

4 But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design,
Then man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine!

22. 70. 90. 199.

621. 5 I. Montgomery.

The death of the faithful cut off in mid-life.

1 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time,
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2 Go to the grave; at noon from labour cease;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task is done;
Come from the heart of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

3 Go to the grave; though like a fallen tree,
At once with verdure, flowers and fruitage crowned;
Thy form may perish, and thine honours be
Lost in the mouldering bosom of the ground;—

4 Go to the grave, which, faithful to its trust,
The germ of immortality shall keep;
While, safe as watched by cherubim, thy dust
Shall to the judgment-day in Jesus sleep.

5 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embraces, ere he rose on high;
And all the faithful, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

6 Go to the grave:—no, take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou, for faith and hope, hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

109.

622. 51. HEMANS.

Dirge.

1 EARTH! guard what here we lay in holy trust,
That which hath left our home a darkened place,
Wanting the form, the smile, now veiled in dust;
The light departed with our loveliest face.
Yet from thy bonds our sorrow's hope is free;
We have but lent the beautiful to thee.

2 But thou, O Heaven! keep, keep what *thou* hast taken,
And with our treasure keep our hearts on high;
The spirit meek, and yet by pain unshaken,
The faith, the love, the lofty constancy;
Guide us where these are with our sister flown,
They were of thee, and thou hast claimed thine own.

108.

623. C. M. BARBAULD.

*Dirge.**

1 PURE spirit! O where art thou now!
O whisper to my soul!
O let some soothing thought of thee,
This bitter grief control!

2 'Tis not for thee the tears I shed,
Thy sufferings now are o'er;
The sea is calm, the tempest past,
On that eternal shore.

3 No more the storms that wrecked thy peace
Shall tear that gentle breast;
Nor summer's rage, nor winter's cold,
Thy poor, poor frame molest.

4 Thy peace is sealed, thy rest is sure;
My sorrows are to come;
Awhile I weep and linger here,
Then follow to the tomb.

5 And is the awful veil withdrawn,
That shrouds from mortal eyes,
In deep impenetrable gloom,
The secrets of the skies?

---

* See Hymn 404, of which this is the original.

6 O in some dream of visioned bliss,
Some trance of rapture, show,
Where, on the bosom of thy God,
Thou rest'st from human woe!

7 Thence may thy pure devotion's flame
On me, on me descend;
To me thy strong aspiring hopes,
Thy faith, thy fervours lend.

8 Let these my lonely path illume,
And teach my weakened mind
To welcome all that 's left of good,
To all that 's lost resigned.

9 Farewell! with honour, peace and love,
Be thy dear memory blest!
Thou hast no tears for me to shed,
When I too am at rest.

624. 3½ T. MONTGOMERY.

Thoughts in sickness.

1 As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see:
When, O when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near?

2 Tears my food by night, by day
Grief consumes my strength away;
While his craft the tempter plies,
'Where is now thy God?' he cries:
This would sink me to despair;
But I pour my soul in prayer.

3 For in happier times I went
Where the multitude frequent:
I, with them, was wont to bring
Homage to thy courts, my King!
I, with them, was wont to raise
Festal hymns on holy days.

4 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole:
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head;
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

162.

625. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

"The prisoner of the Lord."

1 THOUSANDS, O Lord of Hosts, this day
Around thine altar meet;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at thy feet.

2 They see thy power and glory there,
As I have seen them too:
They read, they hear, they join in prayer,
As I was wont to do.

3 They sing thy deeds, as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays:
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.

4 For thou art in their midst to teach,
When on thy name they call:
And thou hast blessings, Lord, for each,
Hast blessings, Lord, for all.

5 I, of such fellowship bereft,
In spirit turn to thee:
O hast thou not a blessing left,
A blessing, Lord, for me?

6 The dew lies thick upon the ground;
Shall my poor fleece be dry?
The manna rains from heaven around;
Shall I of hunger die?

7 Behold thy prisoner;—loose my bands,
If 'tis thy gracious will:
If not,—contented in thy hands,
Behold thy prisoner still!

8 I may not to thy courts repair,
Yet here thou surely art:
Lord! consecrate a house of prayer
In my surrendered heart.

9 To faith reveal the things unseen;
To hope, the joys untold:
Let love, without a veil between,
Thy glory now behold.

10 O make thy face on me to shine,
That doubt and fear may cease:
Lift up thy countenance benign
On me,—and give me peace.

21. 171.

626. C. M. HEBER.

On recovery from dangerous illness.

1 O SAVIOUR of the faithful dead!
With whom thy servants dwell,
Though cold and green the turf is spread
Above their narrow cell;

2 No more we cling to mortal clay,
We doubt and fear no more,
Nor shrink to tread the darksome way
Which Jesus trod before.

3 'Twas hard from those I loved to go,
Who knelt around my bed,
Whose tears bedewed my burning brow,
Whose arms upheld my head.

4 As, fading from my dizzy view,
I sought their forms in vain,
The bitterness of death I knew,
And groaned to live again.

5 'Twas dreadful when the accuser's power
Assailed my sinking heart,
Recounting every wasted hour,
And each unworthy part.

6 But, Father! in that mortal fray
Thy blessed comfort stole,
Like sunshine in a stormy day,
Across my darkened soul.

7 When soon or late this feeble breath
No more to thee shall pray,
Support me through the vale of death,
And in the darksome way.

21. 63. 90. 281.

627. C. M. MONTGOMERY

An afterthought of the afflicted.

1 I CANNOT call affliction sweet;
And yet 'twas good to bear:
Affliction brought me to thy feet,
And I found comfort there.

2 My wearied soul was all resigned
To thy most gracious will:
O had I kept that better mind,
Or been afflicted still!

3 Where are the vows which then I vowed,—
The joys which then I knew?
Those vanished like the morning-cloud,
These, like the early dew.

4 Lord! grant me grace for every day,
Whate'er my state may be;
Through life, in death, with truth to say,
'My God is all to me!'

36. 116. 171. 281.

628. C. M. John Mason.

Song of one rescued from danger of death.

1 Lord of my life, length of my days!
Thy hand hath rescued me;
Who lying at the gates of death
Among the dead was free.
My dearest friends I had resigned
Unto their Maker's care:
Methought I only time had left
For a concluding prayer.

2 Methought death laid his hands on me,
And did his prisoner bind;
And by the sound methought I heard
His Master's feet behind.
Methought I stood upon the shore,
And nothing could I see
But the vast ocean, with my eyes,—
A vast eternity!

3 Methought I heard the midnight cry,
'Behold the bridegroom comes!'
Methought it called me to the bar,
Where souls receive their dooms.

The world was at an end with me,
As if it all did burn:
But lo! there came a voice from heaven,
Which ordered my return.

4 Lord! I returned at thy command;
What wilt thou have me do?
O let me wholly live to thee,
To whom my life I owe!
Fain would I dedicate to thee
The remnant of my days:
Lord! with my life renew my heart,
That both thy name may praise.

21.

629. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

On recovery from dangerous illness.

1 My God! thy service well demands
The remnant of my days:
Why was this fleeting breath renewed
But to renew thy praise?

2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

3 Calmly I bowed my fainting head,
And said thy time was best;
Nor feared to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

4 Back from the borders of the grave
At thy command I come;
Nor would I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

5 Where thou appointest my abode,
There would I choose to be;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

116. 208. 281.

630. $3\frac{1}{2}$ I. 3. HEBER.

Marriage hymn.

1 WHEN on her Maker's bosom
The new-born earth was laid,
And nature's opening blossom
Its fairest bloom displayed:

2 When all with fruit and flowers
The laughing soil was drest,
And Eden's fragrant bowers
Received their human guest:

3 No sin his face defiling
The heir of nature stood,
And God, benignly smiling,
Beheld that all was good!

4 Yet, in that hour of blessing,
A single want was known;
A want the heart distressing;
For Adam was alone!

5 O God of pure affection!
By men and saints adored,
Whose power gave protection
To Cana's nuptial board;—

6 May such thy bounties ever
To wedded love be shown;
And no rude hand dissever
Whom thou hast linked in one!

631. 3½ T. NEWTON.

The parting of friends.

1 As the sun's enlivening eye
Shines on every place the same;
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love his name.

2 When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way:
He is ever with them all,
Those who go, and those who stay.

3 From his holy mercy-seat
Nothing can their souls confine:
Still in spirit they may meet,
Still in sweet communion join.

4 For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

5 Father! hear our humble prayer!
Tender shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep!

6 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long,
Here to meet in peace again.

632. 4.5 I. 2.5½. BARBAULD.

The eternal sovereignty of God.

1 JEHOVAH reigns: let every nation hear,
And at his footstool bow with holy fear:
Let heaven's high arches echo with his name,
And the wide-peopled earth his praise proclaim;
Then send it down to hell's deep gloom resounding,
Through all her caves in dreadful murmurs sounding.

2 He rules with wide and absolute command
O'er the broad ocean and the steadfast land;
Jehovah reigns, unbounded and alone,
And all creation hangs beneath his throne:
He reigns alone: let no inferior nature
Usurp or share the throne of the Creator.

3 He saw the struggling beams of infant light
Shoot through the massy gloom of ancient night;
His spirit hushed the elemental strife,
And brooded o'er the kindling seeds of life:
Seasons and months began their long procession,
And measured o'er the year in bright succession.

4 The joyful sun sprung up the ethereal way,
Strong as a giant, as a bridegroom gay;
And the pale moon diffused her shadowy light
Superior o'er the dusky brow of night;
Ten thousand glittering lamps the skies adorning,
Numerous as dew-drops from the womb of morning.

5 Earth's blooming face with rising flowers
he drest,
And spread a verdant mantle o'er her
breast;
Then from the hollow of his hand he pours
The circling waters round her winding
shores,
The new-born world in their cool arms em-
bracing,
And with soft murmurs still her banks caress-
ing.

6 At length she rose complete in finished
pride,
All fair and spotless, like a virgin bride;
Fresh with untarnished lustre as she stood,
Her Maker blessed his work, and called it
good;
The morning stars with joyful acclamation
Exulting sang, and hailed the new creation.

7 Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,
Though built by God's right hand, must
pass away;
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires and the pride of kings:
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

8 The sun himself with weary clouds oppressed,
Shall in his silent dark pavilion rest;
His golden urn shall broke and useless lie,
Amidst the common ruins of the sky;
The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion,
And bathe their glittering foreheads in the
ocean.

9 But fixed, O God! for ever stands thy throne;
Jehovah reigns, a universe alone;
The eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
Collected or diffused, is still the same.
He dwells within his own unfathomed essence,
And fills all space with his unbounded presence.

10 But O our highest notes the theme debase,
And silence is our least injurious praise:
Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight control;
Revere him in the stillness of the soul;
With silent duty meekly bend before him,
And deep within your inmost hearts adore him.

9. 106. 200. 211.

633. SONNET. WORDSWORTH.*

The spirit that helpeth our infirmities.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If thou the spirit give by which I pray:
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
Which of its native self can nothing feed:
Of good and pious works thou art the seed,
Which quickens only where thou say'st it may.
Unless to us thou show thine own true way,
No man can find it: Father! thou must lead.
Do thou then breathe those thoughts into my mind,
By which such virtue may in me be bred,
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread:
The fetters of my tongue do thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of thee,
And sound thy praises everlastingly

* Translation from Michael Angelo.

634. E. Taylor.

"Rejoice in the Lord, always."

When summer suns their radiance fling
O'er every bright and beauteous thing;
When, strong in faith, the evil day
Of pain and grief seems far away;
When sorrow, soon as felt, is gone,
And smooth the stream of life glides on;
When duty, cheerful, chosen, free,
Brings her own prompt reward to thee;—
'Tis easy, then, my soul, to raise
The grateful song of heavenly Praise.

But, worn and languid, day and night,
To see the same unchanging sight,
To feel the rising morn can bring
Nor health nor ease upon its wing,
Nor form of beauty can create,
The languid sense to renovate;
To look within, and feel the mind
Full charged with blessings for mankind;
Then, gazing round this little room,
To whisper, '*This* must be thy doom;
Here must thou struggle; here, alone,
Repress tired nature's rising moan:'
O then, my soul, how hard to raise,
In such an hour, the song of Praise!

To look on all this scene of tears,
Of doubts, of wishes, hopes, and fears,
As some preluding strain that tries
Our discords and our harmonies;
To think how many a jarring string
The Master-hand in tune may bring;
How, 'finely-touched,' the soul of pride
May sink, subdued and rectified,

How, taught its inmost self to know,
May bless the hand which gave the blow;
Each root of bitterness removed,
Each plant of heavenly growth improved;—
Instructed thus, who would not raise
To Heaven his song of cheerful PRAISE?

To feel declining, day by day,
Each harsher murmur die away,
And secret springs of joy arise
To lighten up the weary eyes;
A hand invisible to feel,
Wounding, with kind desire to heal,
In every bitter draught to think
Of Him who learned that cup to drink;
Again and oft again to look
In rapture on that blessed book
Whose soothing words proclaim to thee,
That, 'as thy day thy strength shall be;'
Then, with changed heart and steadfast mind,
High heaven before and earth behind,
Thy path of pain again to tread
Till earth receives thy wearied head;—
O blessed lot! who would not raise,
In life or death, the song of PRAISE?

635. 41. MONTGOMERY.

Humility.

1 THE bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade when all things rest:—
In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

2 When Mary chose the better part,
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently-opened heart
Was made for God's own temple meet:—
Fairest and best-adorned is she
Whose clothing is humility.

3 The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
Then most when most his soul ascends:—
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

636. 5 I. VAUGHAN.

Sabbath-days.

1 TYPES of eternal rest,—fair buds of bliss,
In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week;—
The next world's gladness imaged forth in this;—
Days of whose worth the Christian's heart can speak!

2 Eternity in time;—the steps by which
We climb to future ages;—lamps that light
Man through his darker days, and thought enrich,
Yielding redemption for the week's dull flight.

3 Wakeners of prayer in man;—his resting bowers
As on he journeys in the narrow way,
Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours
Are waited for as in the cool of day.

4 Days fixed by God for intercourse with dust,
To raise our thoughts and purify our powers;—
Periods appointed to renew our trust;—
A gleam of glory after six days' showers.

5 A milky way marked out through skies else drear,
By radiant suns that warm as well as shine;—
A clue which he who follows knows no fear,
Though briars and thorns around his pathway twine.

6 Foretastes of heaven on earth;—pledges of joy
Surpassing fancy's flights and fiction's story;—
The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,
And the bright out-courts of immortal glory.

637. P. M. H. Ware, Jun.

Seasons of prayer.

1 To prayer, to prayer! for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes:
His light is on all below and above,
The light of gladness, and light, and love:
O then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

2 To prayer! for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on:
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose:
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

3 To prayer! for the day that God has blessed
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest:
It speaks of creation's early bloom;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb:
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to heaven the hallowed hours.

4 There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies:
O hour of bliss, when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows:
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

5 There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand:
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

6 Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul through him who died:
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow;—
O what is earth and its pleasures now!
And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

7 Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith:
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends;
There is peace in his eye that upward bends;
There is peace in his calm, confiding air,
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words prayer.

8 The voice of prayer at the sable bier!
A voice to sustain, to soothe, to cheer:
It commends the spirit to God who gave;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave;
It points to the glory where he shall reign,
Who whispered, 'Thy brother shall rise again.'

9 The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!
But gladder, purer, than rose from this:
The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing:
But a sinless and joyous song they raise;
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

10 Awake, awake! and gird up thy strength
To join that holy band at length:
To him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,
To him thy heart and thy hours be given;
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

638. L. M. KEBLE.

Morning.

1 HUES of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell;—

2 Thou rustling breeze so fresh and gay,
That dancest forth at opening day,
And brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing;—

3 Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream
Pay, for soft rains in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven;—

4 Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyless sight;
Who day by day to sin awake,
Seldom of heaven and you partake?

5 O timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!

6 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

7 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven;
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

8 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

9 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see:
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

10 As for some dear familiar strain
Untired we ask, and ask again,
Ever in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before;

11 Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all to espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.

12 O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk.

13 We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky:

14 The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

15 Seek we no more; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go;—
The secret this of rest below.

16 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

639.* L. M. WORDSWORTH.

The labourer's noon-day hymn.

1 UP to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And he accepts the punctual hymn,
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

2 Nor will he turn his ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide:
Then here reposing let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

3 What though our burthen be not light,
We need not toil from morn to night;
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful creature's power.

4 Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God!

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* This poem is the original, from which Hymn 535 is derived.

5 Why should we crave a hallowed spot?
An altar is in each man's cot;
A church, in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

6 Look up to heaven! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

7 Lord! since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course:

8 Help with thy grace through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify us for the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

46. 189. 192. 212.

640. COLERIDGE.

Child's evening prayer.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayers to say:
O God! preserve my mother dear
In strength and health for many a year;
And O preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due;
And may I my best thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy;
And O preserve my brothers both
From evil doings and from sloth,
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father, and our mother:
And still, O Lord, to me impart
An innocent and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
Awake to thy eternal day!

 Amen.

641. 5½ I. 5. HEBER.

The widow of Nain.

1 WAKE not, O mother, sounds of lamentation!
Weep not, O widow! weep not hopelessly!
Strong is his arm, the bringer of salvation;
Strong is the Word of God to succour thee.

2 Bear forth the cold corpse; slowly, slowly bear him:
Hide his pale features with the sable pall:
Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near him:
Widowed and childless, she has lost her all.

3 Why pause the mourners? who forbids our weeping?
Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delayed?—
'Set down the bier; he is not dead, but sleeping;
Young man, arise!'—He spake, and was obeyed!

4 Change then, O sad one, grief to exultation;
Worship and fall before Messiah's knee:
Strong was his arm, the bringer of salvation;
Strong was the Word of God to succour thee.

642. P. M. PIERPONT.

The garden of Gethsemane.

1 O'ER Kedron's streams, and Salem's height,
And Olivet's brown steep,
Moves the majestic queen of night,
And throws from heaven her silver light,
And sees the world asleep;—

2 All but the children of distress,
Of sorrow, grief, and care,
Whom sleep, though prayed for, will not bless;
These leave the couch of restlessness,
To breathe the cool, calm air.

3 For those who shun the glare of day,
There 's a composing power,
That meets them, on their lonely way,
In the still air, the sober ray,
Of this religious hour.

4 'Tis a religious hour;—for he
Who many a grief shall bear,
In his own body on the tree,
Is kneeling in Gethsemane,
In agony and prayer.

5 O Holy Father, when the light
Of earthly joy grows dim,
May hope in Christ grow strong and bright,
To all who kneel, in sorrow's night,
In trust and prayer like him.

643. L. M. KEBLE.

Easter Day.

1 O DAY of days! shall hearts set free
No 'minstrel rapture' find for thee?
Thou art the Sun of other days;
They shine by giving back thy rays:

2 Enthroned in thy sovereign sphere
Thou shedd'st thy light on all the year:
Sundays by thee more glorious break,
An Easter Day in every week:

3 And week-days, following in their train,
The fulness of thy blessing gain,
Till all, both resting and employ,
Be one Lord's day of holy joy.

4 Then wake, my soul, to high desires,
And earlier light thine altar fires:
The World some hours is on her way,
Nor thinks on thee, thou blessed day!

5 Or, if she think, it is in scorn:
The vernal light of Easter morn
To her dark gaze no brighter seems
Than Reason's or the Law's pale beams.

6 'Where is your Lord?' she scornful asks:
'Where is his hire? we know his tasks;
Sons of a king ye boast to be;
Let us your crowns and treasures see.'

7 We in the words of truth reply,
(An Angel brought them from the sky,)
'Our crown, our treasure, is not here,
'Tis stored above the highest sphere:

8 Methinks your wisdom guides amiss,
To seek on earth a Christian's bliss;
We watch not now the lifeless stone;
Our only Lord is risen and gone.'

9 Yet even the lifeless stone is dear,
For thoughts of Him who late lay here;
And the base world, now Christ hath died,
Ennobled is and glorified.

10 No more a charnel-house, to fence
The relics of lost innocence,
A vault of ruin and decay;—
Th' imprisoning stone is roll'd away:

11 'Tis now a cell, where angels use
To come and go with heavenly news,
And in the ears of mourners say,
'Come, see the place where Jesus lay:'

12 'Tis now a fane, where Love can find
Christ every where embalmed and shrined;
Aye gathering up memorials sweet,
Where'er she sets her duteous feet.

13 O joy to Mary first allowed,
When roused from weeping o'er his shroud,
By his own calm, soul-soothing tone
Breathing her name, as still his own!—

14 Joy to the faithful three renewed,
As their glad errand they pursued!
Happy, who so Christ's word convey,
That he may meet them on their way!

15 So is it still: to holy tears,
In lonely hours, Christ risen appears:
In social hours, who Christ would see,
Must turn all tasks to Charity.

644. L. M. HERBERT.

Easter Morning.

1 I GOT me flowers to strew thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree;
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

2 The sun arising in the east,—
Though he give light, and the east perfume,—
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.

3 Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miss:
There is but one, and that one ever.

645. P. M. HEMANS.

The seasons of death.

1 LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set;—but all,
Thou hast ALL seasons for thine own, O Death!

2 Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

3 The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears;—but all are thine.

4 Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee; but thou art not of those
Who wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set;—but all,
Thou hast ALL seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season;—ALL are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air,
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth,—and thou art *there*!

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set;—but all,
Thou hast ALL seasons for thine own, O Death!

646. L. M. BARBAULD.

A thought on death.

1 When life as opening buds is sweet,
And golden hopes the fancy greet,
And youth prepares his joys to meet,—
Alas! how hard it is to die!

2 When just is seized some valued prize,—
And duties press, and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,—
How awful then it is to die!

3 When, one by one, those ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatched forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn,—
Ah then, how easy 'tis to die!

4 When faith is firm, and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And visioned glories half appear,—
'Tis joy, 'tis triumph then to die.

5 When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films, slow-gathering, dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,—
'Tis nature's precious boon to die.

647. P. M. MONTGOMERY.

A mother's moans on the death of her infant daughter.

1 I LOVED thee, daughter of my heart!
My child! I loved thee dearly:
And though we only met to part,—
How sweetly! how severely!—
Nor life nor death can sever
My soul from thine for ever.

2 Thy days, my little one, were few;
An angel's morning visit,
That came and vanished with the dew;
'Twas here, 'tis gone, where is it?
Yet didst thou leave behind thee
A clue for love to find thee.

3 The eye, the lip, the cheek, the brow,
The hands stretched forth in gladness;
All life, joy, rapture, beauty now,—
Then dashed with infant-sadness;
Till brightening by transition,
Returned the fairy vision:—

4 Where are they now?—those smiles, those tears,
Thy mother's darling treasure?
She sees them still, and still she hears
Thy tones of pain or pleasure,
To her quick pulse revealing
Unutterable feeling.

5 Hushed in a moment on her breast,
Life at the well-spring drinking;
Then cradled on her lap to rest,
In rosy slumber sinking;
Thy dreams,—no thought can guess them;
And mine,—no tongue express them.

6 For then this waking eye could see,
In many a vain vagary,
The things that never were to be,
Imaginations airy;
Fond hopes that mothers cherish,
Like still-born babes to perish.

7 Mine perished on thy early bier;
No,—changed to forms more glorious,
They flourish in a higher sphere,
O'er time and death victorious;
Yet would these arms have chained thee,
And long from heaven detained thee.

8 O child! my last, my youngest love,
The crown of every other!
Though thou art born in heaven above,
I am thine only Mother;
Nor will affection let me
Believe thou canst forget me.

9 Then,—thou in heaven and I on earth,—
May this one hope delight us,
That thou wilt hail my second birth,
When death shall re-unite us,
Where worlds no more can sever
Parent and child for ever.

648. WATTS.

Launching into eternity.

IT was a brave attempt! adventurous he
Who in the first ship broke the unknown sea;
And leaving his dear native shores behind,
Trusted his life to the licentious wind.
I see the surging brine: the tempest raves:
He on the pine-plank rides across the waves,
Exulting on the edge of thousand gaping graves:
He steers the winged boat, and shifts the sails,
Conquers the flood, and manages the gales.

Such is the soul that leaves this mortal land,
Fearless when the great Master gives command.
Death is the storm: she smiles to see it roar,
And bids the tempest waft her from the shore:

Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,
And manages the raging storm with ease; —
Her faith can govern death:—she spreads her wings
Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,
And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things.
As the shores lessen, so her joys arise,
The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies:
Now vast eternity fills all her sight;
She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
The seas for ever calm, the skies for ever bright.

649. BRYANT.

The water-fowl. "There is a path which no fowl knoweth."

1 WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

2 Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.—

3 Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

4 There is a Power, whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

5 All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

6 And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

7 Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

8 He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

650. BARBAULD.

Address to the Deity.

GOD of my life! and Author of my days!
Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise;
And trembling, take upon a mortal tongue
That hallowed name to harps of seraphs sung.
Yet here the brightest seraphs could no more
Than veil their faces, tremble, and adore:
Worms, angels, men, in every different sphere,
Are equal all,—for all are nothing here.
All nature faints beneath the mighty name,
Which nature's works through all their parts proclaim.
I feel that name my inmost thoughts control,
And breathe an awful stillness through my soul:

As by a charm, the waves of grief subside;
Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide:
At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
And my hushed spirit finds a sudden peace;
Till every worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes.
Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
And one vast object fills my aching sight.

But soon, alas! this holy calm is broke;
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke;
With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
And mingles with the dross of earth again.
But he, our gracious Master, kind as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust;
His spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
Sees the first wish to better hopes inclined;
Marks the young dawn of every virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.
His ears are open to the softest cry;
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye;
He reads the language of a silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give;
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live;
From each terrestrial bondage set me free;
Still every wish that centres not in thee;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.
If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
By living waters, and through flowery meads,
When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene,
O teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart,—Beware!
With caution let me hear the syren's voice,
And doubtful, with a trembling heart, rejoice.

If, friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briers wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee;
With equal eye my various lot receive,
Resigned to die, or resolute to live;
Prepared to kiss the sceptre, or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

I read his awful name, emblazoned high,
With golden letters, on the illumined sky;
Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flower, inscribed in every tree;
In every leaf that trembles to the breeze,
I hear the voice of God among the trees.
With thee in shady solitudes I walk;
With thee in busy crowded cities talk;
In every creature own thy forming power;
In each event thy providence adore.
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fears control:
Thus shall I rest, unmoved by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thy arms;
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.

Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate,
I stand, and stretch my view to either state:
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph and a look serene:
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And having lived to thee, in thee to die.

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EXPLANATION.

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the figures following indicate the No. *of the tune* in this publication.

Sacred Music, selected and arranged from the Works of the most eminent Composers, with several original Compositions, by William Shore, Manchester, denoted by the abbreviation . . . . . S.
the figures following indicate the PAGE *of the tune* in this publication.

Musæ Solitariæ, A Collection of Original Melodies, &c., by Rev. Joseph Jowett, M.A., 4th Edition; denoted by the abbreviation . . . . . J.
the figures following indicate the No. *of the tune* in this publication.

A Selection of Sacred Music, compiled and printed for the use of the Society of Christians, assembling in the New Meeting House, Birmingham (not for sale); denoted by the abbreviation . . . . . B.
the figures following indicate the No. *of the tune* in this compilation.

A Collection of Original Psalm Tunes, by Samuel Webbe, Senr. and Junr.; denoted by the abbreviation . . W. O.
the figures following denote the No. *of the tune* in this publication.

A Manuscript Collection, consisting partly of copies of published melodies; but principally of Original Compositions, and Airs selected and arranged in express adaptation to hymns in the present volume. For this Collection the Editor is chiefly indebted to the genius and kindness of a friend, who singularly combines the natural feeling, profound knowledge, and cultivated taste, essential to the accomplished musical composer. This collection is referred to by the abbreviation . . . . . M. S.

The NAMES in the *third* column, are those attached to the several tunes in the works just enumerated; and by which many of them may be found in other publications, notwithstanding the caprice and uncertainty observable in the naming of the same melodies by different Editors.

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No.	*Where found.*	*Name.*	
1.	W. 1.	New York.	44. 46. 49. 71. 117. 122. 125. 148. 162. 167. 246. 259. 342. 367. 381. 421. 429. 456. 472. 482. 530. 532. 573. 608. 609.

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2.	W. 2.	Berwick.	66. 112. 122. 123. 127. 138. 158. 184. 225. 231. 232. 268. 354. 448. 472. 497. 530. 542. 548. 596. 607.
3.	W. 3. B. 46.	Stirling.	10. 29. 44. 80. 127. 136. 143. 148. 252. 301. 432. 448. 478. 589. 596. 603.
4.	W. 4. B. 95.	Gorton.	19. 32. 45. 56. 97. 171. 187. 264. 278. 386. 390. 410. 423. 460. 512. 513. 595. 610.
5.	W. 5.	St. Paul.	11. 71. 73. 90. 100. 110. 112. 115. 122. 123. 124. 237. 253. 270. 274. 290. 335. 341. 361. 389. 496. 519. 545. 573. 592.
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7.	W. 7.	Aston.	75. 172. 184. 185. 232. 367. 372. 462. 541. 562. 589. 618.
8.	W. 8. B. 118.	Cambridge.	109. 176. 200. 240. 247. 254. 265. 314. 350. 351. 358. 395. 437. 477. 481. 503. 580. 593.
9.	W. 9.	Steephill.	632.
10.	W. 10.	Dunbar.	304. 370. 384. 409. 474.
11.	W. 11. B. 153.	German Hymn.	55. 68. 88. 134. 135. 189. 191. 197. 205. 224. 233. 238. 257. 284. 286. 297. 305. 407. 414. 425. 450. 453. 479. 505. 506. 511. 537. 579. 611.
12.	W. 12.	Messiah.	21. 39. 64. 258. 285. 291. 597. 604.
13.	W. 13.	St. Gregory.	51. 137. 144. 267. 278. 288. 296. 300. 325. 332. 360. 368. 419. 424. 427. 434. 442. 443. 492. 533. 568. 610.
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15.	W. 15.	Rosewarne.	
16.	W. 16.	104.	270.
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21.	W. 21. B. 108.	St. Matthew	38. 51. 60. 140. 230. 319. 337. 349. 359. 368. 386. 416. 420. 525. 570. 571. 595. 598. 625. 626.

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23.	W. 23. B. 52.	Old 100.	30. 33. 42. 53. 59. 63. 66. 74. 87. 98. 156. 177. 185. 190. 311. 339. 468. 471. 486. 491. 496. 519. 521. 530. 562.
24.	W. 24. B. 74.	Jordan.	19. 32. 198. 250. 288. 296. 515. 518. 529. 605. 615.
25.	W. 25.	Farnworth.	70. 176. 240. 503. 507. 593.
26.	W. 26.	Derby.	235. 322. 342. 418. 544. 545.
27.	W. 27.	Eastburn.	20. 247. 399. 428. 435. 466. 477. 481. 495. 507.
28.	W. 28.	Effingham.	103. 105. 107. 193. 209.
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31.	W. 31.	St. Mary.	12. 203. 230. 282. 289. 332. 336. 337. 340. 347. 356. 362. 392. 411.
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41.	W. 41.	Dorking.	105. 116. 141. 269. 416. 420.
42.	W. 42.	London.	2. 8. 19. 38. 41. 45. 48. 140. 227. 321. 385. 390. 410. 426.
43.	W. 43.	Birr.	2. 12. 41. 45. 48. 118. 206. 227. 248. 289. 318. 374. 410. 426. 427. 444. 445. 449. 488. 499. 611.

Tunes. No.	Where found.	Name.	Hymns.
44.	W. 44.	Nottingham.	56. 78. 79. 82. 106. 168. 169. 199. 216. 277. 386. 460. 576. 586.
45.	W. 45. B. 156.	Easter Hymn.	222. 223. 224. 226. 245. 560.
46.	W. 46. B. 25.	Leasowes.	237. 253. 266. 294. 335. 510. 532. 535. 555. 556. 575. 590. 639.
47.	W. 47. B. 49.	Caton.	16. 22. 30. 53. 62. 125. 129. 147. 151. 159. 262. 266. 341. 429. 451. 468. 521. 565. 574.
48.	W. 48.	Bewsey.	93. 304. 348.
49.	W. 49.	St. Ann.	12. 36. 48. 60. 141. 146. 152. 161. 165. 168. 169. 209. 214. 227. 230. 239. 249. 264. 278. 282. 319. 323. 336. 344. 352. 385. 397. 445. 559. 598.
50.	W. 50.	Inverary.	345.
51.	W. 51. B. 44.	Portuguese.	87. 123. 185. 252. 263. 294. 532. 556. 573. 578. 603. 607.
52.	W. 52.	Benham.	46. 115. 119. 124. 225. 292. 433. 489. 500. 517. 539. 546. 569. 608. 609.
53.	W. 53.	Clapton.	37. 72. 94. 95. 256. 408. 417. 463.
54.	W. 54.	Everton.	137. 174. 334.
55.	W. 55.	Montgomery.	27. 35. 73. 100. 117. 136. 148. 158. 167. 246. 268. 312. 470. 578.
56.	W. 56. B. 82.	Richmond.	118. 126. 144. 181. 248. 251. 269. 277. 289. 380. 406. 426. 444. 465. 476. 499. 501. 526. 547. 557. 568. 586. 605.
57.	W. 57. B. 36.	Warrington.	27. 28. 29. 44. 52. 65. 130. 143. 153. 154. 155. 163. 204. 236. 252. 263. 303. 328. 381. 431. 438. 448. 456. 462. 471. 482. 565. 574.
58.	W. 58. B. 43.	Halton.	130. 153. 246. 575. 583. 617.
59.	W. 59.	Hindley.	26. 70. 72. 75. 81. 93. 94. 95. 109. 173. 200. 247. 314. 463.
60.	W. 60.	Wimbledon.	35. 573.
61.	W. 61.	Acton.	514. 575.
62.	W. 62.	Preston.	78. 137. 166. 199. 392. 576.
63.	W. 63.	Walton.	18. 334. 344. 374. 380. 391. 397. 404. 439. 488. 559. 576. 611. 626.
64.	W. 64	Hale.	17. 66. 73. 87. 100. 121. 127. 136. 142. 156. 158. 192. 268. 432. 480. 500.
65.	W. 65. B. 59.	Manchester.	174. 193. 264. 321. 355. 357. 376. 383. 404. 411. 423. 512. 525. 591. 595.
66.	W. 66. B. 5.	Evening Hymn.	22. 57. 58. 155. 164. 195. 207. 218. 220. 255. 299. 315. 322. 354. 363. 369. 372. 405. 413. 462. 478. 542. 548. 585. 588. 589. 618.

Tunes.			Hymns.
No.	*Where found.*	*Name.*	
67.	W. 67.	Merton.	85. 103. 107. 116. 131. 181. 187. 302. 360. 392. 394. 406. 416. 419. 423. 438. 526. 614.
68.	W. 68.	St. George.	216. 288. 318. 380. 439. 444. 465. 512.
69.	W. 69.	Burrows.	56. 78. 82. 104. 146. 166. 193. 308. 460.
70.	W. 70.	Crowle.	188. 282. 317. 336. 337. 340. 344. 347. 352. 362. 385. 386. 397. 620.
71.	W. 71.	Bath.	79. 82. 106. 199. 216. 434.
72.	W 72.	Darley.	
73.	W. 73. B. 143.	Christmas Hymn.	128. 179. 208.
74.	W. 74.	Wigan.	370. 435. 503.
75.	W. 75.	Windsor.	318. 340. 347. 352. 374. 397.
76.	W. 76.	Leicester.	31. 47. 279. 287. 522.
77.	W. 77.	Bramcoate.	62. 63. 127. 148. 167. 177. 180. 456. 472. 514. 583.
78.	W. 78.	Woodford.	448. 451. 528.
79.	W. 79.	Wells.	22. 77. 80. 130. 143. 195. 236. 241. 263. 514. 583. 596. 603. 607. 617.
80.	W. 80.	St. Bartholomew.	21. 39. 64. 120. 258. 291. 597. 604.
81.	W. 81.	Barton.	173. 343. 345. 348. 370. 382. 399. 409. 474.
82.	W. 82.	Pilton.	55. 88. 99. 134. 135. 191. 224. 226. 245. 286. 414. 452. 453. 479. 487. 511. 534. 553. 577.
83.	W. 83.	Woburn.	132. 276. 287. 310. 316. 327. 436. 440. 484.
84.	W. 84.	St. David.	140. 198. 269. 332. 356. 406.
85.	W. 85.	Honiton.	29. 44. 119. 145. 157. 158. 163. 164. 177. 180. 182. 464. 473. 498.
86.	W. 86.	Salop.	50. 85. 103. 107. 116. 250. 302. 410. 438. 525. 526. 586. 614.
87.	W. 87.	Mount Pleasant.	19. 38. 85. 308. 465.
88.	W. 88.	Melcombe.	7. 11. 14. 52. 53. 65. 74. 147. 153. 155. 159. 162. 190. 229. 266. 270. 299. 312. 330. 431. 467. 497. 531. 596.
89.	W. 89.	St. James.	60. 67. 141. 152. 161. 165. 171. 249. 321. 390. 559. 598.
90.	W. 90. B. 58.	Bedford.	36. 67. 146. 152. 161. 171. 214. 288. 317. 323. 325. 344. 355. 411. 423. 488. 620. 626.
91.	W. 91.	Ipswich.	
92.	W. 92.	Bently.	29. 63. 66. 90. 133. 138. 147. 167. 172. 184. 225. 231. 270. 290. 339. 418. 531. 561. 562.

Tunes.			Hymns.
No.	*Where found.*	*Name.*	
93.	W. 93.	Luss.	51. 188. 214. 269. 374. 391. 611.
94.	W. 94.	Liverpool.	8. 32. 137. 144. 181. 321. 444. 490.
95.	W. 95.	Cork.	118. 174. 267. 356. 360. 490. 557. 568.
96.	W. 96.	Hampton.	81. 93. 149. 265. 345. 348. 350. 351. 408. 435. 459.
97.	W. 97.	Dublin.	2. 78. 97. 512. 518. 572.
98.	W. 98.	Stafford.	18. 85. 104. 116. 187. 250. 275. 426. 427. 449. 529.
99.	W. 99. B. 116.	Mansfield.	72. 463. 495.
100.	W. 100.	Kidderminster.	304. 345.
101.	W. 101.	Gresham.	90. 184. 210. 218. 229. 266. 290. 315. 339. 354. 369. 372. 413. 497. 531. 548. 562.
102.	W. 102.	Worthing.	
103.	W. 103.	Conway.	139.
104.	W. 104. (S. 33. for h. 461.)	Haydn's Hymn.	43. 61. 84. 86. 194. 378. 398. 461. 516. 540. 558. 606.
105.	W. 105.	Thornton.	61. 84. 86.
106.	W. 106.	Old 50.	632.
107.	W. 107.	Stamford.	21. 39. 64. 120. 258. 285. 291. 597. 604.
108.	W. 108.	Montagu.	178. 242. 273. 622.
109.	W. 109.	Seacombe.	160. 178. 212. 242. 260. 273. 621.
110.	W. 110.	Tranmere.	105. 166. 209.
111.	W. 111.	Eastham.	302. 391.
112.	W. 112.	Birkenhead.	134. 135.
113.	W. 113. B. 55.	Luther's Hymn.	33. 42. 59. 138. 150. 151. 163. 185. 190. 311. 338. 369. 371. 381. 387. 388. 468. 491. 542. 554. 585.
114.	W. 114.	Southport.	
115.	W. 115.	Laudate pueri.	128.
116.	S. 5.		8. 18. 50. 251. 296. 306. 317. 349. 362. 368. 400. 404. 423. 424. 430. 488. 525. 570. 572. 627. 629.
117.	S. 15.	Rousseau's Dream.	9. 11. 315. 447. 473. 489. 498. 517. 539. 546. 569. 590.
118.	S. 40.		23. 31. 47. 132. 276. 287. 310. 316. 327. 454. 484. 522.
119.	S. 100.		71. 528.
120.	S. 72.		99. 245. 297. 305. 577.
121.	S. 1.		6. 149. 298. 314. 331. 382. 395. 477. 507.
122.	S. 26.		179. 208.
123.	S. 102.		189.
124.	S. 16.		204. 207. 272. 299. 301. 312. 330. 375. 412. 421. 500. 517. 539. 546. 584.

No.	Tunes. Where found.	Name.	Hymns.
125.	S. 14.	Sacred Wisdom.	205. 233. 238. 396. 407. 414. 425. 453. 479. 493. 505. 506. 508. 543. 563. 601.
126.	S. 8.		239. 249. 251. 364. 376. 383. 442. 443. 455. 501. 515. 523. 533. 605.
127.	S. 42. B. 80.		277. 296. 300. 319. 346. 359. 364. 376. 419. 424. 427. 438. 476. 492. 529. 566. 571. 572. 615.
128.	S. 32.		205. 238. 284. 286. 297. 305. 320. 396. 450. 452. 493. 505. 506. 508. 534. 536. 537. 538. 543. 553.
129.	S. 104.		297. 453. 502. 504. 509. 511. 527. 534. 536. 537. 538. 551. 553. 564. 631.
130.	S. 56		313.
131.	S. 4.		322. 363. 367. 371. 405. 413. 418. 431. 447. 470. 489. 561. 565. 585. 618.
132.	S. 20.		326. 510.
133.	S. 38.		342.
134.	S. 74.		538. 551.
135.	S. 17.		569.
136.	S. 43.		591.
137.	S. 84.		595.
138.	S. 6.		613.
139.	J. 5. B. 24.		618.
140.	J. 1.		611.
141.	J. 34.		581.
142.	J. 77.		551.
143.	J. 18.		402. 520. 600. 612.
144.	J. 73.		401.
145.	J. 25.		398. 446. 487. 502. 504. 511. 516. 560. 613.
146.	J. 66.		394.
147.	J. 24.		377. 475.
148.	J. 29.		369. 371. 387.
149.	J. 46.		365. 366.
50.	J. 60.		353. 393. 582.
151.	J. 11.		313. 450. 505. 506. 508. 543. 563. 601.
152.	J. 54.		306. 319. 383. 438. 443. 476. 566.
153.	J. 62.		257. 284.
154.	J. 8. B. 140.		21. 258. 285. 291. 597. 604.
155.	J. 20.		228.
156.	J. 19. B. 126.		6. 93. 94. 95. 149. 265. 314. 395. 437.
157.	J. 41.		7. 9. 10. 28. 46. 73. 77. 220. 271. 303. 498. 544. 590.

No.	Tunes. Where found.	Name.	Hymns.
158.	J. 2.		97. 126. 300. 308. 400. 424. 442. 492.
159.	J. 7. B. 102.		8. 444.
160.	J. 40.		47. 440.
161.	J. 6.		15. 261. 280.
162.	J. 9.		25. 96. 101. 211. 228. 283. 494. 552. 594. 616. 624.
163.	J. 61.		34. 261.
164.	J. 63.		49. 69. 195. 213. 259. 281. 464. 617.
165.	J. 7.		50.
166.	J. 48.		54. 83.
167.	J. 27.		55. 68. 202. 257. 396. 407. 452. 502. 534.
168.	J. 15.		68. 381.
169.	J. 24.		76.
170.	J. 10.		92. 186. 405. 412. 418. 429. 432. 470. 561. 569.
171.	J. 65.		102. 614. 615. 625. 627.
172.	J. 68.		108. 113. 402. 520. 600. 630.
173.	J. 47.		120.
174.	J. 57.		131. 203. 209.
175.	J. 51.		175. 326. 517.
176.	J. 17.		183. 194. 219. 353. 378.
177.	J. 44.		192.
178.	J. 42.		201. 207. 272. 292. 315. 324. 363.
179.	J. 45.		251. 455. 501. 515. 533. 557.
180.			
181.	B. 75.	Allerton.	2.
182.	B. 128.	Newton.	13.
183.	B. 155.		15. 34. 540. 550. 558. 606.
184.	B. 19.		16. 367. 421. 447. 473. 500. 514. 555.
185.	B. 21.		561.
186.	B. 38.	Woburn.	30. 303. 482.
187.	B. 137.		54. 83. 88. 91. 99. 189. 191. 197. 452. 487.
188.	B. 147.		189. 284. 305. 407. 450. 577. 601.
189.	B. 48.		192. 201. 204. 207. 210. 235. 262. 292. 312. 324. 375. 441. 498. 532. 535. 584. 639.
190.	B. 105. S. 44.	What tho' I trace.	203. 277. 306. 349. 355. 357. 359. 455. 515. 533.
191.	B. 16.		210. 218. 241. 328. 330. 375. 412. 451. 470. 478. 544. 556. 590.
192.	B. 1.		235. 237. 271. 272. 301. 433. 454. 535. 556. 639.
193.	B. 141.		189. 257.

Tunes. No.	*Where found.*	*Name.*	*Hymns.*
194.	B. 92.	Farrant.	264. 336. 337. 340. 346.
195.	B. 139.		286.
196.	B. 115.	Mornington.	298. 331. 343. 370. 382. 384. 395. 409. 437. 459. 474. 477.
197.	B. 18.	Parliament Court.	431. 441. 489.
198.	B. 9.	Stonefield.	480. 482.
199.	B. 79.		620.
200.	B. 152.	Eustace Street.	632.
201.	W. O. 1.	Selby.	57. 77. 130. 153. 192. 213. 241. 263.
202.	W. O. 2.	Thorpe.	188. 323. 352.
203.	W. O. 3.	Andover.	232. 486.
204.	W. O. 4.	Escowbeck.	76. 111. 114.
205.	W. O. 5.	Alnwick.	
206.	W. O. 6.	Kirkdale.	13. 70. 149. 173. 176. 240. 254. 256. 417. 481. 593.
207.	W. O. 7.	Morley.	56. 79. 82. 104. 126. 146. 165. 166. 168. 169. 187. 193. 216. 380. 460.
208.	W. O. 8.	Clitheroe.	97. 267. 360. 364. 368. 376. 383. 419. 442. 443. 529. 629.
209.	W. O. 9.	Bort.	128. 179.
210.	W. O. 10.	Sidmouth.	20. 37. 265. 331. 343. 350. 351. 382. 428. 457. 466. 507.
211.	W. O. 11.	Grooby.	632.
212.	W. O. 12.	Oldham.	16. 35. 49. 52. 69. 80. 87. 110. 117. 125. 143. 163. 164. 177. 204. 236. 241. 246. 328. 389. 451. 464. 472. 521. 535. 554. 617. 639.
213.	W. O. 13.	Gray's Inn.	
214.	W. O. 14.	Epping.	18. 140. 144. 206. 248. 318. 430. 445. 449. 490. 499. 501. 568. 576.
215.	W. O. 15.	Whalley.	1. 57. 58. 115. 119. 124. 147. 150. 159. 172. 195. 218. 220. 229. 231. 235. 252. 253. 468. 486. 510. 541. 545. 555. 588. 603. 607.
216.	W. O. 16.	Alfreton.	197. 202. 222. 245. 446. 504. 509. 536. 538. 560. 564. 651.
217.	W. O. 17.	Westbury.	7. 9. 10. 11. 27. 71. 74. 100. 110. 112. 121. 122. 125. 129. 142. 180. 274. 299. 354. 467. 497. 548.
218.	W. O. 18.	Annan.	26. 256. 358. 417.
219.	W. O. 19.	Wisbeach.	17. 24. 33. 42. 53. 59. 63. 98. 136. 150. 156. 190. 259. 311. 338. 471. 480. 491. 519.
220.	W. O. 20.	Evesham.	79. 103. 106. 107. 168. 169. 250.
221.	W. O. 21.	Ilkley.	128. 179. 208.
222.	W. O. 22.	Gisburn.	81. 93. 109. 358. 408. 495.

No.	Tunes. Where found.	Name.	Hymns.
223.	W. O. 23.	Droitwich.	36. 40. 41. 45. 60. 105. 126. 131. 152. 161. 165. 239. 249. 275. 282. 598.
224.	W. O. 24.	Harleigh.	52. 92. 292. 301. 361. 447. 473. 519. 541. 592.
225.	W. O. 25.	Sacred Voice.	111. 114.
226.	W. O. 26.	Folly's pleasures.	1. 10. 62. 110. 133. 138. 210. 255. 322. 324. 326. 330. 338. 341. 342. 363. 375. 389. 405. 412. 441. 478. 530. 531. 545. 565. 588. 589. 608. 609.
227.	W. O. 27.	The heaven's well-ordered frame.	191. 205. 233. 425.
228.	W. O. 28.	Hark the glad sound.	199.
229.	W. O. 29.	Vast are thy works.	127.
230.	B. 18.	Parliament Court.	27.
231.	B. 75.	Allerton.	32. 40.
232.	M. S. 1.	Harold's Cross.	54. 55. 83. 86. 91. 183. 194. 219. 353. 393. 398.
233.	B. 17.	Kaye Street.	92. 175. 186. 271. 324.
234.	M. S. 2.	Somerset.	120.
235.	B. 135.	Walden.	25. 101. 211. 283. 494. 552. 594.
236.	M. S. 3.	Parnell's No. 1.	139.
237.	M. S. 4.	Parndon.	17.
238.	B. 138.	Turin.	197. 205. 238. 414. 425. 493. 508. 563. 579.
239.	M. S. 5.	Harcourt.	24.
240.	B. 144.	Hotham.	222. 313. 320. 329. 446. 509. 527. 560. 564.
241.	M. S. 6.	Erpingham.	261.
242.	B. 96.	Clonmel.	317. 346. 357. 359. 362. 390. 400. 404.
243.	M. S. 7.	Illminster.	377. 475.
244.	M. S. 8.	Guidance.	602.
245.	M. S. 9.	Preservation.	587.
246.	M. S. 10.	Hadyn's Hymn.	582.
247.	M. S. 11.	Missionary Hymn.	581.
248.	M. S. 12.	Evensong.	549.
249.	M. S. 13.	Exile.	34. 540. 550. 558.
250.	M. S. 14.	Sunshine.	23. 31. 47. 69. 132. 276. 279. 287. 310.
251.	M. S. 15.	Calvary.	221.
252.	M. S. 16.	Wesley.	28. 49. 151. 154. 157. 303.
253.	M. S. 17.	Gethsemane.	228.
254.	M. S. 18.	Advent.	113. 243. 244. 309.
255.	M. S. 19.	Pilgrim's Rest.	365. 366.
256.	M. S. 20.	Contrition.	217.
257.	M. S. 21.	Conflict.	215.
258.	M. S. 22.	Moriah.	212. 260.
259.	M. S. 23.	Heber.	108.

No.	Tunes. Where found.	Name.	Hymns.
260.	M. S. 24.	Rousseau's Dream.	23. 436. 524.
261.	M. S. 25.	Songs of praise.	54. 567.
262.	M. S. 26.	Lakefield.	89.
263.	M. S. 27.	Beethoven.	102.
264.	M. S. 28.	Temple-gate.	5.
265.	M. S. 29.		5.
266.	M. S. 30.	David's harp.	96.
267.	M. S. 31.	Conder.	170.
268.	M. S. 32.	Watch-night.	195.
269.	M. S. 33.	Day-star.	196.
270.	M. S. 34.	Tiberias.	202.
271.	M. S. 35.	Bird's wing.	307.
272.	M. S. 36.	Crucifixion.	222.
273.	M. S. 37.	Milman.	233.
274.	M. S. 38.	Temptation.	234.
275.	M. S. 39.	Christmas Hymn.	261.
276.	M. S. 40.	Arabia.	281.
277.	M. S. 41.	Field-flower.	293.
278.	M. S. 42.	Esthwaite.	295.
279.	M. S. 43.	Release.	313. 329. 373.
280.	M. S. 44.	Suppliant.	333.
281.	M. S. 45.	Holder.	364. 626. 627. 629.
282.	M. S. 46.	Mortality.	379.
282.*	M. S. 47.	Antioch.	403.
283.	M. S. 48.	Penitence.	415.
284.	M. S. 49.	Angel's joy.	422.
285.	M. S. 50.	Mariner.	458.
286.	M. S. 51.	Dedication.	469.
287.	M. S. 52.	Heywood.	483.
288.	M. S. 53.	Disciple's Vow.	485.
289.	M. S. 54.	Olivet.	619.
290.	M. S. 55.	Benediction.	599.

CORRIGENDA.

At the foot of Hymn 28. for 160. read 157.
——————— 34. add the number 249.
——————— 403. for 282. read 282.*

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